PHOTOPLAY

PTEMBER

25 CENTS

BARBARA
STANWYCK

E MAN
HO TRIED TO ELOPE
ITH GRETA GARBO

A HOLLYWOOD
STAR WHO IS
GRANDDAUGHTER
OF AN EMPRESS

Summer

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look ALWAYS LOVELY

Summer . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, coolly beautiful under all conditions to fully enjoy summer . . .

"Summer-Proof" Make-Up. — Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect — or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

For make-up that will last under trying conditions you first apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent — just as you would ordinary vanishing cream. Only, you see, Ice Astringent gives the skin lasting coolness, contracts the pores and makes the skin of fine, beautiful texture. After Ice Astringent, apply Princess Pat rouge for color which moisture will not affect. Then use Princess Pat almond base powder — the most clinging powder ever made — and one which gives beautiful, pearly lustre. And, of course, Princess Pat wonderful new lip rouge!

Now in the Brilliant Week End Set. — This is really a sparkling, wonder-value "acquaintance" set — enough of each preparation for two weeks' use — to last throughout your vacation. Also a perfectly wonderful beauty book of summer make-up secrets and special summer care to keep the skin lovely. In the Week End Set you will receive generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, almond base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c pays only for packaging the set in its beautiful box, and for postage. Consequently we desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

Be Your Most Beautiful "Summer Self". All fragrant and beautiful — all charming — all serenely perfect. That should be your "summer self." The Week End Set will bring this loveliness *unfailingly.*

get this Week End Set — SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set for this COUPON and 25c (coin). Easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Beautifully decorated boudoir box.

PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Dept. A-1569. Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print) .....

Street .....

City and State .....

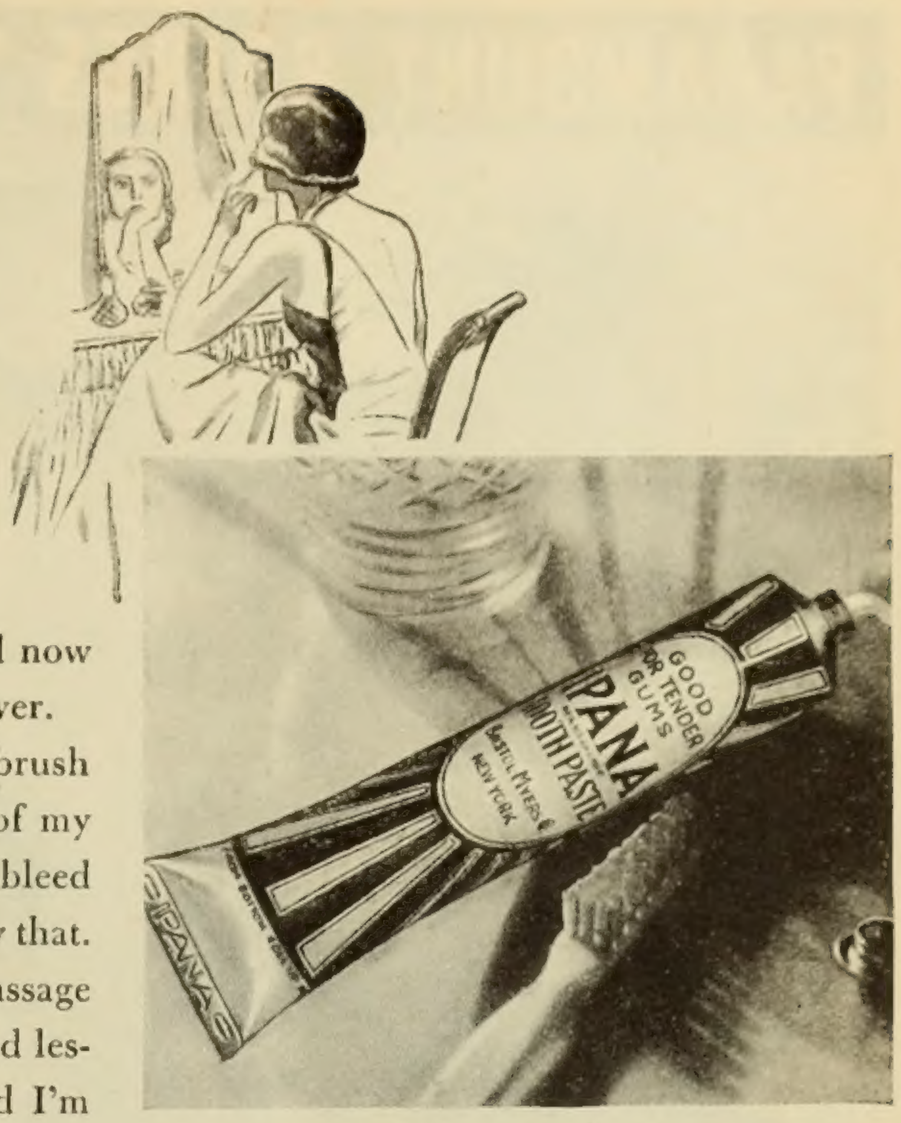
PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

DISCOVERED . . .

BY A DEBUTANTE

"pink tooth brush!"



"I AM rather alluring when I'm all dressed up! Even father opens his eyes a bit when his grown-up daughter comes into a room! And mother, of course, is proud of me, too, but she takes in the details that father never gets. Said this morning that my teeth were not as white as they used to be and that she'd better marry me off quick! Oh well. It's so darn discouraging. I give them splendid care, brush them regularly without fail. And now I'm headed to be a famous old wall-flower.

"Now, could that 'pink' upon my brush have anything to do with the dullness of my once-famous smile? Gums shouldn't bleed —they shouldn't be allowed to—I know that. I ought to do something about 'em—massage —stimulation—a little daily care. I had lessons on that back East in school. And I'm going to begin again with Ipana. I'm going to go in for gum massage—and we'll see then who'll knock the stag line dead!"

"Pink tooth brush" can happen to anybody—at any age. Its cause? The foods we nowadays prefer, foods so delectable and soft that they give the gums almost none of the exercise needed for healthy hardness. Lacking stimulation, gums become listless, lazy, touchy—until at length there's "pink" on your tooth brush, pretty regularly.

And "pink tooth brush" may prove rather serious if allowed to go on. It may not only spoil the polish of the teeth, but may lead to any one of a group of gum troubles—to gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or the less frequent but more serious pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may even threaten some of your otherwise sound teeth through infection at the roots!

And the best time to get after "pink tooth brush" is *today*. There is a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it.

Get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But each time you clean them, put some fresh Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *gently, thoroughly massage it into your inactive gums.* The ziratol in Ipana, plus the twice-daily massage, stimulates the circulation and firms the gum walls. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush"!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-91
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

IPANA tooth paste

DEFEATS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" · BRINGS BEAUTY TO THE TEETH

PARAMOUNT BRINGS YOU ANOTHER MIGHTY MASTERPIECE

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Based upon the novel by **THEODORE DREISER**

PHILLIPS HOLMES · SYLVIA SIDNEY · FRANCES DEE

Directed by **JOSEF VON STERNBERG**

Millions have read the book. Millions await the picture. A story of average human beings. The boy next door. The girl down the street. A drama of love, temptation, courage and folly that might happen to YOU. One of the great motion pictures of any season. Produced by Paramount, leader of the entertainment world. Don't miss it. Ask your theatre manager now when it is coming. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 4 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | September, 1931

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "The COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"

Information and Service

Brickbats and Bouquets 10

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems 16

Hollywood Menus 83

Questions and Answers . . . 86

Screen Memories from PHOTOPLAY 110

Addresses of the Stars 119

Casts of Current Photoplays . . 126

High-Lights of This Issue

Close-Ups and Long-Shots . . . . . JAMES R. QUIRK 25

Granddaughter of an Empress . . . . . KATHERINE ALBERT 28

The Man Who Tried to Elope With Garbo . RILLA PAGE PALMBORG 32

Charm? No! No! You Must Have Glamour . KATHERINE ALBERT 38

Seymour—PHOTOPLAY's Style Authority 41

Don't Expect Too Much . . . . . JEANNE NORTH 45

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood 46

Love on the Rocks . . . . . LEONARD HALL 51

Why Carole Changed Her Mind . . . . . RUTH BIERY 55

$5,000 in Prizes 60

What Do They Smoke? . . . . . CAL YORK 70

Studio Rambles . . . . . FRANCES KISH 128

Photoplay's Famous Reviews

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 6

The Shadow Stage 56

Short Subjects of the Month 108

Personalities

Roughing It With Clara . . . . . HARRY LANG 30

Phillips Holmes 37

George Comes to Earth . . . . . HARRY LANG 40

Constance and Richard Bennett 50

The Way I See It . . . . . RONALD COLMAN 65

Lil and Eddie and Their Red and White "Shack". 66

A New Picture Thief . . . . . RUTH BIERY 68

Marian Marsh 72

Short Stories

Studio Romance . . . . . OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 34

Her Own Best Enemy . . . . . AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON 52

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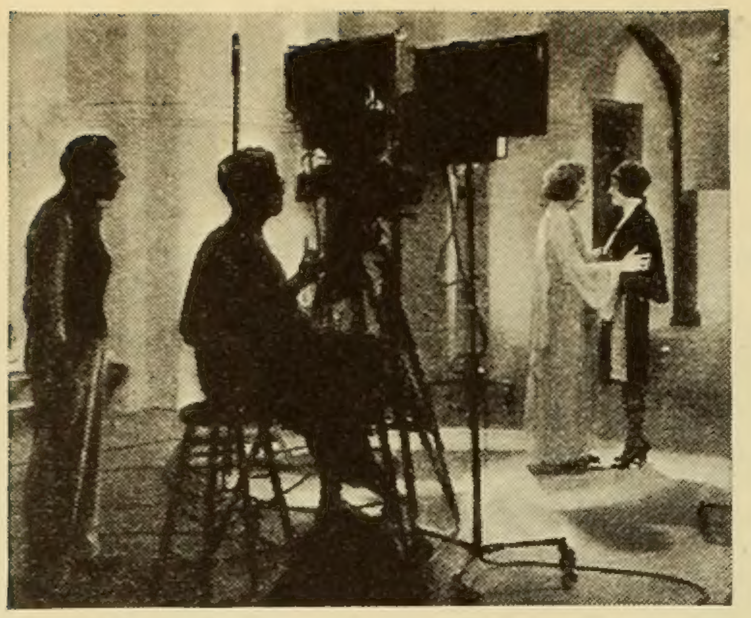


Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laughworthy farce. (*July*)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** — Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (*Aug.*)

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (*March*)

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (*March*)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la* Landi. (*July*)

★ **AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (*Aug.*)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (*May*)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (*May*)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (*April*)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathe.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (*May*)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (*May*)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (*April*)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathe.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (*June*)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (*June*)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (*April*)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (*July*)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (*March*)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (*July*)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (*April*)

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (*April*)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (*March*)

★ **CITY STREETS** — Paramount. — Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (*June*)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (*June*)

COMMON LAW, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (*Aug.*)

WOW! *How*

that new lad, Clark Gable, is clicking with the public all over the United States. Look at that picture of him in PHOTOPLAY's portrait gallery.

Next month Harry Lang will give you one of his clever pen portraits of Clark and his career from oil driller at fourteen to Garbo's leading man at thirty.

Don't miss the

October issue of

PHOTOPLAY

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (*May*)

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (*Aug.*)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (*April*)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (*April*)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (*April*)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (*July*)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (*March*)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (*March*)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (*June*)

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA.—A slow moving, all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (*Aug.*)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (*May*)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (*May*)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (*April*)

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (*April*)

DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (*March*)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (*April*)

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, *locale* of many complications. Not a dull moment. (*June*)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (*March*)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heartbreaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (*April*)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (*July*)

EX-BAD BOY—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (*Aug.*)

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (*Aug.*)

★ **FAME**—First National.—Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (*June*)

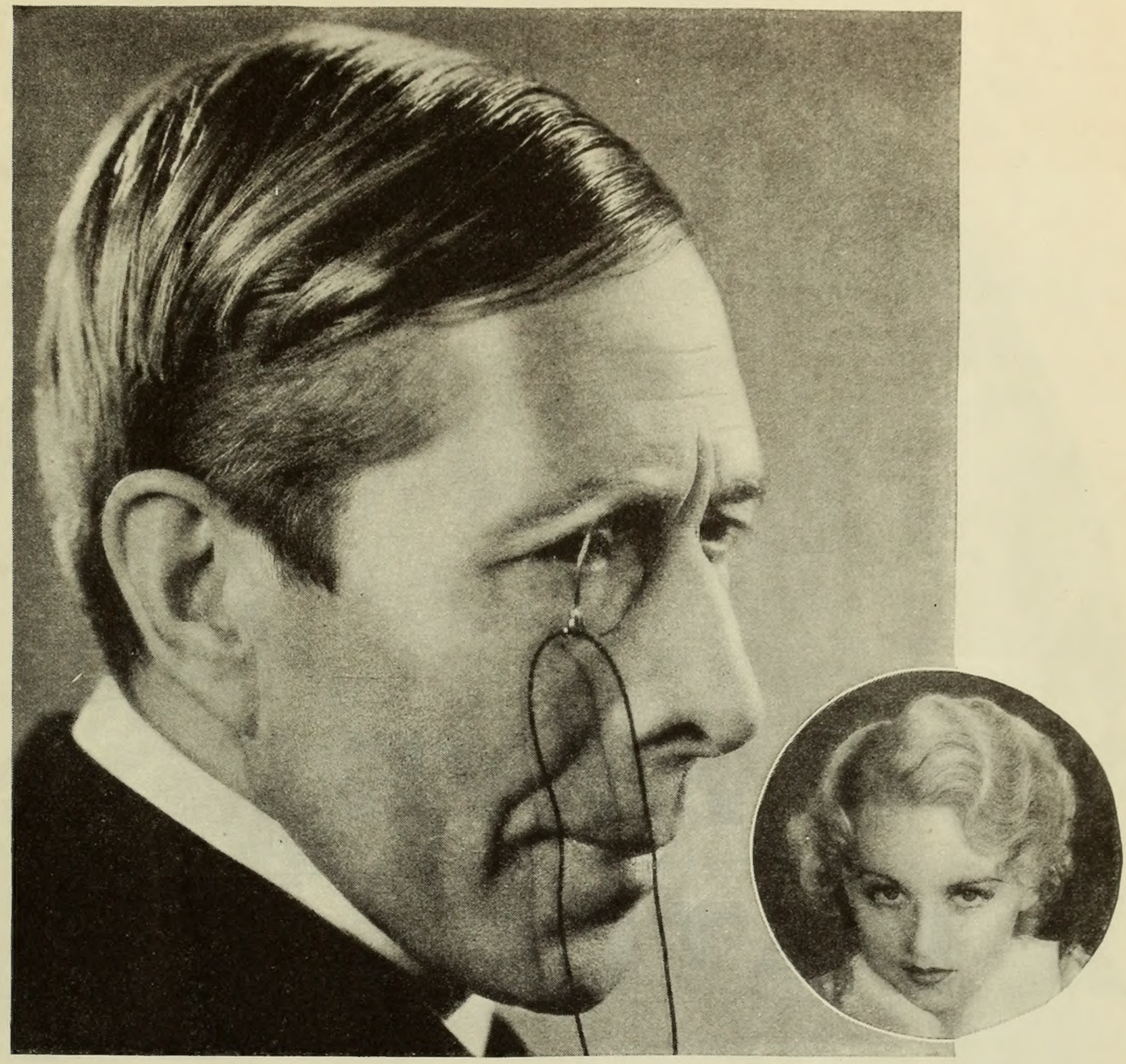
FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (*March*)

FIGHTING THRU — Tiffany Productions. — Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (*March*)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (*May*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

GEORGE ARLISS



in ALEXANDER HAMILTON

WITH

DORIS KENYON • JUNE COLLIER • DUDLEY DIGGES

The lovable George Arliss of "The Millionaire" comes to you in a new and greater part . . . Lover—statesman—hero! . . . adventurous and debonair! . . . experimenting with love . . . outwitting his adversaries . . . but discovering that politics, as well as life, makes strange bedfellows . . . Inimitable Mr. Arliss in the strongest and most dramatic picture he has yet made . . . See him in "Alexander Hamilton" to realize why the legion of Arliss' admirers grows greater and greater.

ALAN MOWBRAY
RALF HAROLDE
MONTAGU LOVE

VITAPHONE Picture

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Based on the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin . . . Adaptation and dialogue by Julian Josephson. Directed by . . . JOHN ADOLFI

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

YOU HAVE A DATE...

...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.

ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers — only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City — could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown — and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell... a supreme romance of young love — the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan... the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood . . . lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl...Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find... James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood ...epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

FOX

Many mothers tell us they're grateful for films like "Skippy," suitable for children and enjoyed by adults

Brickbats & Bouquets

You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Come on in and speak your mind! Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations

The $25 Letter

IN this period of Depression (with a big D!) I feel that the movies have been an important factor in helping to maintain mental balance. A real estate man said to me the other day:

"You know, I was so down in the mouth over this slump in business that I just couldn't see where it was worthwhile to struggle along. I went home about on the verge of a collapse.

" 'Buck up,' said my wife. 'Let's go to see Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill." ' We went. Say, I laughed until my sides ached, and if there is anything better than a good laugh to put heart back into a man, I don't know what it is.

"Next day I started to reorganize my business, and while it is a mighty slow drag and rough going, when things get too black I just lay off and take in a good movie. It sure helps me to keep going."

Blessed be the movies for keeping our minds diverted until this tipsy old world gets back on its feet again.

C. E. DEXTER,
Boulder, Colo.

The $10 Letter

LIKE every mother, I am faced with the big problem of rearing and training my child properly. Fortunately, I have discovered a valuable ally in the movies. My son is at the impressionable age when everything he sees or hears makes an indelible effect on him. By carefully selecting the photoplays he sees, I am trying to develop in him standards of conduct, judgment and appreciation.

Already, he has begun to notice personalities among the screen stars. He admires the manliness of Gary Cooper; he apes the polished mannerisms of George Arliss; he is likely to burst into song after hearing Lawrence Tibbett. And only recently he told me he is going to marry Janet Gaynor when he grows up—"she is so nice!" I trust Miss Gaynor doesn't mind!

I have become quite excited over this experiment in child training. It has such infinite possibilities.

MRS. C. R.,
Bedford, Penna.

The $5 Letter

I GO to the movies for entertainment only, and always find it. What more could one ask for fifty cents?

ALICE M. PETTYJOHN,
Amherst, Mass.

Daddy Long Legs

JUST a word of sincere appreciation from one who is not an habitual movie fan, because so many pictures leave a "bad taste." Our entire family drove the thirty miles to Nashville just to see "Daddy Long Legs" and we enjoyed every minute of it.

As a stage play with Ruth Chatterton and a silent picture with Mary Pickford, it was fine. But as a talkie with those two superlative actors, Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, it was the most enjoyable show I have seen in many years. Janet Gaynor is the most convincing *Judy Abbott* of them all.

BERTHA HORN,
Thompson Station, Tenn.

I was thrilled with anticipation over "Daddy Long Legs." The winning Janet Gaynor never disappoints, yet I left the theater without any of the enthusiasm that I felt after seeing "7th Heaven," "Street Angel," "High Society Blues," and other Gaynor pictures. The reason was this:

Memory carried me back to the silent version of the same story. It was too unforgettable. Even the beloved Janet was unwise to take a part that has been played by the incomparable child-actress, Mary Pickford.

MARIE S. ELLIOTT,
Sayre, Penna.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

WHEW! What a hit pictures like "The Millionaire," "Skippy," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Forbidden Adventure" (also titled "Newly Rich") have made! How many movie-goers have found solace for that down-in-the-dumps depression feeling, relief from gang wars, laughter and forgotten romance in this grand new crop of pictures.

Mothers especially are grateful for films that are good for their children and fine for adults, too.

Letters of protest against the further persecution of Roscoe Arbuckle continue to come. Clark ("Free Soul") Gable, Phillips ("American Tragedy") Holmes and Lew ("Iron Man") Ayres are the boys most admired this month

The Clara-Bowites must be fifty million strong, all of them born with fountain pens in their hands, according to our mail.

Won't they be tickled with Harry Lang's first-hand account of her retreat on Rex Bell's ranch, further on in this issue!

Picture-goers who thrill to Norma Shearer (and are they *plenty!*) are getting a little fed up with her continued "free soul" rôles. They want variety—and they know Norma can give it to them.

Adventure in an oasis of missing men and women

You have *always* loved Samuel Goldwyn's pictures

• You have *always* looked forward to seeing

RONALD COLMAN

• You will *never forget* . . .

"RAFFLES"
"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

and now—during a time when theatre goers are selecting their pictures as they have never done before

Samuel Goldwyn presents

RONALD COLMAN

A new, adventurous . . . *different* picture to thrill you who have demanded more than the *ordinary* . . . the unusual.

• Samuel Goldwyn has once again created superb entertainment . . . swashbuckling excitement, with Ronald Colman . . . gentleman adventurer in the oasis of "THE UNHOLY GARDEN" on the edge of the Sahara.

• There you will meet "The Unholy Family" . . . a dozen *unforgettable* souls, gathered together in this refuge . . . beyond the reach of the law . . . to plot *new* murder, robbery and rapine.

with **FAY WRAY** *and*
ESTELLE TAYLOR

"The UNHOLY GARDEN"

A United Artists Picture . . . . . Story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

"Unless we repudiate our ideas of American justice, Arbuckle should be permitted to work like the rest of us," a reader urges

" 'Min and Bill' made me laugh until my sides ached. Is there anything better than a good laugh to put heart back into a man" one man writes us

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Instead of casting Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs," why didn't they give him something really exciting to do—say, play a game of tiddle-dy-winks, or hand him an "Elsie" book to read? What I can't get over is the fact that that sappy story thrilled me when Mary Pickford played it. Janet Gaynor was sweet and charming, but "tempus fugit" and the modern tempo moves at such a pace that "Daddy Long Legs" today is about as exciting as a Congressman's speech!

MARGARET BRONSON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Our local Sunday School classes have all been attending "Daddy Long Legs" in groups. It's a lovely picture.

HELEN GESCHINE,
Garfield, N. J.

Here's a Gaynor and Farrell fan broadcasting! Why don't those two wake up and realize that the one cannot do without the other in pictures. They are both like fish out of water when they play with someone else. Why not give their public what it wants, and forget gossip?

M. E. SPETER,
Cleveland, Ohio

Janet Gaynor proves in "Daddy Long Legs" that she can make real hits without Charles Farrell.

MARVIN MCKINNON,
Tallahassee, Fla.

A Free Soul

Chalk up another big hit for Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul." A great picture and a great cast. Lionel Barrymore, true to Barrymore tradition, was the living, breathing *Stephen Ashe*. Norma Shearer, as *Jan*, was superb, as she is in everything she does.

But the trouble is, she usually does the one thing. She flutters gayly through her many successes (attired in the newest frocks), playing one free soul after the other. "Let Us Be Gay," "The Divorceé," "Strangers May Kiss," and finally "A Free Soul."

Believe it or not, but Norma is getting a little bit too gay. We are a bit fed up on a steady diet of her indiscretions.

MRS. JOE MILLER,
Charlotte, N. C.

Lionel Barrymore stole "A Free Soul" from the adorable Norma Shearer in such a clever manner that I did not realize I was watching a picture with my favorite actress in the leading rôle! He was magnificent.

FLORA PIPES,
Texarkana, Texas

Lionel Barrymore was great, but the rôle of *Stephen Ashe* was actor-proof. But it needed all the skill Norma Shearer could give to her interpretation to make *Jan Ashe* seem a sympathetic and logical character, instead of a giddy wanton.

Hats off to the finest actress on the screen, say I.

JANE ELLEN THOMPSON,
Chicago, Illinois

Jean Harlow

I was much aroused by a comment in the July Brickbats pertaining to Jean Harlow's scant attire. Certainly her clothes were never as risqué as Dietrich's in "Morocco," nor her pictures as sophisticated as Norma Shearer's. Yet they both are screen idols. Miss Harlow's accent is superb for the rôles she plays, her voice gorgeous, and her clothes fashionable and stunning.

CHARLES P. CARROLL, JR.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Pictures for Children

Entirely too much is written about the movies being unfit for children to see. This is hardly fair. Sophisticated and mature subjects, no matter how carefully treated, are obviously not intended for children and it is ridiculous to advocate toning them down to the level of what some parents consider wholesome for their children.

There are plenty of clean, juvenile films, particularly comedies, Western pictures, scenics, Mickey Mouse and other cartoons, and parents who are really interested in guarding their children's morals will find a safe field in these.

Of course, the baby shouldn't smoke daddy's cigars or use mother's lipstick, and, of course, children shouldn't see films intended for adults.

Now, please don't get me wrong. I happen to have five children of my own.

BLANCHE BENNETT,
Washington, D. C.

Why blame producers for keeping children from the movies? They give us pictures of life as it is today. They do not glorify crime and illicit love. Why can't we, the mothers, take the trouble to explain the right and wrong angles to our children, and in their growing years influence them to see the right side of all situations?

Children don't have to go to movies to learn undesirable things. The world is full of such object lessons. Let's overcome our false modesty and use the movies for what they are—a great teacher.

MRS. H. R. BERKSHIRE,
Logansport, Ind.

Might I suggest that the present attempt of Hollywood producers to write plays that merit the attention of the intelligentsia and the smart, sophisticated sets of the country is doing a great deal to cut box-office proceeds? Mothers everywhere are cutting down on the attendance of their children at the present sordid "dramas of life."

Where is the mother who would willingly expose her teens-age son or daughter to the demoralizing suggestiveness of the present "free love" and gangster films?

Are producers going to continue to educate child audiences to the movie habit, or are you going to lose this future audience in your present effort to be modern and smart?

MRS. A. EARLE FAIRCHILD,
Summit, N. J.

Good pictures bringing them back

"Give us more pictures like 'The Millionaire' and 'Skippy,'" writes a girl of sixteen, "and watch the young folks, especially girls like me, attend more pictures"

"I should love to see 'Dear Enemy,' sequel to 'Daddy Long Legs,' with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter," suggests one writer

Clark Gable

After having seen Clark Gable in "The Secret Six," it was certainly a surprise to see him do such fine work as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners," a totally different type of rôle. I think he is a grand actor and would like to see him in a new version of "The Sheik."

BETH THOMPSON
Dallas, Texas

Clark Gable may be a knockout as a gangster, but it stops right there. Mr. Gable was not at all suited for his part as a Salvation Army worker in "Laughing Sinners."

MARY KAY FOLK,
Tamaqua, Penna.

Tonic

I was blue and depressed when I arrived home tonight after a day of nothing but setbacks, and even a good dinner failed to restore my spirits. After dinner I went for a stroll and through force of habit turned my footsteps in the direction of our neighborhood theater. On the marquee were the words: "Skippy—A Tonic for Young and Old." A tonic? That was what I needed.

I never enjoyed a movie more, and I came out of that theater tonight with a heart that was lighter than it has been for weeks.

And so home and to bed, but not until I had written this note of appreciation for a grand picture, a splendid cast, and the medium which brought it to me—the talking screen.

TIMOTHY MCINERNEY,
New York City

Arbuckle

Every American who hopes for the protection of the law in time of trouble owes PHOTOPLAY a vote of thanks for its assertion that the so-called Arbuckle question has ceased to be just a case of giving a much-maligned man another chance, and has become a question of whether we are going to be ruled by the will of the people or by the reformers.

The Canon Chases, the clubwomen and such, are trying to cast aside the findings of the law and force upon us as a substitute their own intolerance and prejudice.

ELIZABETH KAPITZ,
Bennington, Vt.

Unless we repudiate and set aside our ideas of American justice, Mr. Arbuckle should be permitted to work like the rest of us, be we sinners or saints. Three juries said he was not guilty, and in this country one is presumed innocent of any charge until proved guilty. The women's clubs make a loud noise, and we assume it is public opinion.

CLYDE W. ENNIS,
Birmingham, Ala.

The Blues

I was as blue as indigo, borrowed fifty cents, went to a picture show and saw Bill Boyd in "Beyond Victory." After sitting through one hour of constant shooting, bombing and other noises, I came out of the show feeling as though the devil had the world by the tail. Frankly, I wasn't made one bit happy—and aren't we all tired of war pictures, anyhow?

DORIS THROCKMORTON,
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Look In This Issue, Charles

The foreign invasion of our screen hasn't interested me much until Elissa Landi came along. She has personality plus. But why don't you publish a few pictures of her or give her a little space?

CHARLES ROE,
Oskaloosa, Iowa

Censorship

The censorship of talkies in the State of Pennsylvania has reached a point where something should be done about it. A certain degree of censorship may be necessary, due to the presence of children in the audiences, but surely not this ridiculous, puritanical—yes, fanatical—butchering which pictures must take at the hands of the censors in this state.

Who is this board to tell me, a normally intelligent woman who takes her movies seriously, what is and is not proper for me?

DOROTHY E. ZELT,
Washington, Penna.

Random Opinions

If Bob Montgomery plays in pictures opposite Garbo any more, it will be too bad for Bob, because she spoiled his picture, "Inspiration."

ELEANOR SCHILLING,
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Greta Garbo is the greatest actress since Bernhardt.

RUTH ELLEN SHERMAN,
Hart, Mich.

Miss Dietrich is beautiful at times but has nothing compared to Garbo.

MARY F. HOOD,
Grand Prairie, Texas

Please print more about the handsomest *male* blond in pictures—Phillips Holmes.

BERKELEY KENT,
San Antonio, Texas

When John Boles sings in his pictures, they have double charm.

FLORENCE BATES,
Chicago, Ill.

I have searched the "flower column" for some bouquet addressed to Victor Varconi. He was so splendid in "Doctors' Wives." Give us more of those twinkling brown eyes and that bewitching accent.

DEE BUSHNELL,
New Haven, Conn.

What this old world needs is more pictures with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. Pictures of the kind you will be willing to see seven times a week, like "Manslaughter" and "Honor Among Lovers."

MISS F. B. KATKIN,
New York City

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

They're curing depression blues!

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's* trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (*April*)

FIVE AND TEN—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (*Aug.*)

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (*July*)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE—(Also released as Newly Rich)**—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (*Aug.*)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (*July*)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (*May*)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE** — Paramount. — Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (*March*)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE** — M-G-M. — This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (*March*)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (*April*)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (*Aug.*)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (*April*)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (*May*)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (*July*)

GOLDIE—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (*Aug.*)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (*July*)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (*May*)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englished speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (*April*)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (*June*)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (*July*)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (Nar Rosorna Sla Ut) — Paramount. — Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (*April*)

HOLY TERROR, A—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (*Aug.*)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (*May*)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (*March*)

HUSH MONEY—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (*Aug.*)

INDISCREET — United Artists. — Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (*June*)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (*June*)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (*April*)

I TAKE THIS WOMAN—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (*Aug.*)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (*May*)

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (*March*)

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (*April*)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (*July*)

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (*April*)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (*July*)

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (*April*)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (*June*)

LADY REFUSES, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (*April*)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (*May*)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (*May*)

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (*Aug.*)

LAWLESS WOMAN, THE—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (*Aug.*)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (*July*)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (*Aug.*)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (*May*)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (Le Petit Cafe)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (*April*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

	Page
Alias, The Bad Man—Tiffany Prod.	100
Bad Girl—Fox	58
Black Camel, The—Fox	59
Bought—Warners	57
Brat, The—Fox	98
Caught—Paramount	98
East of Borneo—Universal	98
Enemies of the Law—Regal Prod.	98
Fighting Sheriff, The—Columbia	98
First Aid—Sono Art	100
Five Star Final—First National	56
Full of Notions—Radio Pictures	59
Great Lover, The—M-G-M	59
Guilty Hands—M-G-M	58
Honeymoon Lane—Sono Art	59
I Like Your Nerve—First National	98
Lasca of the Rio Grande—Universal	99
Lullaby, The—M-G-M	59
Magnificent Lie, The—Paramount	98
Men of the Sky—First National	100
Merely Mary Ann—Fox	57
Merry Wives of Vienna, The—Super Film	98
Murder by the Clock—Paramount	98
Mystery of Life, The—Classic	100
Politics—M-G-M	57
Public Defender, The—Radio Pictures	59
Salvation Nell—Tiffany-Cruze	98
Secret Call, The—Paramount	58
Secrets of a Secretary—Paramount	56
Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour—Warners-First Division	99
Side Show—Warners	98
Skin Game, The—British International	98
Sporting Blood—M-G-M	98
Star Witness, The—First National	58
Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise — M-G-M	56
Transatlantic—Fox	58
Waterloo Bridge—Universal	58
Wild Horse—Allied	98
Women Go On Forever — Tiffany-Cruze	99
Women Men Marry—Headline Prod.	99

TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan CRAWFORD *in "This Modern Age"*

Greta GARBO *in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"*

John GILBERT *in "Cheri Bibi"*

Buster KEATON *in "The Sidewalks of New York"*

Marie DRESSLER *and* **Polly MORAN** *in "Politics" the funniest picture you ever saw*

and many, many others!

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION · THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

New Make-Up Theory

Had you thought of your lipstick clashing with the color of your dress? It can decidedly, so it is wise to guide your color choice by your costume. Mary Brian puts hers on expertly

IT'S a long jump from the day when a dusting of rice powder constituted make-up to today with the complicated and varied methods of gilding the modern lily! The very newest twist to the make-up question is the new interrelating of make-up and costume colors. No longer can you flatly state that you can't wear a certain shade of green. Instead, you pick the supposedly unbecoming shade and proceed to work a miracle with your face—you make yourself over to off-set the green!

When all the hub-bub started about the brilliant Algerian costume shades and we all threw off our black weeds of several seasons for the giddiness of colors—the cosmeticians realized that something had to be done about it. What were the pink skinned girls going to do about the hard, native reds? And what were the sallow skinned damsels going to do with the yellows and blues? Change their make-up was the brilliant thought. And changed it has been.

Your first reaction to some of the powder shades will be to say that they are ridiculous. Green, lavender, yellow powders, they sound quite mad for anyone's face. They make one think of clowns and carnivals. Yet when skillfully blended with another powder and applied with the right rouge and lipstick tuned to the costume color—a miracle is wrought!

NOWHERE is make-up rated more importantly than it is on stage or screen. Many a raving beauty has wilted under the camera's sharp eye, all because the make-up was wrong. And many times I have met a glamorous star offstage who was unbelievably plain. I think if more girls realized the flattering things that make-up can do to their whole appearance, they would spend a little more time learning how to apply it.

To return to the costume color situation. I have jotted down a few notes on make-up for certain colors which I have picked up from several of the leading beauty authorities who are seriously advocating this idea. I think it will help some of you with the rather difficult selection of proper costume shades.

Browns are going to be very important for Fall. The average person would class brown as a generally becoming shade, yet it dulls the natural coloring. If you find that it makes you a "brown study," try a little lighter face powder than you ordinarily use. Apply your rouge a little heavier than usual and make your mouth a vivid spot on your face. The lipstick can safely take a slightly orange tinge.

Those blues that we all love are not the most flattering colors always. Most blues, except when worn by very fair people, tend to darken the complexion hue. As with browns, you will have to try a lighter powder, a little brighter rouge and vivid lipstick. In the lipstick, however, use a rosy tint rather than an orange one.

And are you agog to know when to use lavender powder? In the evening when you perhaps wear a yellow that brings out all the yellow tones of the skin, dust [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Friendly Advice on

Girls' Problems

ARE you puzzled about your make-up, the correct colors for your type? Have you an aggravating hair problem? I'll be glad to mail you a personal letter of advice if you will tell me your specific problem.

If you want to be slimmer or improve your complexion, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of normalizing exercises and reducing menus. Also for my complexion leaflet, giving general advice on the care of the skin and specific treatment for blackheads and acne. You may have them both, simply by asking for them.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Don't forget the envelope!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Any Girl Can Work a Miracle of Beauty with

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful than you Really Are?

EVELYN BRENT, says: "Congratulations! Straight from the shoulder . . . to Max Factor and his Society Make-Up."

Evelyn Brent

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Secret, and Offers a Priceless Beauty Gift! See Coupon.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret . . . a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every woman. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials, of course . . . but so different in the effect they produce that even the stars whose rare beauty is adored by millions have called this make-up by Max Factor, "beauty-magic."

"Cosmetics must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and red-heads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty"

Scores and scores of feature pictures . millions of feet of film . . . have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars . . . Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood . . . and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony . . . FREE. You also receive his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

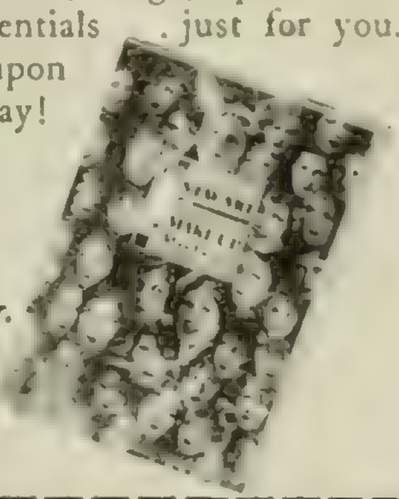
LUPE VELEZ, Universal Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius.

LUPE VELEZ, says: "Oh! It is wonderful, Mr. Max Factor. The color harmony in the Society Make-Up which you created for me is exquisite. It becomes my personality perfectly.

Lupe Velez

This Amazing Book FREE . . . with your Make-Up Color Harmony Chart

Realize at last that you can be more beautiful than you really are if you know the art of make-up as practiced by the screen stars. Permit Max Factor to suggest an alluring color harmony in make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials . . . just for you. Mail coupon now--today!



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-9-35

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		O	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1930 Max Factor

She Needed Help!

She needed someone to tell her why the women in her little town no longer asked her to their weekly bridge parties, or to accompany them to the matinee. She needed someone to explain to her why men seldom called more than once, and why she found herself out of the pleasant social activities that meant so much to her. In short, she needed to be told the truth about herself. Unfortunately, the truth in this case was not a matter anyone cared to discuss. Not even a good friend is willing to mention the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.

Before social engagements, end halitosis (UNPLEASANT BREATH)

Science reveals Listerine, always safest of antiseptics, now the swiftest of deodorants. Overcomes immediately odors other solutions fail to mask in 4 days.

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is also the swiftest of deodorants — the ideal solution for oral hygiene — one on which you can place complete reliance.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection; reduces bacteria 98%.

Immediate Deodorant Effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist. "Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to Taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a fresh, pleasant taste and leaves an invigorating after-effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't Harm Tissue or Teeth

It is a comfort to realize that no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, or attack metal fillings in teeth, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect is always beneficial, a fact long known to the medical profession.

Always keep Listerine in home and office. Carry it when you travel. Tuck a bottle in the side pocket of your car. Remember, it is a precaution against infection. And also, your assurance that your breath will not offend others. Our free Book of Etiquette is yours for the asking. Write Dept. P.H.9 Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

8 Reasons Why Millions Prefer Listerine:

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. Pleasant to taste.
6. Does not attack metal fillings in teeth.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.

THE *SAFE* ANTISEPTIC—KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE

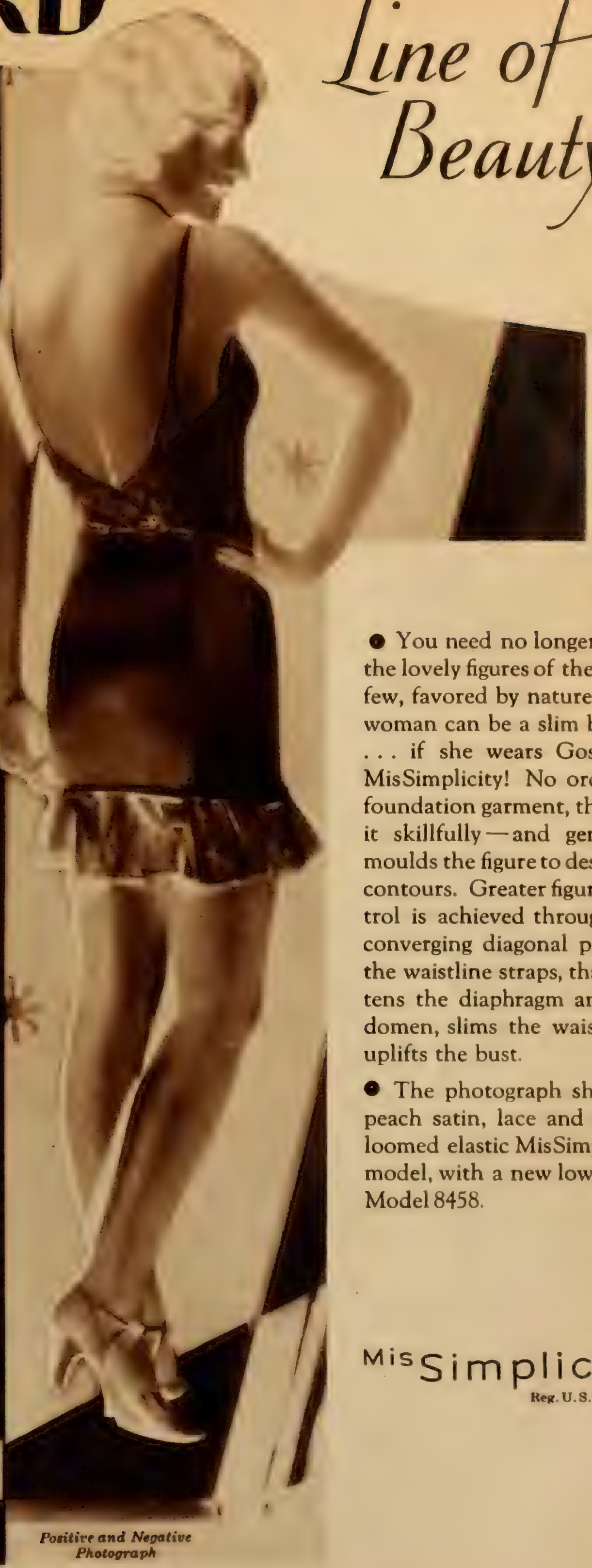
THINKING the whole thing over, we've decided to go even further than President Hoover. Why stop at a mere moratorium for Germany? Call off the whole war debt—but make Germany give us Dietrich in return! After all, what's a few billion dollars alongside of *Frau* Marlene?

THE greatest actress of them all, Hollywood's most sought-after person. Facing sixty, Marie Dressler remains younger than a flapper and modern as next year's hat. She's just finished "Politics." An article in this issue, "Don't Expect Too Much," gives you her philosophy of life. Read it

JUST twenty-one, is Marion Shilling, but she knows this acting business from baby rôles to gangsters' sweethearts, for she made her stage début in her father's St. Louis stock company at the age of five. You enjoyed her in "Young Donovan's Kid." Now you'll see her with Connie Bennett in "The Common Law"

M-G-M is now known as the House of One Gable, but what a Gable that boy Clark is! Starting in obscure, menace-man parts, he is now Garbo's leading man in the hectic production of "Susan Lenox." He's just promised to love and cherish for the second time

The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*



Positive and Negative Photograph

● You need no longer envy the lovely figures of the lucky few, favored by nature. Any woman can be a slim beauty . . . if she wears Gossard's MisSimplicity! No ordinary foundation garment, this, for it skillfully—and gently—moulds the figure to desirable contours. Greater figure control is achieved through the converging diagonal pull of the waistline straps, that flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, slims the waist and uplifts the bust.

● The photograph shows a peach satin, lace and hand-loomed elastic MisSimplicity model, with a new low back. Model 8458.

MisSimplicity
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

The H. W. Gossard Co., Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Every 1½ Minutes...
A NEW BRIDE!

95 *out of every* 100 *asked meet the* Dishpan Problem *this way*

(Above) Young, in love, and just married . . . she won't mind washing dishes for two—for Lux will keep her hands lovely as on her wedding day!

(Right) A glamorous bride! Yet she will be cook and "dishwasher," too. Thanks to Lux, her hands will *never* betray her home-making tasks.

(Above) A thrilling wedding trip—in the air! And the chic, modern bride plans to keep house in up-to-date fashion. Naturally she chooses Lux for dishes. So quick—and no danger of old-fashioned dishpan hands.

(Below) This charming young bride of an army lieutenant may keep house in far corners of the world, but wherever she travels she'll find Lux to keep her hands charming, no matter how busy they are with domestic problems.

So many soaps dry the oils of the skin, leave the hands rough and old. Gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils, thus keeping hands softly, endearingly young.

RADIANT young brides! Every 1½ minutes, somewhere in the United States, a new one!

And 95 out of every 100 questioned, in 11 big cities, plan to wash dishes with Lux . . . to guard the young loveliness of their hands.

"We're not going to let dishwashing make us look like drudges. *Dishpan hands* are old-fashioned," they say.

"And with Lux in the house, our hands need never lose their young white smoothness. Lux gives hands beauty treatment right in the dishpan!"

Beauty experts in *305 famous shops* advise this Lux care for the hands. It keeps your busy hands as fragile and exquisite as though you had maids. Do try it today! Costs almost nothing —*less than 1¢ a day.*

LUX FOR DISHES *keeps hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day*

September, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

THEODORE DREISER is all hot and bothered because he thinks the Paramount Company didn't do right by his "American Tragedy." What's eating him anyhow? It ain't art like his book, he says, and he goes into court to stop the company from releasing it.

Didn't Dreiser know when he accepted $150,000 for his long winded yarn—which I confess was an effort for me to read—that it was going to be made into a picture, or did he think the company was going to embalm it?

The picture—I've seen it—is ten times as entertaining as the book. Go see it and take your boys and girls. It will do them good.

GREATEST-Amazement-of-the-Month Note: Conrad Nagel, pillar of society in the film colony, usher at a Hollywood church, leader in the Finer Things of Life, was being urged for one of the hard-boiled parts in a naval aviation picture to be shot on his home lot, M-G-M. But the director and supervisor pooh-poohed the executive who suggested casting Nagel.

"Nagel?" they scoffed. "That fellow can't do this tough guy rôle."

"Well, give him a test, anyhow," urged the executive.

When they told Nagel to take the test he exploded. Why, he demanded, should he who had played in pictures for years take a test on his home lot? Didn't they know how he looked and photographed?

"Take it, anyhow," soothed his friend. Nagel agreed, but boiling. His temperature wasn't reduced when he appeared for the test, and found the director and supervisor openly cool to him. He got into his costume, walked onto the sound stage. The director and supervisor weren't there—just the crew.

"Is the mike on?" asked Nagel, grim faced.

"Nope, this is just for camera, no sound."

"Turn on that mike," Conrad ordered. "This is going to be sound whether they want it or not."

They turned it on, started the cameras.

NAGEL glared into the lens.

"All right now, you —— —— ——!" he roared. "You thought I couldn't do this rôle, huh? You thought because I am not a drunken bum that I am a pretty little flower, did you? You so-and-so, you wanted to see how I'd look for this part, did you? Well, here I am and take a good look at me . . ." With that, he glared ferociously and stomped off the set in a genuine high rage.

Next day he was cooled. Too, conscience was biting him. He reported at the studio. The director and supervisor were waiting.

He saw them coming at him, and steeled himself for the worst. They descended on him simultaneously.

"Conrad!" they fairly shrieked, "Conrad, old boy, old boy, old boy—you were great! Simply swell! Marvelous!" And so on.

And he got the rôle.

And he wonders whether it really pays to try so hard to be a gentleman—a nice, good, clean-speaking gentleman—in Hollywood.

THE physical exertion Marie Dressler expends in some of her slapstick scenes—remember "Min and Bill," for instance?—sometimes frightens studio officials.

Once, when she was working particularly hard, the director warned her.

"Be careful: don't do it too hard," he remonstrated.

Marie stopped short and glared.

"Don't worry about me," she growled. "What do you think I am—an old woman?"

THERE'S been a lot of talk about "adult pictures for adults" and separate showings of "children's pictures for children." Most of this talk is based on arguments that the legitimate stage hasn't had to bow to the intelligence of children by producing plays that are down to the level of their experience—that the stage is run primarily for grown-ups, except for special children's theaters or special performances for children.

That's all very well for the stage. The average man and wife go to the theater seldom. It's an expensive proposition, in the first place. And, in the second place, except where there is a maid who "lives in," someone must be provided to "stay with the children," to see that little Bobby doesn't climb out of his crib and through the open window next to it; that Johnnie doesn't play with matches and set fire to the house and himself; that Mary doesn't burn the midnight oil reading "Ex-Schoolgirl" instead of doing her home-work.

Going to the legitimate theater is in the nature of "an evening off"—a treat for the average married couple of moderate means.

YET the movies haven't been a "treat" to such families. Picture shows have been a part of their lives. Household duties out of the way, the children home from school for the day, many a mother takes her brood to the picture house around the corner for an hour or two of entertainment and relaxation. Or, waiting for dad, they hurry the supper dishes and the family goes *en masse* to the first show.

Not just once in a while, but from one to several times each week.

The average family doesn't want to see "Sunday School pictures." Mothers and fathers have learned that children who are most shielded from a knowledge of life aren't the best equipped to meet the world as grown-ups.

BUT—glorified gun men—girls who have run the gauntlet of sex-experiences without showing a trace of the sure marks that sordid living inevitably leaves, whose only penalty for breaking every moral code is to be rewarded with a richness of love and life that rarely falls to the lot of the best of women—a cheap, pseudo-sophistication in manner and speech that the average adolescent easily mistakes for the genuine article—all these are the weak links in the chain of recent pictures.

I must give most producers credit for realizing this now that the public has spoken its mind so forcibly. They were well on their way to a solution of the problem when along came the talkies. And now they've got to learn all over again. Let's try to have a little patience.

SCENE: Big producer's office.

Enter secretary.

Secretary: "Relative to see you, sir."

Producer: "Where from?"

Sec.: "Germany."

Producer: "Send him to the Foreign Relations Department."

Intermission.

Enter secretary again.

Sec.: "Relative to see you, sir."

Producer: "What for?"

Sec.: "Wants part in picture."

Producer: "Who is he?"

Sec.: "Says he is your third cousin."

Producer: "Tell him to come back day after tomorrow; we're only casting first cousins today."

A FEW months ago the studio heads got together and decided that newspaper and magazine writers, as well as actors' agents and trade paper advertising solicitors, were a bally nuisance around the lots. There was indeed some basis for their decision, for much valuable time is lost when such folks are permitted to roam in and out of sets when the serious business of shooting a picture is in progress.

Time was when anyone who could dig up a credential from the Bingville Bugle or the Tootstown Clarion could loaf around the studio, ostensibly interviewing stars for stories that were never printed, never even written. I knew of one case, years ago, of a man who could hardly write his own name who posed for months as a writer and whose only source of income was chiseling loans from players.

NOW, if Irvin Cobb wanted to interview a star for *The Saturday Evening Post* he would have to secure a pass, walk the gamut of a lot of hard-eyed cops carrying loaded revolvers, and hold his *tête-à-tête* with the star under the watchful eyes and ears of one of the publicity boys.

The result has been that, shut off from access to their sources of news with the exception of the "hand-out" junk manufactured by the press agents, the boys and girls of the legitimate newspapers, magazines, and news agencies are giving the studios a panning, and are digging up stories that are not at all to the liking of the producers.

As a matter of fact, access to the studios is not necessary. More truth and genuine news can be secured from outside sources, and that's where the writing folks are getting it. A good reporter doesn't need a pass to a burning building to write his story about it.

THEY used to hire press agents to create news. Now they hire them to hide it. What's the matter? Troubled conscience?

Old Commodore Vanderbilt said, "To hell with the public." The producers now say, "To hell with the press."

Careful boys, danger ahead. Just because you had a headache you didn't need your appendix out.

Earl Crowley

A WEEK'S work of the technical crew, and an expenditure of ten thousand dollars went into the making of this set before it was ready for use. The set was built along the edge of the big studio tank, and this photo was made while Sessue Hayakawa was rehearsing a scene. Somewhere behind the set Anna May Wong is waiting her turn in front of the great incandescent lamps. "Daughter of the Dragon" marks the screen return of these two Oriental players after long absences

Granddaughter *of an*

Study this picture of Elissa Landi—straight nose, determined chin, lift of the eyebrows. Now look at the photo on the right

ELISSA LANDI, according to the written confession of her own mother, is the granddaughter of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria!

And when you've recovered from the shock there's more to be told. And when Hollywood catches on that it's been harboring royalty in its midst without knowing about it—won't Mary Pickford, who entertains all the visiting coronets and crowns, be sore!

Elissa has not, herself, told the story. Elissa does not want the story told, and for that modesty she deserves a big laurel wreath all her own.

Now that I know this startling fact, I look back upon my brief acquaintance with Elissa and a number of things are explained. When she arrived in Hollywood there was that strange underground excitement, peculiar to the city. Everybody talked about this lovely, poised, distinguished woman. Everybody said, "Have you met Elissa Landi? She's too wonderful."

And it was not merely because she had had three novels published in England, spoke four languages, played and composed music surprisingly well. It was something else. Perhaps I'm crediting the town with too much perception, but I believe it felt the commanding presence of royal blood.

Many months ago I wrote of Elissa, "I approach this interview with due *humility* because I know that I am writing about an important person and I mean by this someone who *is* important as a person, not merely as an actress." I did not know at the time that I was speaking of the granddaughter of an Empress!

Although always charming to interviewers, Elissa told very little of her background. She said nothing of her father, and when she filled out her biography for publicity purposes, she wrote that she was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, and that her nationality was English. (She is married to an Englishman and is therefore a British subject.) She left blank the space provided for parents' names, brothers and sisters and famous relatives.

She hoped, I now know, that the facts about her heritage would never be related, for she has no desire, I'm sure, to join that vast horde of pseudo-royalty that clutters the Hollywood boulevards.

Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Do you see the remarkable resemblance? Who wouldn't?

Empress

Hollywood was harboring royalty and didn't know it

By
Katherine Albert

COUNTESS ZANARDI LANDI AND HER CHILDREN
ANTONY-FRANZ AND ELISABETH MARIE-CHRISTINE

Here is the frontispiece of the Countess' book, "The Secret of an Empress." The girl is Elissa Landi

Arrogant, beautiful Elissa. Every inch a granddaughter of an Empress

But the printed word is a strange thing and there is, in the reference room of the New York Public Library, a book entitled "The Secret of an Empress," by Countess Zarnardi Landi. Countess Zarnardi Landi is the mother of Elissa—the same Elissa who is a Fox star and whom you've seen in "Body and Soul" and "Always Goodbye"—a strange, exciting, glamorous figure.

What is "The Secret of an Empress"? The writer, Caroline, later the Countess Zarnardi Landi and the mother of Elissa, was born to believe herself the child of a family called Kaiser who lived in Vienna, but she soon discovered that the mysterious and lovely lady who paid her frequent secret visits and who was addressed as a woman of supreme importance, was her mother. That woman, Caroline's mother, was the Empress Elizabeth of Austria!

You'll find pictures of the Empress on these pages. Compare them with the stills of Elissa Landi. Startling, isn't it? In coloring, too, they are alike. The Empress' hair, a tawny mop of reddish gold glory, was the talk of Europe. Elissa's hair is like that of Elizabeth. Elizabeth was a great lover of music—Wagnerian, particularly. Wagner is one of Elissa's gods. Strange how such traits are passed on from generation to generation.

Caroline's existence was kept a secret because Empress Elizabeth, an intelligent and extremely modern woman, for her time, resented the vigorous rules of the court that provided an empress-mother could not rear her own children, but must turn them over to the Archduchess [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Occasionally Rex carries Clara pick-a-back. She is sixteen pounds overstudioweight, but Rex can handle her like a child

Roughing It With Clara

By Harry Lang

HOW about going to Rex Bell's Nevada ranch, to see how Rex and Clara Bow are comin' along? Okay, then—

You start out from Hollywood before sun-up, and the first three-score miles aren't bad. The going is pleasing to the eye.

You purr through orange groves and vineyards and hamburger stands until you reach San Bernardino—"San Berdoo," the native sons call it, more or less affectionately. . . .

Then you turn north and pop through the Cajon Pass—a half-hundred-mile-long gateway through the mountains—and drop into Victorville, a lazy little railroad town. Victorville's the jumping-off place into the desert. You fill up with gas *and water*, peel off your coat, smear a little cold cream on your lips, and step on 'er. Sixty to seventy an hour isn't half fast enough through those endless miles of greasewood and yucca trees and cactus and heat . . .

Stop at a gas station—oh, yes, they've got 'em in the desert, too, but you pay!—and sneak a look at the thermometer. 108. "Kinda hot," you suggest. The gas man grunts. "This ain't so bad—wait'll it really gets hot . . ."

A hundred and fifty miles of Mojave sand and heat and cactus, and you reach a filling station, cold drink and hamburger stand, and signpost. The signpost says this is Lakeview. Off in the distance you see the lake—only it's dry. One of those desert dry lakes—white expanse of alkali that hurts to look at. Signpost says Nipton ten and a half miles, and points off down a desert road. So far, the road's been paved. But now . . .

Violently you leap off the pave into the desert. No other way to do it, because it's a quick drop into the sand road. Then for ten and a half miles you twist and squirm and slide and bounce and bump and jiggle and sweat—lord, how you sweat! An occasional jack-rabbit sits up and looks bewilderedly at you; across the road scurry countless grey-yellow lizards, tails twice as long as their body.

You squash numbers of them; they aren't roadwise. And bye and bye, you boil up to a stop . . .

There's a general store and post office; a box car that's been converted into a railroad station; another shack labeled Hotel, but you doubt it; a gas pump. You step into the post office-and-store and when your eyes get accustomed, you see a squat fellow behind the counter, in his undershirt. This, you learn later, is "Tree"—his full name is Trehearn, or something like that, but you call him just "Tree" for short. It's so hot that any waste effort is criminal.

Clara spends much of her time shooting at tin cans, rabbits, buzzards, and fence posts. And quite often she supplies rabbits for supper

"TREE" is blind in one eye; has one-sixteenth normal vision in the other. He's postmaster. He goes to the Saturday night dance over at Searchlight, and people get mad when he bumps into them with his partner—until they learn he can't see so well. Clara knows him well by now; he knows Clara, too . . .

"What's the way to Rex Bell's ranch?" you ask him.

He takes a pencil and draws a line on the post office door. "This," he says, "is the road. You just follow it. You can't get lost because there ain't no other road. You climb about nine miles till you get to the summit, then you go five miles more, and when you see some buildings off

The Star who dreaded the old devil microphone and was forced to live her life on the front pages of newspapers

Free from the studios, make-up, and make-believe, this picture of a world-weary girl was made at Rex Bell's ranch

to the right, you turn off there, because that's Bell's place. There ain't no other, so you can't miss it.

"But if you stick around here, Rex and Clara'll be here. They come in every day an' do their shoppin'—and Clara shoots some. Hell, her nerves ain't so bad when she c'n take that twenty-two and, fast as she c'n pump, stand here and hit that post over there *every time!*—well, anyways, *nearly* every time . . .!"

You decide to go on. And so, eventually, through thick sand and over rough rock, through cactus and millions of those weird yucca trees that look like something that ought to grow on the moon, you come to a wooden mailbox, and a fork.

Buildings over there, a half mile off—must be Rex Bell's ranch. You turn, dive into gullies and out, squash a few more lizards, disturb a few jack-rabbits and roll into a corral . . .

It's a wire enclosure surrounding a cleared space. There's a ramshackle, unpainted barn.

Farm implements are scattered helter-skelter. A disgusted-looking cow gets up out of the road and you wonder how she escapes being barbecued alive in

An amazing story of how Clara lives on an old isolated ranch, far, far from Hollywood, and is happier than she has ever been before in her life

this heat. In front of you is a long, low, unpainted, uninviting-looking wooden shack with a tin roof.

It looks like the barracks they throw together for section-hands on a short job.

There's no garden; no paint; nothing whatever attractive . . .

AND this is where, as this is written, Clara Bow and Rex Bell are living while Clara tries to regain her wrecked health!

It's certainly no Dude Ranch.

It doesn't belong to Rex yet—still in escrow. It's 360,000 acres, in round figures, of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

A simple, board shack, without conveniences, this is where Clara is regaining her health and self. The shower at right

Garbo as she wants to be (above) child of nature, alone, disregarding fancy clothes, happy, and (right) as she is in "Susan Lenox." They've put poor old *Susan* in a penthouse! Well, there's nothing like going 'way up when you do decide to rise

The Man *Who* Tried *To* Elope *With* Garbo

A never-told story of a fellow countryman who was hopelessly in love with her

LATE one evening last November, a few days before he was to sail for his home in Sweden — Wilhelm Sorensen dashed up to my house in his roadster. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He asked if he might have a few minutes with me.

I had not expected to see him again. Only the night before Greta Garbo's mysterious prince —as he was known around Hollywood—had bade me goodbye. For this tall, lean lad from Sweden, who had left the luxurious, easy life accorded a young son of a wealthy aristocrat of Stockholm, to follow Greta Garbo to Hollywood—was going back home.

The night before he had admitted that he was tired of the film capital. That the glamorous, alluringly spicy Hollywood he had expected to find, where life would bring a continuous round of fascinating pleasure with the exotic Greta Garbo at his side, had proved to be a delusion and a snare. He said he had given up his room in the little hillside house that for nearly a year he had called home. That he had sold his roadster, packed his bags and engaged passage on a freight steamer bound for Sweden.

It would take thirty-one days to make the ocean voyage. But he didn't mind that. He didn't care where he was, just so he got away from Hollywood and arrived home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Soren was very blue that night he bade me goodbye. He frankly admitted that he was sick at heart at the thought of leaving Greta. That there could never be anyone to take her place.

He failed to make her Mrs. Wilhelm Sorensen so he sailed to Sweden, heartbroken, still dreaming of Greta

"I WILL never forget the wonderful times we have had together," he said in reminiscent tones. "Especially those first days over in Sweden, when she came home that winter on her vacation.

"And Greta liked me then! She had tears in her eyes when the boat sailed taking her back to America. Her first day out I had a cable from her asking me not to forget. For three days I was awakened each morning with a cable from her. A few words reaching out across the ocean that was fast widening between us, whispering that she had not forgotten.

"As the days took her farther and farther away from me, I nearly went mad. Then one morning there came a cable asking me to come. It was sent from a little town in Arizona. Wild horses couldn't have stopped me then! I would have followed her to the ends of the earth!

"My father and mother thought my infatuation—as they called my adoration for Garbo—would soon fade away. But I couldn't eat! I couldn't sleep! Finally they consented to let me make a trip to Hollywood. There was nothing else they could do. I would have gone, anyway.

"Neither mother nor father had met Greta or even seen her on the screen. So they decided they must see this girl who had taken such a hold of their son's heart. They found a theater where one of her early pictures with Jack Gilbert was being shown.

"I KNEW they wouldn't like her in that heavy vamp rôle. But I couldn't help but laugh when father said he could not understand what I saw in *that* girl who looked like a dairy maid. I knew he didn't mean that! Imagine Greta Garbo looking like a dairy maid!

"Soon after my arrival in Hollywood, I found that the Greta Garbo of Hollywood was quite a different person from the Greta Garbo of Stockholm.

"At home she was a rollicking, mischievous girl, always ready for a lark on a minute's notice.

"In Hollywood she was a solemn, quiet young lady, living the secluded life of a hermit.

"In Stockholm she was eager and always ready to meet my friends and relatives. Her merriest days were spent at house parties at my cousin's castle near Stockholm.

"In Hollywood I soon found that Greta knew only a handful of people and that she made no effort to have me meet those few. And she couldn't be dragged to a party!

"Her home was lovely and it was always open to me. Her spacious garden—her swimming pool—her books. I spent many happy hours with her when she wasn't working. Then we walked. We drove. We swam. Always we were alone. Just we two.

"But occasionally I longed to see the gay, glamorous Hollywood I had heard so much about. And I would have liked to meet some of the fascinating stars of the screen.

"However, I found that I could never see or do any of

By Rilla Page Palmborg

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

A Famous Author, Peering Behind the False Fronts of a Holl

By

Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by Will Grefé

Studio

THE street in front of the theater was crowded. From both directions came young men and girls—eager, smiling and happy. In the lobby they smiled at one another as they stood in line waiting to purchase tickets. A large and affable gentleman — who managed the road show — chatted expansively with the few whom he recognized.

The young men were dressed in light-weight, light-colored suits; the girls wore dresses of muslin and chiffon; pinks, blues and yellows . . . for this was a moderately small town and it was summer.

But in the middle of the street a dozen onlookers huddled about a queer little movable furnace, known as a salamander; for—to them—this was Hollywood and the time was winter.

The extras struggled heroically to still the chattering of their teeth as they passed gayly through the lobby and into the theater which was—beyond the doors—nothing but a gauntly vacant lot. There, pretense dropped from them and they circled to the street again and wrapped themselves in such sleazy wraps as they possessed.

One girl—pale and wan beneath her make-up—but unmistakably pretty in a fragile way—looked up at the young man who had been directed to enact the inconsequential rôle of her escort. "Do you know," she said in a peculiarly sweet voice, "that you look exactly like Michael Dorian?"

The young man smiled. "So I've been told."

"At first I thought you were Dorian—until I realized that you were just an extra."

He assisted her to surmount a pile of discarded scenery. Then, after she had wrapped herself in a pitifully inadequate coat, he walked toward the salamander and she gazed after him —freshly impressed with his amazing similarity to Michael Dorian, one of the most brilliantly successful young leading men in Hollywood.

The young man backed up close to the portable furnace and lighted a cigarette. He was mildly interested in the scene which was being rehearsed. Overhead the star-sprinkled sky hung like a gorgeous evening mantle. Everywhere there was bustle and excitement, and the chatter of actors and extras. This scene, apparently so simple, was presenting unexpected difficulties.

ood Set, Finds the Reality of a Tender and Poignant Incident

Without a sound she crumpled on the floor of the theater lobby. Principals and extras crowded about the girl. From the street came the harsh voice of the director, wild with fury

Romance

The director was nervous and irritable; the electricians were loudly profane. Lights were wrongly placed, microphones needed to be rearranged, inexpert extras had to be instructed to modulate their voices so that snatches of important dialogue between principals would register. For more than two hours now they had been working on this simple scene. Nerves were ragged, bodies were nipped with the midnight chill.

Then another rehearsal, and the young man found himself again with the pale wisp of a girl. He observed that she was pretty, in a delicate sort of way. They walked through the scene, director and sound-mixer pronounced it right, and the lights flared on.

The scene was about to be shot.

Quiet was signalled and the cameras and sound recorders were interlocked. The motors stepped up to proper speed. A nervous gesture of the director's hand signalled the commencement of action.

Out of bedlam came silence; out of chaos, order. The scene progressed impressively and smoothly. The young man moved forward with the girl toward the false front of the theater which was not a theater. Once she stumbled slightly, and he tightened his grip on her arm. Again she stumbled, and he looked down at her somewhat impatiently. Her face was strangely drawn and pallid.

They moved into camera range, smiling and chatting as they had been instructed to do.

Then, without warning—quietly—the slender figure of the girl sagged. Without word or sound she crumpled on the floor of the theater lobby. Somebody shouted; principals and extras stepped out of character and crowded about the girl. From the street came the harsh voice of the director.

"Cut!" he roared. Then he leaped into the crowd, flinging extras aside with powerful arms.

The director was wild with fury. The scene had been right; after more than two hours of work he had seen himself concluding, successfully, a shot which should have taken twenty minutes. And now, this!

"The girl fainted," explained an electrician.

"Fainted—hell!" The director's face was contorted with anger. "I've seen that trick a thousand times. There's nothing the matter with her. She's pretending to be sick so as to attract my attention. They all do it; they've read crazy stories about being noticed. She isn't any more sick than I am. Get her off this lot—and keep her off!"

The man was sincere. Truly, it was an old device. This time it had ruined a perfect and expensive scene. Again he looked down at the girl and then whirled on his assistant.

"Get her off, will you? Give her a pay ticket and throw her off the lot. I never want to see her again."

The girl's escort stepped forward. His finely chiselled face was wreathed in anger.

"You can't do that," he said—"this girl is really sick."

"I'll do what I please, and you butt out of here."

"You'll move her when she feels better," said the young man in a cold, even voice, "and not before."

The director stared. Then he commenced to splutter. And finally the words cascaded from his lips; bitter, furious, excited, profane words.

"Get her off this lot," he howled—"and get yourself off, too. You're both fired! I'll have you blacklisted—both of you!"

The young man carried the girl to the vicinity of a red-bellied salamander. He covered her with a wrap, and forced between her lips some steaming coffee which another extra had brought from the cafeteria.

The girl opened her eyes. Then they told her what had happened.

Tears coursed down her cheeks. She tried to regain her feet and would have fallen again had not the young man supported her.

The assistant director gave them both their pay-checks and ordered them off the lot. He was sorry, but he dared not argue the matter with his chief.

THE girl was miserable as she walked with the young man toward the gate. She obtained her money from the cashier.

"You shouldn't have done it!" she cried. "I've caused you to lose your job."

"Don't worry about me. You were really sick—and I knew it. Now," he finished briskly, "I'm sending you home in a taxi."

"No! Please . . . I—I can't afford a taxi."

"Rot! You can't ride a street car in your present condition."

"But I can't afford a cab." She clutched the seven dollars which the cashier had just paid her. "You see, this is all I have. I fainted because I haven't eaten a decent meal in three days. I can't waste my money."

She was an appealing, wistful little thing. Against her protest, he summoned a taxi. She told him her name and gave her address. Then he leaned in through the open door of the cab and pressed something into her palm.

"Take this," he ordered sternly. "Pay the taxi and buy some good hot food for yourself with the remainder."

She looked down at a twenty-dollar bill.

"I can't!" she cried. "You can't afford this!"

"Oh yes I can," he said lightly.

"But you can't! An extra . . ."

HIS voice dropped to a whisper. "Can you keep a secret, on your word of honor?"

"Surely."

"Well, then," he explained, "this is it. Remember you said I looked exactly like Michael Dorian, and I said, 'So I've been told'? We were both right. I look like Michael Dorian because I *am* Michael Dorian. I came down here for a lark—and on a bet. One of the studio executives where I work was kidding me that I couldn't possibly make the grade if I started off as an extra in a company where they didn't know me. I bet that I could . . . and here I am. I'm trusting you with this secret so you'll understand that the money really means nothing to me."

She pressed his hand again—and drove away. The young man stared after the cab, a gentle smile on his lips. He had thought that he knew girls, all types and kinds of girls. But this one was different. He looked down at the piece of paper on which she had scribbled her name and address, and then—happily—he walked back through the gate to the cashier's cage.

Through the barred window he slipped his pay voucher: one night's work—seven dollars.

"Name please?" asked the cashier.

"Teddy Smith," answered the young man.

The cashier looked up and grinned.

"Sure, I know you, Smith," he said. "You're the guy that's all the time being mistaken for Michael Dorian."

Searching For "Beauty And The Boss"

Readers going over the manuscripts received in the $2,000.00 PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest to find a story fitting the title of "Beauty and the Boss," as well as other picture story material, have been faced with a gigantic task, for almost 10,000 manuscripts from amateur story writers were received in the contest. The judging is going ahead now with all possible haste, and the above picture shows readers and judges engaged on this big job in PHOTOPLAY'S New York office. James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY and one of the judges, is standing in the center of the group. Announcement of winners will be made as soon as the judging is finished, which will be in time for the November issue of PHOTOPLAY

Otto Dyar

STAGE TEN at Paramount's Hollywood studio. The huge chains you see festooned around the place are used to shift scenery and props and to shackle actors who go mad and bite supervisors. That mighty door, slightly ajar, is employed to keep stars from jumping to rival producers. Oh yes—in the foreground is Mr. Phillips Holmes, who looks relieved after finishing his part in "The American Tragedy" and escaping the onslaughts of Author Dreiser

Here it is—the new type! Marlene Dietrich's lack-lustre eyes say everything to be said

And Tallulah Bankhead's style whets sharply the imagination

While Garbo is the symbol of everything mysterious in woman. She started it

CHARM? No! No! You

THE movies have done it again!

They've introduced a new word into ordinary conversation, started a new fad, begun a new cycle, created a new standard.

The movies are good at that.

The new word is "glamour," the new fad is glamorousness, the new cycle is more glamour and the new standard is more of the same thing.

The ingénue with her friendly, hurt smile, her bird-like gestures, her coy maidenliness is as old-fashioned as a hansom cab. In a word, if you want to be popular—be glamorous.

For years the Elinor Glyns and Beatrice Fairfaxes have been writing about charm. They've told young women with social ambitions that that vague quality was essential. But the word has now been passed into the limbo of forgotten things. The new one, the all-consuming word of the moment, is "glamour."

If you don't believe me (and you wouldn't be the first), take a look at the present roster of film stars. Take a couple of looks—they're worth it. Marlene Dietrich, of the heavy-lidded, inscrutable eyes, the sullen mouth. Garbo (who really, I believe, started it all), of the languorous, pale body. Tallulah Bankhead, also heavy lidded, also inscrutable. Joan Crawford, the exponent of the neurotic younger generation. Constance Bennett, long limbed and fluid, a woman to pique the imagination. Lilyan Tashman, decked in sophistication and Paris gowns. Elissa Landi, mysterious as a supervisor's idea. And the very new one—Lil Dagover, a rapturous beauty who came to American before her time, was sent back and now returns to spread glamour. And many, many more come to mind—but I'm running out of adjectives.

Although the new school has been gathering momentum for some time, Paramount really fired the first shot when they dropped from their contract list Mary Brian, Jean Arthur and Fay Wray. Now here were three charming, sweet, whimsical little girls who, so everybody thought, had a good sized fan following. But, according to statistics, they simply didn't draw at the old box-office.

The glamour gals were beating them hands (and eyelashes) down.

These girls were the exponents of the charm school. Charm simply oozed—but they had no glamour.

But Mary Brian is being smart. After some futile little girl tears, when she was told her name was to be struck from the list, she packed her trunks and left Hollywood for her first European trip. She went in search of sophistication.

After six years of "the little girl who lives next door" rôles, she's out to become a woman capable of stealing the husband of the little woman who lives next door.

Mary, for six years a good draw, suddenly found herself, like a number of others, one of that vast horde of disappearing ingénues for which you, you and you have no use.

The once popular vamp — straight, direct but never subtle. Example, Theda Bara

WHAT brought about the drastic change? Your guess is as good as mine.

It all goes in cycles anyhow. Remember the Theda Baras, the Nita Naldis, the Virginia Pearsons, the Louise Glaums?

For them "vamp" was coined. "Glamour" has now been introduced into the average vocabulary. Their kingdoms toppled when Sweetness and Light showed through.

For years the nice girl had her day. Her screen path was clear. She must neither drink, nor smoke. She must be chaste, nay almost prudish. She must be kind to old ladies, children and stray cats. Her clothes must be

The Mary Pickford of long ago exemplified girlish charm. Now that's too tame

Mary Brian says she will never look like this again and she means it

Young, pretty, nice Jean Arthur. But the fans demand something different. Can she give it?

Must Have GLAMOUR

By Katherine Albert

neat but not gaudy. And the only appeal admitted was that vague, spiritual quality that does things to man's Better Nature.

But now—whoops—the new brigade. Why, the Dietrichs, the Garbos, the Bankheads, the Landis (and have you noted that they're all blonde, which was formerly virtue's symbol) may kick old ladies in the face and tie tin cans to dogs' tails. They may steal other women's husbands and bathe in champagne—and the fans love it.

These women possess the new and vital commodity—glamour!

Norma Shearer is the outstanding example of cultivated glamour. Think way, way back to the Norma who was. I remember years ago when I worked in her studio, there was a story under consideration for little Shearer. It was finally, I believe, called "The Devil's Circus." And the climax was—I hope I'm still right—the seduction of the girl in the story.

Well, they pondered for weeks. Could they allow that rare exponent of girlish charm and simplicity, Norma Shearer, one teeny, weeny [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Can This Be The Same Girl?

Norma Shearer, classic example of a woman who follows the personality trend. When all was sweet and pure Norma was the young lady at the left. Came glamour, and wise Shearer changed her style. At right as she was in "The Divorcée"

Bancroft's boorishness was just a defense against contract troubles and folks who abused his good nature and friendship

George Comes To Earth

"Good Old George," Hollywood called him but they curled their lips when they said it. Now they cheer him as a good pal and his old friends are back

By Harry Lang

IT seems George Bancroft has come back to earth. He's working on the Paramount lot without appearing to try to boss the director around. Of course, he's getting $100,000 a picture for it—and maybe that's got something to do with it.

But what's more, he seems to be recovering some of that geniality that made him so popular at the outset of his meteoric screen career—and once more, the people in Hollywood are beginning to call him "good old George" without curling their lips when they say it.

In short, George Bancroft seems to be settling down once more to being a regular guy, and turning his back on all that highhattedness and aloofness that caused PHOTOPLAY to ask, in an article last fall, "Just what's biting George Bancroft, anyway?"

Remember that time? Remember how George suddenly developed into "the hermit of Santa Monica Beach," snubbing the people who helped him get his start in pictures from the $250-a-week days? Remember how he locked himself up in his beach house, behind specially-built fences, ignoring letters, telegrams, telephone calls and personal callers—friends or business associates or strangers alike? Remember how he walked out on Paramount officials, left them holding the bag while his contract expired and he wouldn't talk business?

Well—that's all over now. George came back with a demand for $120,000 a picture, as compared with the $5,000 a week he had been getting on the old contract. Paramount countered with an offer of $80,000 a picture. They hemmed and hawed a while, and now they've settled on $100,000 a picture—a fifty-fifty compromise. Bancroft is satisfied, Paramount seems satisfied—and George, once more, is genial and winning back his old friends.

"But what was it all about, George?" PHOTOPLAY asked him the other day. "Why did you go high-hat? Why did you run out on Paramount? Why did you do the things that got your old friends actually to hating you and calling you four-syllable names? What, as PHOTOPLAY asked last fall, was biting you, anyway?"

And here's the answer—here's Bancroft's side of the picture:

"I just got off on the wrong foot, I guess. I wasn't trying to high-hat people. I wasn't trying to snub my friends, I didn't realize or know that they felt I was.

"I like people. I like people too well, I guess. So, when I first began making big money and bought that house down at the beach, I didn't take things sanely. My friends—the very ones who got mad later—warned me. 'George,' they said, 'look out with that beach house. You've got to be careful whom you let in.'

"WELL, I couldn't seem to draw any line like that. And before I knew it, why, I was running a free beach club. They'd come in at all hours of the day or night—hordes of them, friends and strangers alike. People I know would come and bring a party of friends. It got so that when I wanted to go home and rest after a hard, trying day at the studio, I had no home. All I had was a public beach club. When they started squirting seltzer-water on the walls because they thought it was fun to make waterfalls, I kind of got sick and tired of it."

That was about the time George's troubles with Paramount began, too. So suddenly, George's house stopped being a free club. The front door was locked. No telegrams or 'phone calls were answered. Doorbell ringing got no response. Yet George was there.

Word was officially sent out [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]

Watch for these Fall Trends in New Pictures

— Seymour

IF you want a good preview of what you will be wearing this Fall, I suggest that you see some of the new pictures. I find them full of good tips.

The studio designers have to be ahead of the seasons, you know. When it's Summer to you, it's just another Fall to them!

The biggest news in fashion is the new hats. Have you seen them? They out-revival anything in recent years. You wear them pulled down over one eye. They are the 1880's gone modern — derby effects, feathers and all.

Width has gone to the top of clothes. The idea is to look broad-shouldered and slim-waisted. Evening things are still long enough to make you feel as glamourous as Garbo.

LORETTA YOUNG picks this as a first costume for Fall—I second her choice. Paris calls this type of thing the "Cinema" suit. Appropriate, isn't it? It is so called because it goes many places of an evening without ever feeling out of place. I call it charming. First, because it uses that very smart fabric, satin. Because its sleek black jacket reveals a low-backed, sleeveless frock when removed. Because its silhouette is new—even to the straightness of the skirt which only flares slightly at the hem.

Seymour Finds Typical School

MAYBE you're all out to get scholarships or some such things this year—but I'll bet those school parties loom up pretty big in your plans. Connie Bennett wears a dream of an eggshell taffeta evening frock that will make hearts flutter. Taffeta is always smart for young things, it has that party look. Connie's is moulded by tucking through the hips but has a wide flounce below. The bead trimming, just seen in front, follows the deep U at the back. Worn in "Bought."

YOU can't go fashionably wrong very often on anything that Bennett girl wears. Here's a grand idea for that velvet evening frock you must have. It's quite sophisticated but its perfect simplicity keeps it from being too affected for youthful taste. It is black transparent velvet unadorned. The length is excellent. Also to be seen in "Bought."

Fashions for Fall on the Screen

THE only possible recompense for having vacations end is to look forward to that nice clothes-buying orgy that precedes school openings! So many of the fashions worn by the young stars seem to fit the school picture that I have picked a few of them for you here. You can see them in new pictures and then guide your own selections by them. They're wearable.

— Seymour

SYLVIA SIDNEY wears this suit in "An American Tragedy." It is perfect for travel and for wear all through the Fall and Winter term. Brown and white sharkskin woolen is trimly tailored. The arrangement of the plaid scarf is unique.

BROWN is a grand Fall color in clothes, accessories —and in lingerie as shown here. The coat of this pyjama ensemble is brown satin, the pyjamas are peach color. Nice combination. That contrasting collar with the trick monogram is smart, isn't it? Worn by Madge Evans in "Guilty Hands."

Here's what Paris Designs for the Stars

A SPORTS suit with French dressing! Mlle. Chanel designed this beige wool model for Barbara Weeks to wear in "Palmy Days." Rather a short skirt, but the famous French designer likes 'em that way for sports. The jacket buttons over a white silk sweater—the collar and cuffs are piqué.

HERE'S Chanel's idea of a short dinner jacket. Not spectacular but nevertheless smart. White satin with dark fur. The bag is by the same designer, too.

THE question of whether a Paris designer can hit the right fashion tempo for the screen should soon be settled. The first models that Chanel is doing for the screen are arriving from Paris. Two of them I have picked out for you to see here.

"Don't Expect Too Much—

"Not expecting too much from life is good business. Establish a reputation for fair play at one place and you get more money at the next"

"Don't give up one job unless you have another. If you can't put up with unfavorable conditions in one job, you don't deserve another"

—and you'll be happier," Marie Dressler said to Jeanne North

MARY PICKFORD has told us through PHOTOPLAY how to face forty gracefully. We said there was news in her statements because facing forty—knowing how to accept maturity and confront old age—was a difficult struggle for woman.

Marie Dressler has completed the cycle Mary is entering. She has accepted old age; furthermore, she has made her greatest success in it.

What she says is news for men and women and young folk. The foundations for old age are laid in our younger days. That is the time to start building our mental picture. Who of us would not like to be a Marie Dressler at sixty?

Marie's recipe for life is simple: "Don't expect too much of it!"

A paper recently printed that her salary has reached the $5,000 a week figure. No one was more surprised to read this than Marie Dressler.

Her contractual income, today, is exactly what it was when she made "The Callahans and the Murphys," the picture which brought her back into the movies. *It is $2,000.*

TRUE, she has received an offer to go into vaudeville at $10,000 and one studio has made an effort, we understand, to purchase her contract from Metro and give her $12,000. But to date, Marie has not asked more than the $2,000 for which she signed in the beginning.

Why?—Doesn't she appreciate the drawing-power of her personality at the box-office?

Certainly. Marie has dozens of letters from theater exhibitors telling her that *her* name over their doors guarantees a capacity audience. She has read them over and over. She has read the glowing reviews of "Min and Bill" from London; the reports of the splendid business it is doing across the waters. Like all sincerely successful people, she gloats over praise and appreciates its value.

Marie in "Tillie, the Scrub Lady," which was made about fifteen years ago

She knows she could demand one of the largest weekly salaries in Hollywood and get it.

Her reason for adhering to her contract—made when her name was not a guaranteed picture success but a gamble—dates back about thirty-five years.

Marie signed with a manager for $150 a week to play the comedy rôle in "The Lady Slavey." The day after it opened, she was the toast of New York.

In one night she had risen from an obscure unknown to a celebrity.

She made many discoveries at this time. For example, she learned that a homely girl may be as popular as a beautiful one if she is more famous; that she may even be offered as many diamonds, fur coats and apartments. Yet with all the men who were laying hypothetical fortunes at her feet, she noticed one man avoided her. *Her manager.*

ONE evening, when the show had been running for several weeks, this man—George Lederer, by name—appeared in her dressing-room and remarked casually: "Marie, you are a funny actress."

"Thank you; I hope I am!" After all, her new-found fame depended upon her being funny.

"Aren't you going to kick? I've been waiting for you to come to me."

"For what?"

"A raise in salary."

"Mr. Lederer, I signed with you for the run of the play at $150 a week. I expect no more than you promised."

George Lederer was dumbfounded; he showed it. Finally he grunted. "You did, did you? Well, it's three hundred from this moment."

This was Marie's first raise and she had a sneaking suspicion that had she asked for it she would have received a possible fifty dollars extra.

The other day, Louis B. Mayer sent [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

JOHN GILBERT is in love again and admits it. The lady this time is Princess Liliuokalani of the Hawaiian Islands. If America hadn't bought her birthplace she would be the sister of the King of the Islands.

The Princess, who is quite good looking, came to Hollywood with other royal princesses and has been entertained by Hollywood's elite, including Queen Mary Pickford.

Jack is so serious that when she has to go somewhere without him, he is inconsolable. Incidentally, he is reported to have said he is going to the Islands the moment she returns, unless Metro holds him for a picture and then he's going the moment it is finished.

JACK'S attitude toward Ina Claire has been that he was willing to stay married to her but separated, since this arrangement protected him from another hasty wedding. And then, suddenly, surprising everybody, Ina Claire filed suit for divorce, charging Jack with cruelty and neglect.

Ina says that Jack made jibes at her, complaining that she had "too much intellect."

And that when she returned to Hollywood from New York, there was no husband to meet her at the train. This was no news to you, for PHOTOPLAY told you all about that long ago. So another Hollywood romance has officially ended and Jack may propose to the princess if he likes.

Boy, fetch a garland of lotus blooms and start the soft plunking of the ukuleles, while we present Princess Liliuokalani, a Polynesian pearl from Hawaii who is Jack Gilbert's present love. She is on the left, beside her sister, Princess Kawananako. "I just had to have a change from these Hollywood blondes," said old Trader Gilbert

First it was Mary Pickford who was made a colonel. Then it was Bebe Daniels. Now even Pete, Our Gang comedies' bow-bow, has gone military on us, having been made mascot of Hollywood's American Legion post

Cal York

Announcing—

WHEN a friend spoke to Jack about the Princess, Jack said, "She is a great girl. I am so tired of the stereotyped Hollywood blondes."

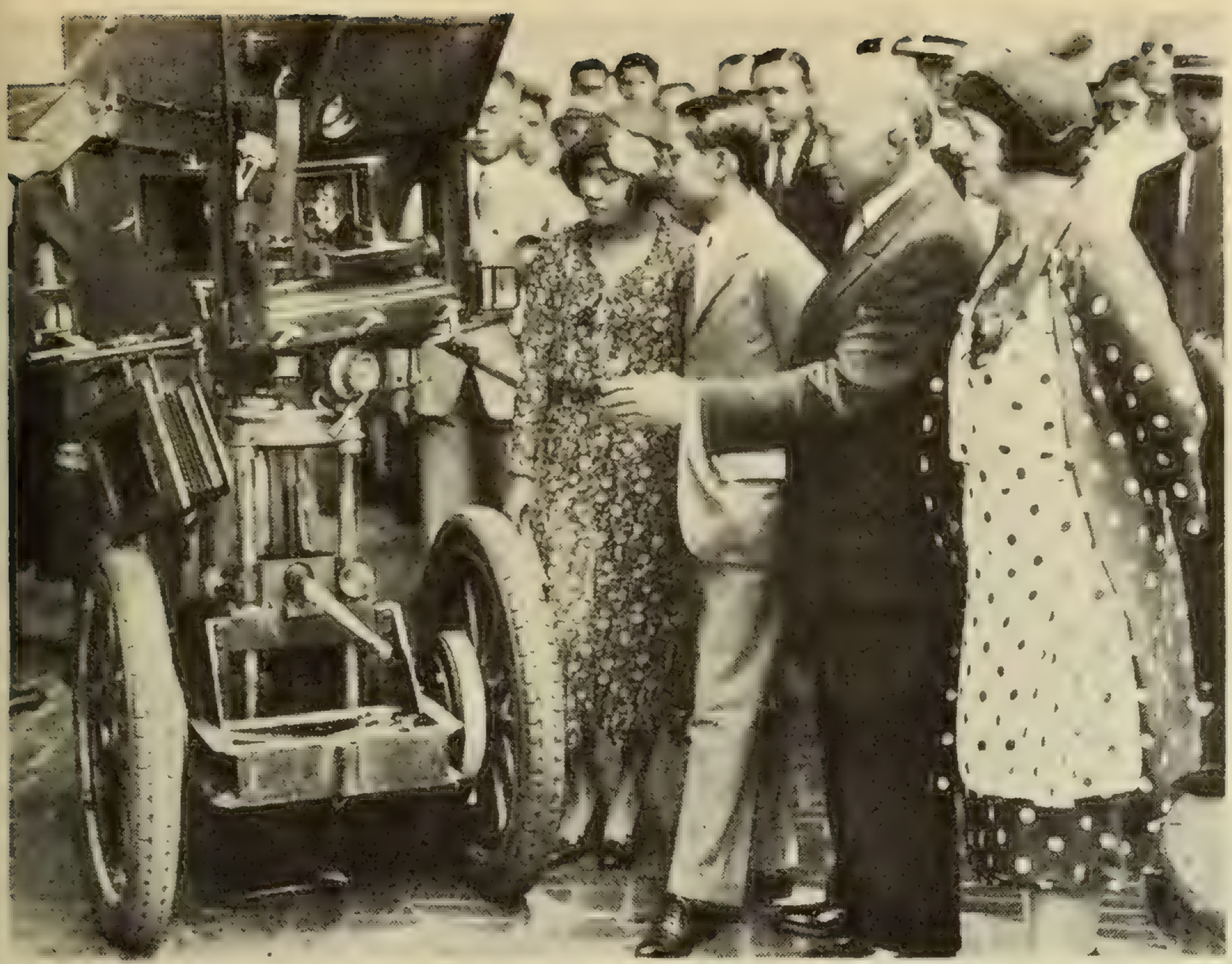
GRETA GARBO is driving the same car she bought after her first hit in pictures. It is four years old and the only car she owns. A colored chauffeur drives it. Greta has but one housekeeper for her home. In all—two servants. Modest Greta. Incidentally—wealthy Greta!

RUDY VALLEE'S new wife, "a simple home girl," he called her when she appeared in diamonds and orchids, was the former Fay Webb. Maybe you remember her—or maybe you don't. But ask any of the old guard out at the M-G-M studios.

She is the daughter of the Santa Monica chief of police and she was given a studio contract because, or so they said, one of the studio executives lived in Santa Monica. The studio boys used to go sixty miles an hour through the beach town and if they got picked up by a cop all they had to say was, "Why, I work at M-G-M where Fay Webb is under contract."

The contract didn't mean much. Fay tried hard enough. She begged enough directors for good parts, but only extra work and bits fell her way. So she occupied her time by posing, with doo-dads hanging from her garters, and rings—well, almost—in her nose, for the publicity department. If all the semi-nude photographs taken of Fay Webb in the name of publicity were laid end to end they'd three times encircle Vallee's radio network.

AND then people sort of forgot about Fay. When suddenly—lookee! lookee!—there's her picture in the paper again and she's mar-



The King and Queen of Siam (and regular folks, they say) were visitors at Paramount's Long Island studios, where the king had further opportunity to indulge his hobby of moving picture photography. He owns over 20 cameras. He is shown inspecting a modern sound camera with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Zukor

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!

ried Rudy Vallee. And will the girls who love Rudy be sore? You bet. And was the press sore when Rudy waved the reporters aside and said, "Not a word—not a word at this time. I shall give out a statement and pose for photographs tomorrow!" And did the astrologers say that the stars foretold plenty turmoil for Rudy and his bride? They did.

The next day came an announcement that the pair would be separated for the winter. Fay, it seems, has had pneumonia once and New York winds are too chilly for her. What with Rudy not wanting to deny his public a single teency-weency note from his famous larynx, why there's nothing to do but for Fay to go to California while Rudy stays in New York. So Vallee told the boys and girls all about it now, just in case the nasty mean reporters rumor a separation when the winter comes. Always cautious—that's Vallee.

But there was a tragic ending to their honeymoon. Rudy had to leave Atlantic City to go to his mother's bedside. She died the next day.

TRY to kid Marie Dressler! Just try it!

One wisenheimer made the attempt the other day. He clipped from a newspaper an ad for a new cream to remove wrinkles, sent it by messenger to Marie, at lunch on the M-G-M lot.

"Thanks," Marie scrawled back a note, "but it took me a long time to get these wrinkles, and now that they're earning me never-mind-how-much, why should I bite the wrinkle that feeds me?"

TRUST Constance Bennett to do the sensational. Of course, everybody knew she and Gloria Swanson's ex-husband, Hank, the Marquis, were in love. Then along came Joel McCrea and it seemed as if he might be Connie's big moment. When all of a sudden—fptt!—Connie and the Marquis arrive in New York on the same train and, it is found, have booked passage on the same boat for Europe. That's a little startling, wot? And the pay-off is that, when questioned about a wedding, neither would admit a thing. Connie insists that it isn't nice to talk about marriage with a man whose divorce isn't final until October, while the Marquis says his romance with the eldest Bennett has been going on for two and a half years and they're very devoted.

However, one of the New York tabloids claims that the low down is Connie and Hank will be married in New York the day after his decree is final, after they visit his parents in Europe, after they return to America in mid-August, after they go to Hollywood where Connie will make two pictures. After that—they'll be married, at least that's what the report says.

Isn't this an attractive costume for an usherette? Well, Patricia Farr, who is wearing it, was a real usherette in Paramount's Los Angeles theater until studio officials saw her. Then she was signed to a contract

Love! Marriage! Divorce! Laughter! Tears!

"Yes, he is my Vagabond Lover," said Fay Webb, and "Yes, she is my Dream Girl," said Rudy Vallee in a practically exclusive statement to PHOTOPLAY in the New York NBC studios the day after their marriage, for there were only 200 photographers, 55 reporters and 3 radio broadcasters present beside us. Now go easy on her, girls

Herr Rudolph Sieber, as he arrived in New York, Hollywood-bound to rejoin his wife Marlene Dietrich. *Herr* Sieber has directed pictures in Germany. It is his first visit to America, but no Hollywood reception committee awaited him

TWO new recruits were signed for pictures from the chorus of a New York musical show. They were green as turtle soup but had ideas that they'd better put on a little dog. They went to Del Monte for the week end. Neither of them had ever been on a horse but everybody rode there, so they bought swanky riding outfits and went to the stables.

The groom asked them what sort of a saddle they wanted.

The blonde said, "What kind of saddles have you?"

"We have the English and McClellan," the groom replied.

"What's the difference?" they asked.

"The McClellan has a horn and the English hasn't."

"Well, we'll take the English," they said. "We don't intend to ride in traffic!"

MICKEY MOUSE'S voice will be O.K. again, now. It was operated on, the other day, believe it or not.

You see, Mickey's voice really belongs to Walt Disney. Disney is the lad who did the talking that comes from the screen when you see Mickey's beak waggle. But the strain of squeaking in mickeyish manner so affected Disney's throat that an operation was necessary.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich's husband, Rudolf Sieber, arrived in New York enroute to Hollywood to spend a few weeks with his family, his newspaper interviews didn't do Marlene much good.

"Marlene is a great cook, and how she can mix up a dish of *eierkuchen*," he said.

Now who wants to think of our glamorous Dietrich bending over a hot stove stirring a dish of er-er—that German dish we mentioned before? Investigation shows that it is a sort of omelet.

THERE are several versions of *Herr* Sieber's arrival.

One is that it was a surprise visit, and Marlene was not only surprised, but mildly annoyed.

Another is that Marlene had told Sieber, who has been mixed up in theatrical and moving picture production in Germany, how easy the pickings were here, and that he is after some of them.

And still another is that Marlene is going to stay in this country permanently and cabled her husband to come on over.

Anyhow, *Herr* Sieber is here and will now begin to know what it feels like to be Mr. Marlene Dietrich.

CRACK by Polly Moran:

She and friends were viewing the lights of Hollywood, one summer night recently, from a vantage point on a Beverly Hills hill. The whole city lay gleaming with millions of varicolored electric lights below them.

"Gosh, ain't it swell?" muttered one of the party.

"Uh huh," uhuhed Polly, "looks just like Peggy Joyce's chest."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS threw a couple of verbal bombs when he spoke right out in meeting to the effect that he "did not intend to make any more motion pictures based on fiction, plays or novels." But he isn't through with pictures. Right now he has under way a film shot during his recent travels which, if it proves successful, will guide him in his future releases. You'll see him hunting game in India, playing golf in China, chatting with the Siamese and things like that. But he'll be himself and not a movie hero.

WELL, what do you make of that and where does Mary Pickford come in? Will she sit at home while Doug is doing the travelogues? Mary, not long ago, said she thought herself capable of holding down a job as story expert at any studios. She says she believes she knows what is suitable for the screen and what isn't. She should—for she's had enough trouble picking her own pictures, recently.

And no issue of PHOTOPLAY would be complete without a word telling you that they're still denying rumors of a separation!

READING a dispatch from abroad telling of Gary Cooper's visit to Vesuvius, on his European vacation tour, Harrison Carroll, Hollywood columnist, cracked:—"Well, if it's not one volcano for Gary, it's another." And in New York, Lupe Velez was going places with Earl Carroll!

LEAVE it to Pola Negri—that gal hangs on to publicity like a movie mama buttonholes a casting director. Remember all the front page weeping she did after Valentino's death? Now she's picked on Andrew Mellon, secretary of the treasury. And, busy with world affairs, the poor man probably doesn't know he's being favored.

On her way to Hollywood, Pola stopped off in Washington, D. C., to settle up her jumbled

Hollywood Life *is* Stranger *than* Pictures!

You just can't do a thing with that girl Lupe Velez. Here's that cute little Mexican pepperpot up to tricks again—giving her imitation of Gloria Swanson which simply panicked vaudeville audiences on her recent tour. Good, isn't it?

Another bride of the month was Nancy Carroll, Paramount star, who quietly married Bolton Mallory, editor of *LIFE*, immediately after her divorce from Jack Kirkland became final. Mr. and Mrs. Mallory are shown in an exclusive photo posed for PHOTOPLAY. Nancy leaves soon for the Coast, but hubby may have to stick to his job in New York

income tax reports. Mellon helped her for several days. And right away one capital newspaper correspondent sent out the story that Negri and Mellon were to be married.

Now that report is something over which Negri has no control, but the way she denied the story when she hit Hollywood left a question mark. Oh, yes, she denied the rumor in words but there was a choke in her voice and a languorous lilt of the eyebrows. Pola never misses a bet.

THE answer to why so many airplanes were seen hovering over Dolores Del Rio's house was because she was getting natural color for playing the dark-skinned Hawaiian girl in "Bird of Paradise" by taking *au naturel* sunbaths on a roof porch. One Hollywood youth was reported trying furiously to buy an autogiro.

REMEMBER last month we told you that things were not all moonlight and roses between Billie Dove and millionaire-boy-producer Howard Hughes? Billie was preparing to star in Hughes' super-production, "The Age for Love," when production was postponed again and again and Hollywood chattered. It seems that Hughes has been squiring Lilian Bond to a few select places. And that made Billie unhappy—so unhappy, in fact, that her physician feared her on the verge of a nervous breakdown. And they are saying that Billie consistently refused to report for work at the studio. Also Hughes—is there no limit to the boy's versatility?—has a decided liking for unsophisticated little Dorothy Jordan. At any rate Don Dillaway, Dorothy's steady, has a lost soul look in his eye.

REMEMBER Katherine MacDonald, "the American beauty" of the silent films? She is now the center of one of the most sensational divorce cases in months, and is suing her husband, millionaire Christian R Holmes, on cruelty charges.

In her complaint she says that one night, after calling her endearing names, he began to fire a revolver at her and again he shot at her through a door, demanding that she open it. When she told him the lock had jammed he fired once more.

In Honolulu, she says, he once walked up to her, smiling sweetly and, before some friends, deliberately pressed a lighted cigarette against her hand, burning the flesh.

On one other occasion he smacked her over the shins with a walking cane, she says.

There's an eighteen-months-old daughter, and Katherine is seeking the custody of the child.

MORE odgennashy verse from Hollywood:

Uncle Carl Laemmle
Has a very large faemmle.
And
Pretty June Collyer
Is a cure for melancollyer.

BILL POWELL got peevish at reporters on the day he and Carole Lombard visited the Los Angeles city hall to get their marriage license.

Stopped by newspapermen, Powell remonstrated annoyedly:

"Is nothing sacred to you chaps?"

So they went ahead and printed things from the license application—for instance, that Powell was 38 years old.

LI'L Danny Cupid's Merry-Go-Round! Pauline Starke divorces Hubby Jack White, film producer . . . says he rejected her advances . . . told her he didn't love her . . . said he was her mental superior. . . . Lady June Inverclyde in Reno to get a decree. Declines to say whether or not she'll marry Lothar Mendes, who was once married to Dorothy Mackaill. . . . Inez Withers, ex-wife of Grant Withers, current but not-working husband of Loretta Young, goes into court to ask why Grant didn't pay his alimony. . . . They say Grant likes Betty Bronson and Loretta may be seen almost any noon-time sitting in the Brown Derby with Ricardo Cortez.

MRS. ERNST LUBITSCH, about to get her final decree, expected to wed Hans Kraly, a writer who used to be a friend of Lubitsch, but hasn't been since the two fist-fought at the Embassy just before Mrs. Ernst sued for freedom. . . . Ukelele Ike, Cliff Edwards, wins a divorce for cruelty. . . . He's taking Nancy Dover out places. . . . Claudia Dell wins her final decree of divorce from Philip G. Offin . . . says she's offin him for good. . . . Josephine Dunn, recently sued for divorce by Hubby Clyde (Oil-Heir) Greathouse on charges that she clawed him and called him bad names, files a cross complaint . . . she says that in their four months of marriage, he bought her only one pair of hose and one jar of cold cream and bawled her out for not getting work in pictures. . . . Jack Dempsey left Reno without filing suit for divorce. But Estelle Taylor insists it shall be done. . . . Jack has been seen places with blonde Edna Murphy, while Estelle seems partial to Leslie Fenton as an escort.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]

DAUGHTER CONSTANCE and Papa Richard (both Bennett) go over the script, but here's what father is really saying: "Well, Connie, I always knew you'd get there. People thought you wouldn't amount to much after you married that millionaire fellow, Phil Plant, but your old man was for you. I always said, 'My kid's going to make good.' "

And if you call $30,000 a week making good—she has. Incidentally, PHOTOPLAY gives both Connie and Richard a "best performance" this month in their latest picture, "Bought"

Lupe's welcome home—two years ago, when she and Gary Cooper were Hollywood's happiest, gayest sweethearts. Lupe had been on an Eastern tour, and Big Coop had been pacing the station platform for two hours. A second after this was snapped—boy, what a hug! But alas and alackaday, it isn't like this now

Love On The Rocks

Time and fate write *finis* to a hectic love story—and Lupe and Gary call it a day—PERHAPS!

By Leonard Hall

THE fortunes of war have stamped a big black period at the end of one of Hollywood's maddest, vividest love stories. This is the last chapter, which I've elected myself to write. And it's a lament for the passing of one of the strangest, weirdest, most oddly appealing little hellions that ever sent a film director screaming to the crazy-house.

Oh, Lupe the Whoopee Velez is still very much alive—I've just come from a great New York vaudeville theater where I've seen her cavorting and screeching about the stage for a good round fee. And big Gary Cooper, as I tap this off through my tears, is bending those blue Montana eyes on the moth-eaten glories of the Old World.

But the Lupe I've just seen is no more the howling hot tamale of 1929 than I am the angel-faced choir boy of 1910, and if you think Gary is the same open-hearted cow-gentleman of old, you're wrong again. For life, in all its mournful madness and essential goofiness, has at last caught up with the two kids whose love story has had Hollywood and the film world on the guess for the last three or four years.

Caught up with them, yes—and smacked them down and then passed on, snickering.

The big love thing, which burned with a white hot flame for years, has been doused. Lupe and Coop have grown up in the inevitable way—that is, by finding that the first and biggest love can turn sour, even as can the twenty-first.

And Lupe can kick up and scream for years to come—but it won't be with the fierce, spontaneous frenzy that made her at once a fascinating phenomenon and a public pain in the neck. And Gary can save a thousand blonde heroines from a fate worse than death—but only about five-eighths of his heart will be in his work.

It's tough, mates, but that's the way it goes.

IT'S no secret—or is it?—that the Cooper family has never been exactly hilarious about the red-hot romance of Lupe Velez and their boy.

The Judge and his wife are quiet, dignified Montana folks, accustomed to a placid life and a sane one—for themselves and for the long-legged lad who came down from the North, debutted in horse opera and went on to become a famous star on the Paramount rancho.

It is probable that they'd as soon have had a wild-eyed, free-kicking mustang around the house as the leaping lass from Mexico, for all her tremendous appeal and truly colossal generosity.

They no doubt felt that the mere nervous strain of association with such an untamed fragment of femininity would wear down big Gary.

And it is also probable that his studio rather looked down its nose at the romance, and that the bosses would as soon have had him tossing matches into a keg of black powder. For Lupe was mercurial, to put it mildly.

BUT they fell for each other like a ton of pressed brick—they were tremendously, tempestuously and furiously in love, and it would not be denied. It was the first big love for each, and as well try to stop the Niagara River with a tennis racket!

It was the talk of Hollywood! They were always together—this big, slow boy and the little tan ball of fire. Were they engaged? Married? The world's tongue wagged—and the two kept it wagging for a long time.

Lupe was the cutest thing that had ever crossed Gary's range of vision. Never knew what she was going to do next, never a dull moment with Lupe around. And Gary was beeeeg, and strrrrong, and very gentle and very kind. Perfect opposites made a perfect attraction.

Lupe's home was like no other in the jazz history of the film colony—a mad synthesis of Coney Island, a Mexican bull ring and feeding time at the zoo. A twenty-four hour *fiesta* went on week in, week out.

Dinner was announced for seven. At that hour Lupe was turning handsprings for her guests, and the helpless butler was chased from the room. At eight, nine, ten and eleven he was fired for announcing food, which had been forgotten entirely. He was hired again the next morning, of course.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

They made a pretty picture—the girl in white leather chaps and a big sombrero, the mare prancing like a colt

PINK HAWKINS getting mixed up with a woman, or rather with two women, was just about the most unusual thing that ever happened at Cottonwood Ranch. And there's been a heap of unusual things happening around here lately.

It wasn't more than three years ago when we were just a poor paying cattle ranch. Then one day a picture company from Hollywood came poking in to ask for board while they photographed some outdoor scenes for a Western picture and, right then and there, the whole shebang went movie. By letting everything get a mite untidier and installing a Mexican and a goat corral, my place was known to the companies as the ideal location.

I didn't change my hired hands any, but Pink Hawkins was the only one of the hands I had any trouble with. That lean, red-haired youngster was shyer than a coyote as far as picture folk were concerned. Whenever a troupe was due to arrive, he'd claim he had to go over and see how the pasturage was holding up by Three Star Butte, or if there was enough water for the herd at Snake Creek.

When I taxed him about it, he said he hated to take a chance on one of those fool tenderfoots wanting to ride that sweet Pinto pony of his. But the boys all joked him, claiming it was because he was loath to meet up with the women of the company. And yet at Hank Davis' movie theater at the Junction, Pink never missed a Western.

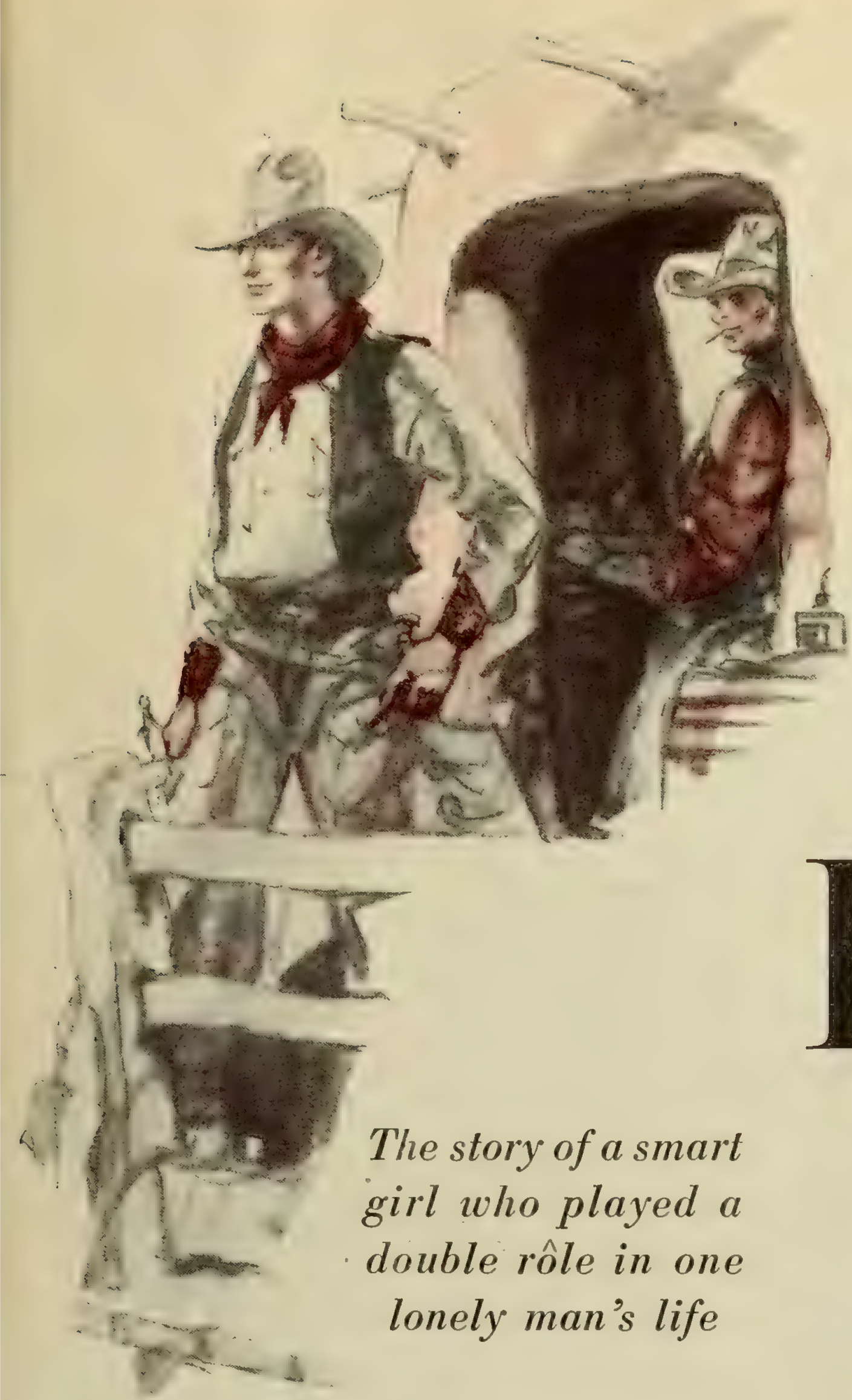
One day, when I was sitting on the stoop, tilted back on the hind legs of my chair, a short, squatty little feller with a long nose drives up in an old Stutz.

He introduces himself as Mister Zoebeck, President and Manager of the All Arts Film concern.

Now, Hank Davis had run considerable All Arts pictures, probably because they were the cheapest ones he could get hold of. So I wasn't entirely surprised when it came out that Zoebeck wasn't able to make the advance payment that treating with the movie industry has taught me to demand. It seemed the money he was expecting from New York had been held up in the air mail by a blizzard.

After quite a spell of argument, the manager turns away, drooping and discouraged as a little moulting sparrow. He's about to climb back into his car, when Pink, who'd been polishing tack close by, speaks up.

"Cottonwood," he says, "maybe I can help out Mr. Zoebeck."



Her Own Best Enemy

The story of a smart girl who played a double rôle in one lonely man's life

By Agnes Christine Johnston

Illustrated by R. F. James

"Pink," I replies, "the only thing that would help out Mr. Zoebeck as far as I'm concerned is five hundred dollars, and where would a cowman ever get that much kale?"

"I've already got it," he replies and pulls out his wallet, disclosing enough alfalfa to feed a herd of short horns through the winter.

I started so sudden I almost had to pull leather to hang onto my chair. "Whoa there, cowboy!" I cries, grabbing his arm to elbow out Zoebeck, who is buzzing around like a hungry horsefly.

"Didn't me and the Pinto take away three cash prizes from the Bakersfield rodeo?" says Pink.

"And I assure you that your investment will be repaid manifold from the profits of the picture," Zoebeck breaks in. "Now, if you'll give me the money, I'll have our lawyers—"

"I DON'T lean much to lawyers," objects Pink, putting back the wallet. "But I don't want no funny business, 'cause, then, I reckon I'd have to take my payment out of Mr. Zoebeck's hide." And he casts a glance at the manager that was plumb ominous.

"They'll be no funny business," gulps Zoebeck, backing up 'til he near fell off the stoop. Then, thanking Pink shortly and at a safe distance, he skedaddled.

Two days later, the All Arts outfit uncramped themselves from their bus, and what with the petting and attention they gave Pink, I figured Zoebeck must have wised 'em that cowboy was their angel in chaps.

But Pink didn't pay any heed to their nonsense. Just stood by the car with his hat off, looking expectant, and it came to me as a kind of shock that instead of vamoosing in his usual way, he was actually waiting to take stock of the females of the troupe.

There was only one of the unfair sex, however, and she steps out last, looking more like a bear than a girl, all wrapped up in a big, long-haired fur coat and carrying a mite of a long-haired dog that might have been the fur coat's cub.

She anchored to the end of Pink's 'kerchief and threw back her little blonde head, looking up at his six feet, two, with the pertest kind of smile.

"Hello, cowboy," she says.

"Pleased to meet you, Ma'am."

Pink, his face as red as his hair, tries to edge away, but she begins loading his arms with her bags and bundles, setting the little dog top side of 'em all.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" she asks.

"Sure, but where's the rest of the company?"

"I'm all the rest there is."

"How about that dark-haired, full-figured little lady who plays the dance hall girl?"

"Vilma Roselle?"

"That's her moniker."

"She's not along this trip."

"Then how can you folks make the picture?"

"Oh, Vilma hardly ever plays in the exterior scenes. Just the bar-room and dance hall sets, and we shot all those in Hollywood."

Pink looks as mournful as a desert fox with his tail in a trap. "Oh, foot!" he says. "It's sure disappointing to me that you had to leave Miss Roselle behind."

"Can't I take her place?" asks the little blonde she-cat, cuddling closer.

"No, Ma'am, you can't," returns Pink, firm like.

"Oh, aren't you just the great big gallant gorilla!"

"Little lady, you don't understand. Ever since I first saw Miss Roselle in pictures, it's been the ambition of my life to meet up with her."

"Well, I'm in All Arts pictures, too," purrs Blondy. "Or maybe you never noticed the gorgeous creature who plays the heroine with the heart of gold and hair of peroxide?"

"Sure, I have. You're Lavina Lynn, danged pretty in the pictures, and a honey with a horse and I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, it's what I might have known would happen. Lady Luck's been stringing with me for so long, it's just like her to turn and up-end me on the first occasion of genuine importance. Now all I get from my five hundred is the sight of you, instead of Vilma Roselle."

"SAY, Big Boy," Lavina shoots out at him, "you ought to go into the diplomatic service. You'd promote a world war in just about five minutes."

And grabbing her mutt that had been chewing away on Pink's gauntlet all this time, she trots off toward the house with a red hot mad on.

It wasn't until the end of the day's work that Lavina met Pink again. I and him were out in the corral, haying the stock, when she rode in from location on the Mother Mare—that white pony with the flowing mane. A pretty picture they made, the girl in white leather chaps and a big sombrero and the Mother Mare prancing like she was a colt instead of twenty-eight years old and the dam of fourteen youngsters.

In spite of their morning ruckus, she starts making up to Pink right off. "I guess Vilma Roselle has kind of sunk you, hasn't she, Cowboy?"

"Yes," says Pink, "I've sure got an admiration for that woman."

"What's so much about her?"

"Dunno." Pink was warming out of his bashfulness on account of his interest in the subject. "They's just something about that husky voice of hers and the way she walks, wriggling herself around like a rattler—"

"SHE shakes a fancy hip all right," admits Lavina.

"And what is more," goes on Pink solemn as a church, "she reminds me of my mother, although I can't quite figure out why."

"Neither can I," says Lavina and laughs right out.

The next couple of days, Pink tags after Lavina every chance he gets, asking her questions about Vilma. They sat next each other at mealtime, with me opposite, and she sure told him plenty.

Sometimes, to hear her talk, you'd think this Roselle woman was ranking prize-winner among all females, and then the very next meal, Lavina would start playing cat to her friend, saying it was true that Vilma was beautiful, but the complexion specialists had a heap to do with it, while as for good nature and disposition, she saved up what meagre amounts she owned for her scenes in front of the camera.

Hearing this, Pink would freeze up tighter than a basin of water in the Yukon and leave table without even waiting for a second passing of wheat cakes.

Zoebeck didn't seem a mite happy over the proceedings. He'd plant himself on the other side of Lavina and give her a look or nudge if she went too far. And once, I judged from the squeal she gave, he'd stepped on her foot, under the table.

One evening Pink pipes up suddenly. "Miss Lavina, would you mind giving me Vilma Roselle's address? I'm planning to write her a letter."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]

How Ten Stars Overcame Self-Consciousness

THE stars weren't born the poised, confident and serene individuals they appear on the screen. They aren't, by any means, strangers to the painful and humiliating experiences which self-consciousness occasions. Millions of girls suffer from it. Before they could become great, the stars had to overcome this every-day stage fright that obscures both beauty and charm.

How did they do it?

Adele Whitely Fletcher has talked to ten stars. And they have told her exactly what they did to master self-consciousness until today they appear to their best advantage off the screen as well as on.

The Unknown Hollywood That I Know

AN intimate and revealing portrait of the world's most fantastic city, by Katherine Albert, who for twelve years has been closely associated with the greatest stars in the colony. None of the amazing incidents and incredible circumstances told in this series have ever been printed before.

Miss Albert tells all—without garnishing or sugar-coating the truth.

You'll discover about your favorites secrets that no one knows. Starting with the old D. W. Griffith days and marching steadily to the present time, this yarn is a striking panorama of a glamorous town. Don't miss it!

Don't Miss the October Issue of PHOTOPLAY

Why Carole Changed Her Mind

Love laughed as it threw Bill Powell's set ideas right out the window—so did Bill

By Ruth Biery

IT was a simple wedding. Not at all like the usual Hollywood matrimonial show.

Carole wore powder blue chiffon without veil or hat; Bill a light grey suit. They stood in the living-room, late in the afternoon, chatting with their two families, the only guests, until Carole slipped her hand into Bill's and said simply, "All right. Let's get married."

When the minister had finished the few, ancient words, they locked arms and walked into the garden. No one heard what they said beneath the overhanging shrubbery but when they returned to the living-room their eyes looked damp. All they said was, "We are happy."

Then the two families sat down to dinner. Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Peters, mother of Carole, had telephoned a few friends and asked them to drop in about ten-thirty. The Richard Barthelmess's, Clive Brooks and Ernest Torrences joined the gay little group.

Ronald Colman was in Santa Barbara. He long-distanced his felicitations. He's the last of the three famous bachelors, you know. Barthelmess and Powell have deserted.

And yet, just three months before this wedding day, June 28, Carole Lombard told me she would not marry Bill Powell. PHOTOPLAY has already printed her reasons. Why did she change her mind?

Here, we will have to turn to the intimates of the two, because Carole and Bill are honeymooning in Honolulu as this is written. And to our knowledge of both parties.

Carole reversed her decision for two reasons. One, she was too young (she is twenty-two) to realize that love can conquer intelligence; two, Bill Powell changed.

Those close to him state definitely they have never seen such a change in a man.

When Bill Powell first met Carole Lombard, last October, he was selfish. Oh, yes, you were, Bill. I understand that you yourself have admitted as much recently.

AFTER all, how could Bill have been otherwise? He'd lived alone so long. Although his divorce is recent—his separation came years ago. He was accustomed to getting up when he pleased, going where he pleased, sleeping when he pleased—doing what he pleased.

The studio was his only master and certain people in the Paramount studio where he has been for almost four years, if pressed hard enough, will describe Bill Powell as a troublemaker. He wanted to dictate every detail of every picture. To find a leading lady for him was as difficult as understanding the Einstein theory. And he advised others to be dissatisfied—even, we understand, Kay Francis.

In other words, he was even totally selfish in his work!

When he first asked Carole to marry him, he was equally selfish. She was to give up her career; she was to travel when he traveled; she was to live as he lived. Carole told me all this herself—three months ago.

And then?

He discovered he was going to lose Carole. She even told him he couldn't see her for three days. She told him she had struggled for six years—a long, arduous, grinding struggle typical of all who seek success—and she was not going to let that struggle go for naught.

She couldn't live as he lived; she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Bill and Carole said good-bye to all their doubts as they set off for a Hawaiian honeymoon. They believe they've found a way to keep their careers and their happiness, too

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE—M-G-M*

IF you like your romance spread thick, your passion strong and your Garbo hot, don't miss this. And take notice, you Garbo-ites: If you were mad about her before, just wait until you see her teamed up with this manifestation of masculine S. A. called Clark Gable.

The story of *Susan Lenox* is fairly well-known. Picturizing it, M-G-M stuck closely to the tale, modernizing it, of course, and adding a trick ending.

Garbo does her utmost with the title rôle, a natural for her. And Gable will unquestionably win more fans by his work. This Garbo-Gable team looks hot for the screen's double-harness honors. To M-G-M's photographers, a rousing cheer for some magnificent camerawork.

☆ *SECRETS OF A SECRETARY—Paramount*

HERE is a story which is none too strong, but is made entertaining and interesting because of the people in it.

Claudette Colbert, featured as the society girl who becomes a social secretary when her father dies penniless, is more appealing than ever, but it is Herbert Marshall, English actor-husband of Edna Best, who makes this picture of more than ordinary interest.

When you see him you will know why Edna ran away from Hollywood to be with him. He is not only a splendid actor, but a handsome one, with a devastating charm.

Georges Metaxa, another newcomer who will interest you, plays Claudette's gigolo husband excellently, while Mary Boland, Broadway stage veteran, and Betty Lawford, help make this an enjoyable film.

☆ *FIVE STAR FINAL—First National*

CHALK up another bull's-eye for the same team that made "Little Caesar" big—actor Eddie Robinson and director Mervyn LeRoy! In "Five Star Final" they've achieved another thriller that will make its way to high screen and box-office honors.

"Five Star Final" is the brutally bitter tale of how rotten tabloid journalism can be at its worst. It tells how, for the sake of circulation, a tab sheet digs up the lived-down past of a woman who is happily married, mother of a girl at the threshold of her own great happiness—marriage to the man she loves—but who knows nothing of the hidden tragedy in her mother's life. Heedless of all decency, disregarding all pleas, the scandal sheet goes ahead with its *exposé*. As the managing editor who hates his job, Robinson is superb. Marian Marsh, as the daughter, is grand, and Alene MacMahon makes a "bit" stand out.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

FIVE STAR FINAL
SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE
SECRETS OF A SECRETARY
POLITICS
BAD GIRL
TRANSATLANTIC
BOUGHT
MERELY MARY ANN
THE STAR WITNESS
THE SECRET CALL
WATERLOO BRIDGE

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox"

Edward G. Robinson and Marian Marsh in "Five Star Final"

Constance Bennett and Richard Bennett in "Bought"

Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell and Beryl Mercer in "Merely Mary Ann"

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in "Politics"

Lionel Barrymore in "Guilty Hands"

Helen Hayes in "The Lullaby"

James Dunn, Minna Gombell and Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl"

Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall in "Secrets of a Secretary"

Edmund Lowe and Greta Nissen in "Transatlantic"

Peggy Shannon and Richard Arlen in "The Secret Call"

Adolphe Menjou and Irene Dunne in "The Great Lover"

Chic Sale in "The Star Witness"

Mae Clarke in "Waterloo Bridge"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126

☆ *MERELY MARY ANN—Fox*

THAT idyllic pair of young romancers, Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, are back again in this one, a sweet tale of the raggedy boarding house slavey and the ambitious young musician. It's the sort of thing you'll like and, of course, you'll like them in it, for Janet has never been more wistful and Charlie never more reformed.

However, the big laurels go to Beryl Mercer as the boarding house keeper to whom Janet is slavey. She shows what a real trouper she is and endows the part with a rich humor.

In addition to the charm of the picture a musical score is occasionally introduced which adds to its enjoyment. And take your hankie. It's that kind of picture.

☆ *BOUGHT—Warners*

LOOKING for a *real* picture? One which will hold you on the edge of your seat *without a gangster in it?*

Constance Bennett does some great acting and Archie Mayo does some grand directing.

Connie is the daughter of her own father in the picture, but she doesn't know it. You, the audience, suspect it. She's eighteen in the first shot; twenty in the last. If all girls learned the common sense she did in two years, flappers would go out of style. You feel that most girls have as many troubles as Connie, which is one reason the picture is a wow. It's human.

Warners were clever in the device they used to show off Connie's figure. They made her a model for one-third of the production. Those clothes! No woman will want to miss the gowns; no man the figure which displays them.

Ben Lyon is splendid, as is Arthur Stuart Hull.

☆ *POLITICS—M-G-M*

IF that Dressler-Moran team doesn't cure your Depression Blues, it's time to see a doctor, numerologist, astrologist, or veterinary. They start you off with a giggle and send you home still laughing at that uproarious last line. (No, we *won't* tell you. Go and hear it for yourself.) For contrast, you won't mind the few tears you blink away.

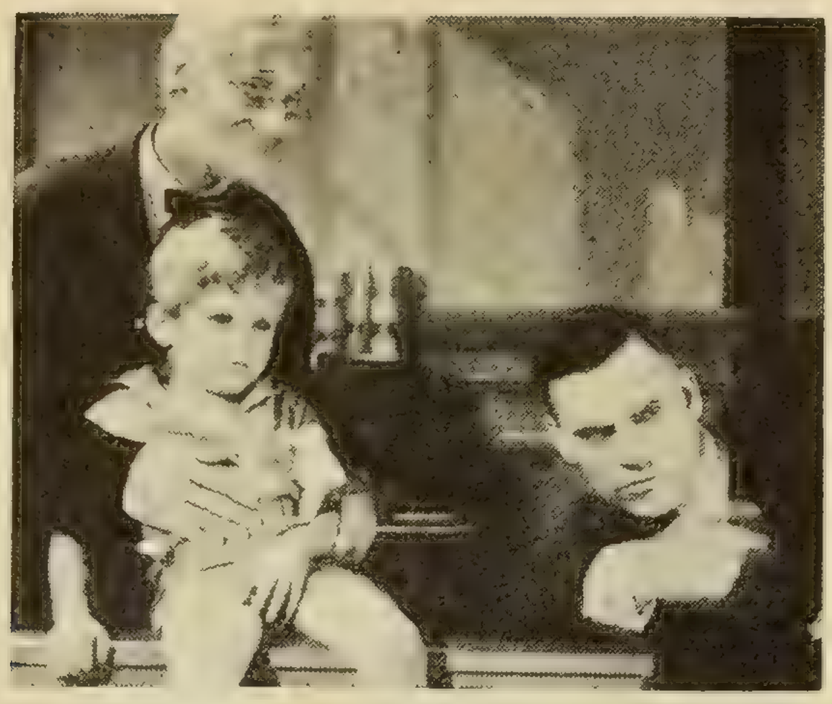
Polly and Marie, a couple of civic-minded housewives, set out to clean up the town's speakeasies and reform its politics. They organize the women and promote a housewives' strike—no bedmaking, sweeping or baby-tending.

We can't tell you more without spoiling your fun. Except that Roscoe Ates is still funny as a stutterer and Karen Morley, as Marie's daughter, promises to do even bigger things.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆

THE STAR WITNESS—Warners



ONLY that this was previewed on the dead-line and the spaces for the leading six were filled, keeps this from the preceding pages this month. It has excellent suspense, humor, heartache. To tell the story would spoil the intensity of its drama. It has an entirely new plot. Walter Huston, Chic Sale, Sally Blane, Frances Starr, Eddie Nugent—are all splendid. You will want to see it.

☆

BAD GIRL—Fox

WHETHER or not you read Vina Delmar's novel from which this is taken, you'll get a thrill from the picture version. You'll find everything: Laughter at the maternity ward; a prize-fight which the father loses as first payment on his baby; sex appeal when the undies are displayed; pathos and love. Director Frank Borzage, James Dunn, Minna Gombell and Sally Eilers rate high praise.

☆

THE SECRET CALL—Paramount

PEGGY SHANNON, who substituted for Clara Bow in this story of love and politics when Microphone Fright sent Clara to the hospital, makes the most of her opportunity and scores a solid hit. You won't forget her. William B. Davidson as the politician who ruins Peggy's father, is an able villain, while Dick Arlen is splendid as the love interest. Ned Sparks does well as a humorous reporter.

☆

TRANS-ATLANTIC—Fox

IF you don't like the technique of the opening shots, showing the intricacies of boarding and running a ship, don't leave. It's a fine picture, and director William K. Howard has done an unusual job. Edmund Lowe is splendid as the gambler with a heart, and Greta Nissen gives a convincing and sexy interpretation of a beautiful adventuress. John Halliday, Myrna Loy, and Lois Moran do good work in supporting rôles.

☆

WATERLOO BRIDGE—Universal

BOB SHERWOOD'S splendid stage play, made intelligently into a very entertaining picture. Dealing with a somewhat morbid story of a girl whom Fate knocks down time after time, it is nevertheless a production that is well worth your time and money. Mae Clarke is splendid as *Myra*. This is an honest picture, another answer to the fans' desire for something different in screen fare.

GUILTY HANDS—M-G-M

ONE of the best murder yarns produced, in which Lionel Barrymore gives an excellent and polished performance. He's a father who commits murder to protect the happiness of his daughter. You know he did the murder. The excitement lies in the question: Will they discover him or won't they? Go and see to find out. Kay Francis and Madge Evans also contribute excellent performances.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

HONEYMOON LANE—Sono Art

NOT a great picture, but a thoroughly delightful one. No sex, no gang murders, but plenty of laughs and chuckles and entertainment. Eddie Dowling and June Collyer team up for romantic delight, while amazing Ray Dooley will tie you up in laugh-knots. The story is negligible, but the handling of it is charming—and there's a song number by Dowling which proves music has its place on the screen.

FULL OF NOTIONS—Radio Pictures

IF you're a Wheelerwoolseyite, don't miss this one—for it's one of the best comedies the W-W team has turned out. It packs enough fat laughs to make up for weeks of gang-murders and sad-endings! This time the two comickers, unemployed vaudevillians, take over a moribund drug store to help a poor old lady. The villain spikes the lemon sodas they sell. Results: hilarious!

THE BLACK CAMEL—Fox

ANOTHER good mystery movie in which the suave and shrewd *Charlie Chan* unravels the strange circumstances surrounding the murder of a motion picture star. Warner Oland again plays the courteous Oriental (betcha he uses that Chinese accent at breakfast). Sally Eilers, Dorothy Revier and Bela Lugosi are all excellent. The film was made in Honolulu. And it's great for the hot weather. See it.

THE GREAT LOVER—M-G-M

WHEREIN Menjou reverts to type. As *Paurel*, the opera star, who breaks hearts by the score, only to have his own broken—well, cracked—at the end, Menjou makes full use of that personal quality which screen-goers have called sophistication. Irene Dunne, using her gorgeous singing voice for the first time on the screen, is a revelation. Neil Hamilton and Ernest Torrence are excellent, too.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER—Radio Pictures

IN one way, "Cimarron" wasn't such a good break for Dix, after all. It led his fans to expect too much. And the stories he's had since then somehow don't seem to stack up. This is one—he's a modern avenger who, alone and mysteriously, brings to justice a gang of big-shot crooks and does a neat job of it. Unless you're looking for another *Yancey Cravat*, you'll not be too bored.

THE LULLABY—M-G-M

HELEN HAYES lives up to her reputation of being one of our most capable stage actresses. What a pity that her first movie story is so old to the picture public that you know every move before she makes it. "The Lullaby" is just another version of the antiquated "Madame X" melodrama. An excellent supporting cast wasted in this indifferent production.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 98]

$5,000.00 *in* Prizes

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	**$1,000.00**
Second Prize	**750.00**
Third Prize	**500.00**
Fourth Prize	**300.00**
Fifth Prize	**200.00**
Twenty-five Prizes of $50 each	**1,250.00**
Forty Prizes of $25 each	**1,000.00**

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, eight portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

70 *Readers Must Win*

Now Turn to Page 62 and Get Busy

THE only woman who ever became a topnotch talkie director. Starting as a stenographer on the Paramount lot, she's still with the same company. She's had to resign four times to get recognition, and was scared stiff at the responsibilities. But now she's sitting pretty, as you can see in this fine study of Dorothy Arzner and her faithful camera

Photoplay Magazine's New $5,000.00 Puzzle Contest

Upper

The hair was on the stage a long while ago;
The eyes have been married three times.
The mouth is one star who will wait a long while
Before her own wedding bell chimes.

Lower

The hair first saw light in the Cimarron state,
The eyes have caused laughter and tears:
The mouth's a new-comer—she's gone over big—
In fact she's been greeted by cheers!

Upper

The hair has a daughter, a child she adores—
The eyes had two years on the stage.
The mouth went to convent, was later in stock,
And we aren't quite sure of her age.

Lower

The hair weighs far less than the century mark,
The eyes have the loveliest knees—
The mouth has known sorrow and trouble and pain,
But, oh, how she's able to please!

RESUME

Three have been married, and one is not wed,
One's awfully young—one refuses to grow old
One's a dashing brunette, and one's just between,
And one boasts of hair that's red gold
One's been in the pictures for many a year,
And one starred abroad ere she came over here.

Complete Rules for Competition Appear on Page 60

Upper

The hair came to us from a far away land,
The eyes have a dad who's a wow;
The mouth played in stock, was a hit on the stage,
But he came to the screen anyhow!

Lower

The hair only once has been able to vote,
The eyes have twice gone to the altar;
The mouth has been married two years, and they say
His marital love will not falter.

Upper

The hair was with Hackett—(said hair is dark brown)—
The eyes went to school overseas,
The mouth has been starred in "The Vice Squad"; they say
It's a picture that surely did please.

Lower

The hair has inherited talent, and how!
The eyes had a lengthy stage training—
The mouth is a Grand Rapids, Michigan, boy,
And his acting flair needs no explaining!

RESUME

Two of them are married and one never was,
And two are quite light, and two darker—
Three of them had schooling in Europe; and one
Had quite a nice part in "The Barker."
Three had stage careers, and three studied in college—
And all of them have great screen charm, and real knowledge!

HE'S seen some tough times, has Ronald Colman. The lessons they taught him he shares with you on the opposite page. Never a piker and one of the most gracious of hosts in his beautiful Hollywood home, he's learned a few lessons about moderation in ambition and the real value of things that he here generously passes on to you

The Way I See It

By Ronald Colman

Ronnie discovered money can be a spiritual thing—when it's in the bank

Ronald Colman and Fay Wray in a scene from his latest Samuel Goldwyn picture, "The Unholy Garden." His stage career was a lucky (for us, too!) accident

MY experience with money has been more or less of a touch and go affair. Reflectively speaking, I found my attitude toward capital as varied as the barometer. Sometimes money seemed a goal, sometimes a luxury, often a dire necessity, frequently a servant. I have often wondered that this inorganic thing called by whatever you will—cash, property, notes—could plough so fecund a field at one instance and at another disguise itself like someone else's possession in so chameleon-like a fashion that one was never able to find it again.

Money never really is lost, for there is always some kind person to fish it out of the maelstrom of improvident spending.

Unfortunately, in the beginning, I didn't do a great deal of fishing and so money and I were only occasionally gay companions, but more often than not quite distantly related. It took years of the best sort of practice to accustom myself to the feel of it and realize its powers of futurity. After that it became a friend and a member of my household in the capacity of a well-paying guest.

In London, before the World War, I was just another young man with a fairly good job, too busy working with one hand and enjoying himself with the other to wonder about eventual values. Tennis, cricket, an amateur dramatic society which took a great deal of time, combined with the office to fill my days brimful. The thing I wanted most out of life was what most youngsters want—a rapid succession of interesting, possibly exciting experiences, building up to—well, nothing in particular. One thing was as good as another, so long as it was new.

SO when the war came and the London Scottish Reserves, which I had joined for the purpose of keeping fit, were called to the colors, I was definitely pleased to see this whole chapter of new experience opening before me. I had no settled livelihood to leave, no absorbing career to be interrupted, no future to build, for that had never occurred to me.

I went, and had my share of fighting, and was invalided home after two years. And at this point, with nothing to return to and so much temptation to just go off the handle and forget—I had my problem.

I might return to my old job. I might get a place in the consular service through a friend who pulled wires for it with far more zeal than I ever felt in the matter. I hadn't a shilling to my credit anywhere but in my pocket, and that was not important. You don't need an anchor to windward when you'd rather drift than not.

But while the consular business was hanging fire, I heard that Lena Ashwell was looking for a darkish, Italian-appearing youngster for a leading man in her vaudeville playlet. My taste for acting experienced a mild revival. People did make a living on the stage now and again, and I knew that I enjoyed acting above all things.

I had an interview with Miss Ashwell and was accepted for the part. We toured England in the sketch and I did well enough to take definitely to the stage from then on. I was an actor. Quite by accident, I had a profession at last.

BUT it was a profession which was far too appropriate to my state of mind. There is nothing so haphazard, hit-or-miss, as the average actor's career. And I had even less sense of direction than most beginners. It was a careless, threadbare sort of existence, improvident, recklessly so, without any more reasoned purpose than keeping a little ahead of the week's necessities. I even enjoyed this aspect of my new life in the intervals of financial perplexity.

And there was a sufficient degree of success to keep me cheerful most of the time. Presently I was playing the male lead in a London production of "Damaged Goods," getting thirty pounds (about $150) a week and astonished at my own earning capacity. Of course I was an actor, and headed far too willingly up a ladder of easy success. When "Damaged Goods" closed, there would be another part, a higher salary, and after that another, and so on and so forth. It was an infection of an easy optimism which pervades the acting profession, and I had a bad case.

"Damaged Goods" closed, according to my schedule. But the new part with the higher salary was not forthcoming at all. In those closing days of the war, the London theater was in an incredible depth of stagnant [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

Lil *and* Eddie *and their*

A happy pair in the red and white dining-room, with real Wedgwood china on the buffet. Who'll break the first plate?

Lilyan Tashman and Eddie Lowe knocked Malibu cold when they opened their famous beach house. Here's the bedroom and that there sleeping place was specially built

Photographs by Stagg

Red *and* White "Shack"

Inside and out it's red and white. Lil wears a bathing suit of the same colors. So Eddie just won't feel blue. The only false note in the color scheme is that swell tan they both have

Get the red and white stripes and checkers in the living-room, and that picture of Joan Crawford on the table Lil's perched on

WANTED for grand and petty larceny! This young woman is a picture stealer. Remember her in "Night Nurse"? When she was on the screen nobody had a chance. On the opposite page Ruth Biery tells you a lot about Joan Blondell

"Take it easy and laugh," is Joan's motto. Once just another Broadway blonde she is now considered big time stuff

According to the interviewer, Joan Blondell isn't in love and she ought to be. Now where's the old chivalry of Hollywood?

A New Picture Thief

By Ruth Biery

TWENTY-TWO birthdays and each one spent in a different port and a majority in different countries! You'd expect a girl with a record like that to be interesting, wouldn't you?

Well, you won't be disappointed. At least, I wasn't. Joan Blondell was more than I expected. But then, remember, I'm just an old movie-cynic and don't as a rule expect much from screen newcomers. We've seen so many come—and we've seen so many go.

Of course, after "Night Nurse" I knew Blondell could steal a picture. Somehow, you almost forget Barbara Stanwyck (fine actress that she is) when those two women came in together. But we've seen others steal pictures and then depart to regions unknown.

But, somehow, after meeting her, I can't believe this blonde-headed little kid is to be one of the temporary headliners—unless she runs out on us. After all, it is darned hard to settle down to birthdays in one place with *her* record.

I base these assumptions more on my meeting with her than on her story. Although the story is full of interest the meeting was of still *more* interest. Perhaps you'd like to get in on it.

It was a cold interview. Now, all writers hate cold interviews. To talk to an actress you'd never met; to wonder whether all the sweet honey words she pours into your ears are honest! Not to know whether she has her hand, beneath the table, on the Bible or her fingers crossed.

I hated the thought of seeing Blondell like I hate this summer's weather.

A SECRETARY in the publicity department informed me a man was on the set trying to persuade Blondell to keep her appointment. My eyes widened. *Persuading her!* Persuading a Hollywood actress, and a comparative newcomer, to talk about herself! I decided the secretary must have been affected by the heat wave which was annihilating Los Angeles.

When the publicity man returned, I pulled this one, with small hope it would take. "I feel terrible today. I don't know Blondell. I don't feel equal to dragging dark secrets from an unknown person. Let's postpone this until she's finished her picture."

A spasm of relief crossed his face. "All right. We'll make it next week!" The alacrity with which a publicity man, who had spent hours trying to sell a story on Blondell, accepted my lazy proposition made me believe that the secretary might *not* be crazy.

So the publicity man and I went to lunch. We were barely seated when Blondell entered. As she passed our table, Mr. Publicity Man, with press-agent instincts which simply couldn't be buried, jumped up and said, "You two might as well meet each other."

BLONDELL eyed me distastefully. "I've just spoiled seven shots. *Seven!* I just couldn't get it. I'm hot and I'm tired and I'm angry—"

"So am I! It's one of those days when I hate all actresses. I want to go to the beach. I don't want to talk to you—"

She laughed. "Gosh. If I'd known you felt like that, too—"

I turned to the publicity representative. "Beat it. We won't do an interview. We'll just sympathize with each other but there's no reason why we shouldn't eat together."

So he removed his plate and the waitress put down a clean one and Miss Joan Blondell and I got together on that sympathy business. Catch 'em when they're cross and when you're cross and you forget about this writing, acting business. You just become two everyday, misused women.

I SHOULD say the main thing that is wrong with Blondell is: she's not in love! And any woman needs to be in love for inspiration. If the love brings heart-breaks, she has the joy of being miserable and "giving her best" to her work to pretend she's forgetting. If the love brings happiness she soars in the heights and does good work because she can't help it. And Blondell is just at that empty place in between where she is neither miserable nor floating!

You see, despite written stories to the contrary (stories Joan probably gave with fingers crossed beneath the table) she never had sufferings and heartbreaks and poverty when she was a youngster. Her father, Ed

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Such Clothes!

PHOTOPLAY'S fashion authority, Seymour, has found some fascinating new styles in Hollywood for you, and you'll find them in the

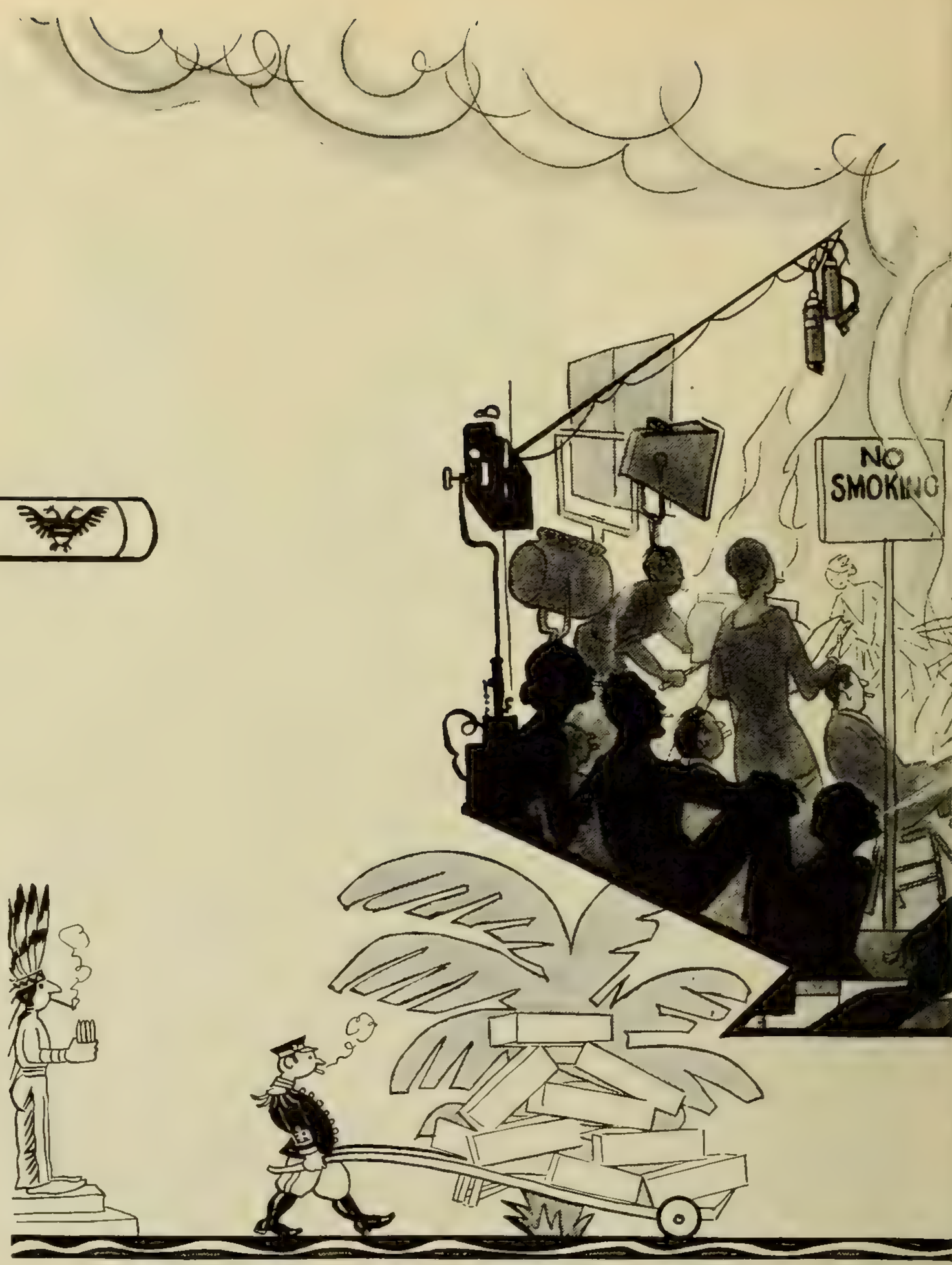
Special Fashion Section

in the

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY

Don't miss that issue

October, remember



John Barrymore goes for swanky cigarettes at ten cents each for evening wear

What Do They Smoke?

WELL, here you are, you hundreds of screen fans who have written us asking about the smoking habits of Hollywood!

It all started last February, when our editorial page carried a note to the effect that Fredric March had been asked to swear off cigars. Cigars, said the request, are "unromantic"—cigarettes, on the other hand, are "cute"—and pipes are "manly." So, since Freddie March was getting a great build-up as a romantic, heavy-loving star, he was kindly asked to give up puffing cheroots on the screen.

That started you off. And did the letters pour in! Four mailmen had nervous breakdowns and strained backs, just toting in your missives.

"Let him smoke cigars!" "No cigars, please!" "Fie! He shouldn't smoke at all!" "Let the boy smoke a herring if he wants to!" So the correspondence raged.

From that it was just a short hop to "What does Marie Dressler smoke, if any?" and "Does George Bancroft really smoke scented cigarettes?" And poor little me—I was told off, delegated and ordered to find out the smoking preferences of the actors.

Well, here you are. I'm an old and broken man, for it was a tough assignment. Next to "What do they drink?" and "Whom is he goofy about now?" the smoking business was the toughest thing I could have tackled.

There seems to be a conspiracy of silence about this smoking business. Ask the high-priced gents who are paid to get the stars' names in the papers, and they scream in mortal pain.

"Goshamighty and geewhillikins!" they howl. "You can't print that. It'll spoil the illusion!"—which implies that we have any about the ducky little actors. "Goodness golly, what would the folks in Kansas say if you said that Ruth Chatterton took a puff now and then?" Those boys weren't much help.

Neither were some of the actors. Lots of them strain a

Norma Talmadge gets her smokes all rigged up in stripes like a barber pole

Illustrated by Van Arsdale

Fredric March started it all and now we've got to tell you who smokes what and how

By Cal York

ligament to keep folks from knowing they smoke, and what. Take Lickter's, the famous shop in Hollywood's Chinese Theater building, that makes up cigarettes to order. There's a sure-death rule there that no star's order is to be given away to inquirers or snoopers.

One young male star used to sneak in at the back door of Lickter's and order two special monogrammed brands—one for himself and one for his sweetie-pie. They're married now, and they smoke one of the fifteen-cents-a-pack brand.

Well, in the face of this embargo on information, I dug up the dope on a lot of our boys and girls. To be exact, I put the finger on exactly 170 ladies and gentlemen of the silver screen.

Of this number, 116 confessed to enjoying the delights of Lady Nicotine in one form or another—though I couldn't line up one snuff-sniffer in all Hollywood! Snuff boxes are just antiques out here! Shades of my dear old grandmother.

A little lightning arithmetic and we thus find that three out of four of filmdom's leading lights are puffers, and this includes both men and women.

However, for the sake of Freddie March, I *must* mention here that nearly one-third of the male smokers in Hollywood use cigars as well as cigarettes—and many of them are among our most romantic actors, too! Take heart, Fred—and have a good five cent cigar! Off the screen! Or sneak a smoke with the electricians.

CIGARETTES, of course, are a top-heavy favorite with the fuming contingent, both male and female, and the vast majority of them use standard domestic brands of fags, even as you and I. This leaves exactly sixteen who go for brands a little more exotic, scented, decorated and swanky than the sort I'm puffing this minute.

All of which is good news for the tobacco industry, which probably is never terribly depressed. Take away my bread and jam, but leave my smokes!

Now, how about the boys and girls themselves? Let's start with Lupe Velez—she's a good start at any time. Funny about Lupe. Lupe decided to quit smoking cigarettes. So she stopped buying—pop, just like that! But did that mean she stopped smoking? Not Lupe—only didn't smoke her own for a few days. Wherever she was working, on the beach, at the dressmakers'—she always begs a cigarette. She probably smoked as many of Gary Cooper's as he did himself, before their break.

Young Doug Fairbanks swore off for a week also. Doug will walk into a group of pals, at home or on the lot, and say, "Gotta smoke? Gimme cigarette!" Of course, his mates are wise now, and they say no, they're sorry, just out. Whereupon Junior pulls out his own pack with a resigned air, and lights up. It's a gag with him.

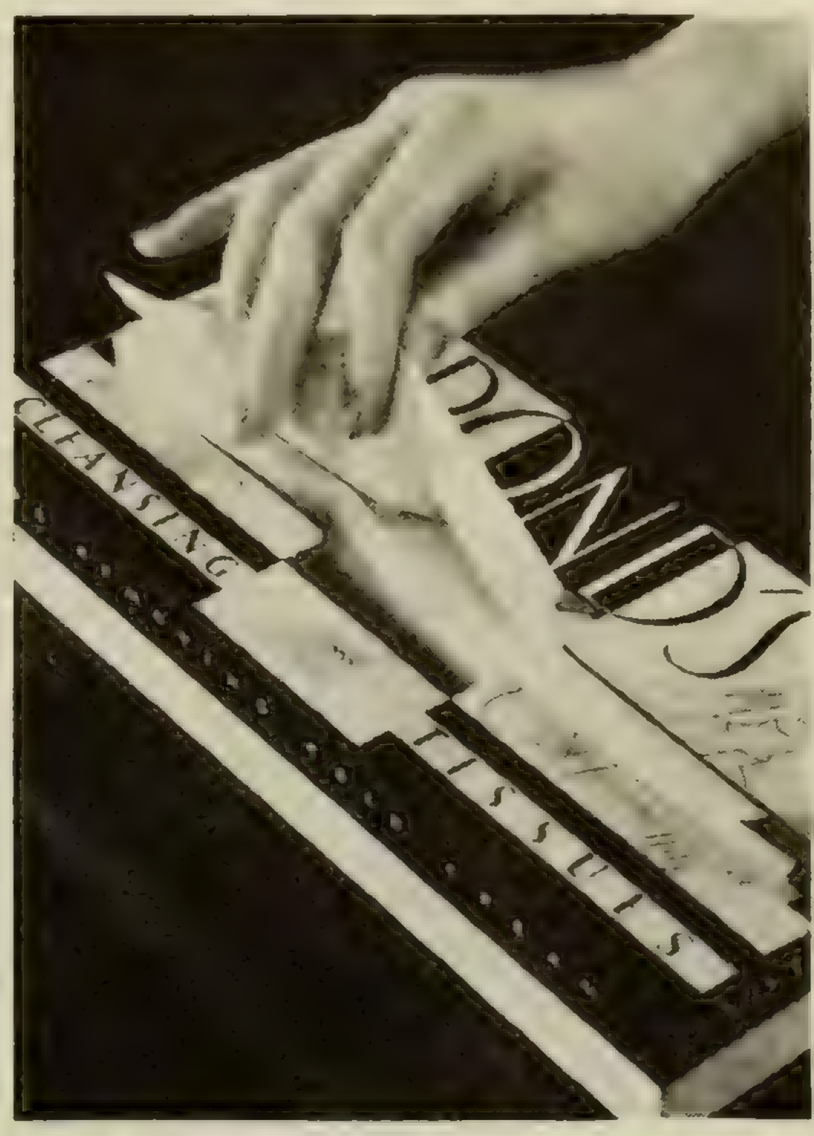
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

HERE is Marian Marsh, who is going to play a leading rôle in "Beauty and the Boss," the scenario for which PHOTOPLAY and Warner Bros. have been seeking the past four months. Right now the Contest Judges are sorting and sifting thousands of manuscripts, the winner to be announced in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY. Lucky author, whose heroine will be brought to life in the person of this vivacious and beautiful girl!

AND this is Marilyn Morgan, before she went blonde and changed her name to Marian Marsh. Not quite seventeen then. Her triumphs as *Trilby* in "Svengali" and again with John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius" were still before her. After working on "Five Star Final," Marian is now playing the feminine lead opposite William Powell in "The Road to Singapore," Bill's first picture under his new Warner Bros. contract

Princesses, duchesses, ladies of proud old foreign title ... patrician leaders of society in our own America ... they share one birthright of race and breeding ... beautiful skin, flawless as diamonds ... To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service"... Miss Anne Morgan says, "Pond's, through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, helps women achieve

1 Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in the Pond's Method. Generously apply as often as needed during the day, always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.



2 To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues. White or peach color. They are so much *softer* and half again more absorbent by laboratory test. They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculate.

3 To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is simply indispensable. When you have wiped away the cold cream, wet a sizable pad of cotton with Freshener and then do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin. This banishes lingering oiliness and danger of "shiny nose."

4 A smooth, well-bred finish adds so much to one's poise. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—face, neck, shoulders, arms ... It gives protection from sun and wind and makes your powder cling for hours ... And always use it to keep hands soft and white.

Jewels by Cartier

an attractive appearance"... Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, "Pond's carries off all honors for its common sense method of home beauty care"... We suggest that you, too, follow this famous way to keep your skin always exquisitely fresh and clear.

Tune in on Pond's Friday at 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra. WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

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"I don't mind

MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting,* is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six.* As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty. They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty, actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap—10¢

WHAT do the extras and "bit" players think about when they sit for hours like this while the make-up experts get them ready for the director's call? Here is an interesting scene caught by PHOTOPLAY'S cameraman behind the "Alexander Hamilton" set at the Warner Bros. studio. Note the girl on the left perusing the stock market pages and also the swell lookers on the right

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association

MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public —to act as a guide.

Be guided by this seal

The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

COLGATE'S
BEARS THIS SEAL

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price — but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's — and quality alone — that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth *healthfully* and *completely* clean.

***and Colgate's costs but* 25c**

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Maurice felt sick about his screen career until Old Herr Doktor Lubitsch gave him high-class treatment with "The Smiling Lieutenant." Back came his popularity and smile. Here he is leaving for that dear France with the missus

A FEW separations: Dorothy Lee and press-agent Jimmy Fidler, whom she married last fall, are separated and they admit that a divorce is on the way . . . nobody in Hollywood thought it would last, anyhow. . . . Dorothy's been seen places with blond Marshall Duffield, U. S. C. football star. . . . Rex Lease and his recent bride, Eleanor Hunt, reported separated for the second time since their wedding two months ago . . . but both say it's only a little tiff. . . . Robert Armstrong and his wife Jeanne Kent, dancer, separate after five years of matrimony . . . Charles (Black Crow) Mack and his wife Marian reported separated . . . positively decline to discuss it. . . . Mack says, "Why bring that up?"

LOVE and things like that: Bh (printer, that's really the way he spells it) Rogers, brother of Charles (Used to be Buddy) Rogers, married in St. Louis to Marajen Stevick of Champaign, Ill. . . . Chester Moorhead, first husband of Connie Bennett, who eloped with her in 1921 only to have the wedding annulled in 1923, tries marriage again. . . . Armand Kaliz is separating from Madeline Weiner to whom he was married for three weeks. . . . Raquel Torres and Charles Feldman, an attorney, will be saying "I do" pretty soon. . . .

IT won't be pepper and ginger any more. Ginger Rogers got a divorce from Jack Pepper. . . . Irene Delroy promised to love, honor and maybe obey, William Austin, whom the papers call a prominent club man. He's from Philadelphia and a blue blood. . . . H. H. Van Loan declared that he couldn't pay his alimony because he was out of work and had been living on borrowed money. . . . Mrs. Van Loan said that Van was in love with Marjorie Rambeau.

A LUNCHEON foursome at the Montmartre in Hollywood the other day consisted of Janet Gaynor and her hubby Lydell Peck and Charlie Farrell and his wife Virginia Valli. . . . Clark Gable and Ria Langham married at Santa Ana, California . . . they said they had married before a little more than a year ago in the East, but were doing it again because legality of former marriage was menaced by Clark's divorce not having been final at that time . . . . his second marriage; her third . . . he, thirty, she, forty-one, according to the papers. . . . Greta Garbo laughs, or nearly so, at newspaper dispatch from Stockholm saying she was to go there this year to wed a man named Anderson . . . "maybe," she says, "I could marry a man named Smith, here, heh?" . . . Lola Lane was peeved at stories that she and Lew Ayres were not that way any more . . . she says they still are!

STORK assignments: Alan Mowbray, English actor who played the rôle of *George Washington*, father of his country, in "Alexander Hamilton," becomes a father. . . . Dorothy Dwan, now Mrs. Paul N. Boggs, Jr., retired from the screen since her marriage, admits she'll be a mother this fall. . . . Joan Crawford persistently denying the persistent rumor that she, too, expects the Blessed Event. . . . There'll be a son and heir at the Reginald Denny's. . . . Shirley Mason, Viola Dana's sister, presented her husband, director Sidney Landfield, with a daughter and she says she's coming back to the screen.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 80]

Charles "Front Page" MacArthur and the famous "Act of God" baby. Helen Hayes, Mrs. MacArthur to you, broke her contract under an "Act of God" clause of the contract when baby was born, and made those stage producers like it. Well, if that darling baby isn't, nothing is

Demand to know what complexion soaps are made of Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and 20,000 others—advise Palmolive

CARSTEN *of Berlin*
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."

SEILER *of Geneva*
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."

ECHTEN *of Budapest*
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."

EUGENIO *of Milan*
"Vegetable oils — as embodied in Palmolive Soap — are your best protection against skin irritation."

MASSE *of Paris*
Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing."

BERTHA JACOBSON *of London*
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."

HELEN MILNER *of Cleveland*
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."

HEPNER *of Hollywood*
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."

ROBERT *of Paris Washington, D. C.*
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

Palmolive Soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

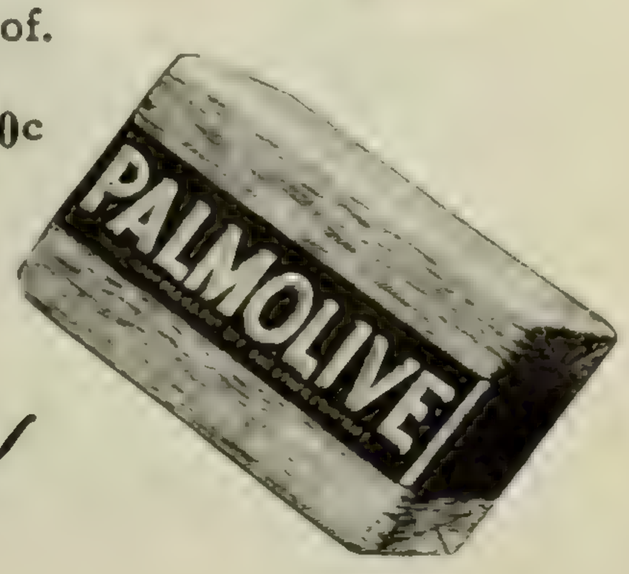
Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of*, they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different — in cosmetic effect — from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

GOING together places: Una Merkel and John Arledge; Phillips Holmes and Ethel (former Mrs. Eddie) Sutherland; Mervin LeRoy and Ginger Rogers; Marie Prevost and Buster Collier (still); Jack Oakie and Mary Brian and Mary Brian and Russell Gleason; Wesley Ruggles and Arline Judge; Thelma Todd and Abe Lyman; David Manners and Sylvia Sidney. And Fifi Dorsay, in Chicago at the beginning of her vaudeville tour which will keep her from Hollywood for four months, says of her reported betrothal to Terry Ray, "Ooo, sure we are engage'—but maree? No! We shall stay engage' for twenty year, maybe, but not maree. Engagements are so nize, but marriage interfere wiz ze career!"

SOME more Cupid check-ups: Nancy Carroll, having divorced Hubby Jack Kirkland, newspaper man, marries Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life* . . . Jack's friends say he's still in love with Nancy, but he and Louise Allen of "The Little Show" have been holding hands, lately. . . . Joan Peers, swanson-like little leading lady, is revealed as a Mrs. . . . her hubby is Christy Allen, bond broker. . . . Mr. and Mrs. William Powell honeymoon in Honolulu. . . . the Ben Lyons and the Warner Baxters and others also Honoluluing. . . . Marceline Day tries vainly to keep secret her wedding to Arthur K. Klein, Hollywood furrier . . . they did it twice; first wedding in Mexico was only perhaps legal, so they remarried in New York. . . . Prince Troubetzkoy, Hollywood actor, variously reported seen places with this or that actress, gets desertion divorce from his wife, a dancer.

EUGENIA BANKHEAD, frequently marrying sister of the unmarried Tallulah Bankhead, takes on her sixth husband. . . . "Lefty" Flynn, ex-husband of Viola Dana, as well as two other ex-wives, has made a fourth marital leap . . . Mrs. Flynn No. 4 was Mrs. Paul Phipps of London, with whom he had a romance seventeen years ago. . . . She is Lady Astor's sister. . . . John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, has separated from his bride of a month, saying he still loves Colleen. . . . But Colleen won't marry him again. . . . Elsie Janis denies published reports she plans to marry Gilbert Wilson, actor. . . . Mae Clarke, once engaged to John McCormick, mentioned above, will marry Henry Freulich, photographer of screen stars. . . . Lloyd Hamilton ordered to pay $15,000 back alimony or go to jail.

Stage producers said Marjorie Rambeau was temperamental and irresponsible on the stage where she reigned as a beauty a few years ago. She's showing those youngsters how real acting is done, in the studios, never misses a cue, and is always on time in Hollywood. Some comeback!

After repeated denials, the Lawrence Tibbetts have finally admitted that "fame and family happiness are not consistent," and have separated. They are shown above with their twin sons as they arrived in Beverly Hills only a month or two ago

EILEEN PERCY, now Hollywood correspondent for Paul Block's newspapers, and a good one, tells this one on William Haines. Haines, you must know by this time, runs an antique shop in Hollywood.

The other day, Leila Hyams was in his shop.

Bill knew she was furnishing a beach house and friends are friends but sales are sales.

"Look at this lovely old grandfather's clock," he said to her. It was a splendid looking piece. "A hundred and fifty years old and all original, no reconstruction. Original mechanism, and it runs perfectly."

Just then, the clock struck nineteen!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

MODESS

perfect summer comfort at a special summer price

IF you use Modess, you know how safe and soft it is—how cool and clean it feels. If you haven't tried it, now's your chance. Our summer offer—featured as Modess Vacation Special—is a grand buy. You get a Travel Package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular for 79c. The standard price of these 3 boxes is $1.15.

The two types of Modess featured in the Vacation Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular at times when less thickness is desired.

The Travel Package certainly has its uses. You won't begrudge the space it takes in a travel bag. As a reserve package for guest use it will add to your reputation as a perfect hostess. You'll find it a great convenience many times during the summer.

You can really wear Modess without worrying about it in any way. The cool, evenly absorbent filler—besides being safe and comfortable—fits so smoothly that Modess won't spoil the line of any frock.

If you're a thrifty soul you'll buy several of these useful combinations, and save them for future use.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

VACATION SPECIAL

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . . . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value $1.15

ALL THREE FOR . . . 79¢

BETTER BRAN FLAKES

Thrill to this glorious treat

FEEL YOUR PULSE leap to the thrills of life. Put vim in your work and pep in your play. Help yourself to health with Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes.

What a wonderful combination these better bran flakes are! They're made of three vital elements. *Bran* to help keep you fit and regular — just enough to be mildly laxative. *Whole wheat* for nourishment — for vim and zest. And PEP — the marvelous flavor that only Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes have — to put new joy into eating. Look how sun-brown and crispy they are! Taste them! No wonder they're called *better bran flakes.*

Serve them with milk or cream. Add fruit or honey for extra zest. Have them for lunch when the day is hot. Young folks love them at the evening meal and after-school lunches. Men folks say they're great for a bedtime snack.

Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in the red-and-green package.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

Serve Hot Breads

Delicious Muffins Are Easy To Bake

Joseph Schlund, chef of the Paramount studio cafe, gives Frances Dee a few valuable pointers on muffins. Frances evidently enjoys it!

THE first slice from a loaf of hot bread emerging from the oven used to be a childhood thrill. Certainly it is one the modern child rarely experiences, what with modern bakeries and lack of time making the homemade loaf of bread a rarity. However, in its place we have muffins, popovers and other hot breads that delight the heart of modern cooks. And when you eat them piping hot at the table, who is to say that the new order isn't the best?

Bran is a vital health product that is playing a more and more important rôle in the affairs of the kitchen. Bran muffins at any meal of the day are a real delicacy. Many of the stars find bran valuable in regulating their rather rigid diets. Laura La Plante recommends the following bran muffin recipe as a great favorite of hers.

2 tablespoons of shortening	1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup sugar	1 cup flour
1 egg	½ teaspoon soda
1 cup sour milk	¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup bran	

First, cream the shortening and sugar together. Then add the egg. Mix and sift the flour, soda, salt and baking powder. Next add the bran to the creamed mixture; then add the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Pour into muffin pans that have been greased. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. This recipe will make eight large, or twelve medium size muffins.

YOUNG brides are always having fun poked at them because of their inexperience; some of them are excellent cooks but every once in a while one does make a terrific and funny mistake. A bride I know, who later turned out to be a wonderful cook, broiled the first muffins she ever made!

If your taste doesn't run to bran muffins, you can go out into the kitchen and whip up a batch of delicious ones after a recipe of Sally Blane's. Sally, whom you all know as one of the lovely sisters of Loretta Young, has quite a reputation for her muffins. The recipe is as follows:

1 cup white flour	2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup graham flour	¾ cup milk
½ cup chopped pecan meats	2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt	1 heaping tablespoon butter

Mix the chopped nuts with the dry ingredients. Add milk. Beat eggs well, and add to mixture. Melt the butter and stir in last. Half fill muffin tin, place in warm oven and bake twenty minutes.

In serving muffins, be sure that they do not cool before they reach the table. Placing them in a basket with a napkin over them will keep them perfectly, until ready to serve. I think, too, that half the joy of hot breads is to have jam, marmalade or jelly to spread on them.

Those of you who cherish your afternoon tea find no more tempting dish than muffins and jam—and you need not hesitate to serve it to a king!

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

Irene Delroy, Broadway beauty, didn't knock Hollywood cold as an actress. But she's in the Philadelphia social register now as Mrs. Wm. Liseter Austin, Jr., wife of a rich and handsome lad of blue blood. The smile is genuine, of course

WEBER and Fields are trying to get Marie Dressler for a new stage musical show. But Marie won't leave Hollywood. . . . They're going to try musicals again in the movies. Hollywood is planning twenty-three features for the coming year. . . . Garbo has walked off the "Susan Lenox" set six times. She hasn't liked the story—not even after twenty writers worked on it. . . . Ina Claire hasn't a telephone in her beach house. . . . After a long retirement Virginia Valli, Mrs. Charlie Farrell, if you please, is playing a lead in a picture called "Night Life in Reno." But it doesn't mean anything's wrong between Charlie and Virginia and it isn't even ominous, you rumor hounds.

BILL HAINES decorated Leila Hyams' new Beverly Hills mansion. He had to hurry to finish Joan Crawford's dressing room. . . . Theda Bara plans to make a film comeback. She'll show these pikers what IT really is. . . . Bela Lugosi is no longer a Hungarian actor. He became an American citizen in the Los Angeles courts a few weeks ago. . . . Jean Harlow is taking voice culture. . . . John Miljan is a bad-nasty, dirty old villain on the screen. His off-screen hobby is breeding canary birds. . . . Montreal has a Shearer Street. No, it's not named after Norma. It's named for Norma's father. He runs a lumber business there. . . . Illusion destruction No. 15,729: Adolphe Menjou's favorite dish is corned beef and cabbage. . . . Jack Gilbert is a backgammon addict. . . . J. Stuart Blackton, once a millionaire part owner of and director of the old Vitagraph Company, is bankrupt.

THE rumor still persists that Paramount isn't going to renew Nancy Carroll's contract. . . . Though you and you and you and I have considered them that for some time, Warners have now officially made Eddie Robinson and James Cagney stars. . . . "Smart Money," with both of them, was one of the pictures the King of Siam insisted upon seeing at a recent "command" performance. . . . A suit in municipal court complains that Priscilla Dean and Leslie K. Arnold didn't pay the last month's rent for the apartment they occupied before their marriage was declared illegal.

GARY COOPER is mad at Paramount for not giving him better stories. The studio hasn't heard from him since he went to Italy on his vacation. They're wondering if he'll be back. . . . Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg—not forgetting the baby—are back from Europe. . . . Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost's ex, had to explain a noisy party to the judge. He was fined $25 for disturbing the peace. Dorothy Webb paid $50 and her thirty-day jail sentence was suspended. . . . Pola Negri keeps an almost life-size photographic enlargement of Rudolph Valentino in her ultra-modernistic dressing room. . . . Duncan Renaldo, the boy of "Trader Horn," established the fact that he was born in the United States and, as a citizen, may remain here.

IN spite of the fact that Russell Gleason has been sending June Collyer whole boxes full of gardenias for months and months, Hollywood suspected she was going to be Mrs. Stuart Erwin and sure enough, on July 22, June and Stuart were married in Yuma, Arizona, June's brothers, Richard and Clayton Heermance, being the only witnesses.

Stuart may play dumb rôles on the screen but off-celluloid he's evidently not so dumb.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

William Wallace Reid was a little fellow when his father, Wally, was the idol of the screen. He's a big boy now, but he doesn't want to be an actor. He wants to be an air pilot, of course

Modeling masterpieces

"Skinner's Silks combine the perfect texture and draping qualities needed to visualize and appreciate a new model long before the lines of the dress are actually completed."

. . . *Adrian*

★

STYLE is greatly enhanced by the right material. Many of the gowns you admire on the screen owe their success in no small measure to the charm of *Skinner's Silks.*

Crepes of lovely dull texture for daytime or evening . . . satins that drape gracefully in lustrous folds . . . georgettes and chiffons for frocks of flattering softness . . . these have made the name Skinner a favorite with Hollywood costume designers.

The smartness of Dorothy Jordan's dress, here shown, is typical of the creations of Adrian which have so influenced the world of fashion.

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills, Holyoke, Mass. Estab. 1848

Skinner's Silks

Crepes	Georgettes	Chiffons
Crepe Satins	Shantungs	Sport Fabrics

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

★

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Too saccharine, some folks say, but the audiences are calling for more like "Daddy Long Legs"

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

WARNER BAXTER comes out on top this month. He made such a hit in "Daddy Long Legs" that many girls have confessed they want to adopt him for a guardian. Warner has been up and down the ladder of fame since he started to make pictures in 1921. Although he always gave a good performance in the rôles assigned to him, his popularity began to wane. Then he appeared in "Ramona" and the fans began to take notice again. "In Old Arizona" marked his talkie début and placed him among the favorites of the talking screen. Born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 29, 1891, he stands 5 feet, 11, weighs 165 and has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Graduated from the Ohio State University and had 12 years of stage training. In 1917 he married Winifred Bryson. Warner's latest release is "The Squaw Man" for which Fox loaned him to M-G-M.

ELENORA PARKS, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Bet you're glad that your two favorites are married to each other! Bebe was born in Dallas, Tex., on January 14, 1901, and Ben was born in Atlanta, Ga., on February 6, 1901.

D. J. H.—The picture you refer to in the June issue showed John Mack Brown and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Complete Surrender," which was taken from the play "The Torch Song." The title of this picture, however, was changed to "Laughing Sinners" and the picture was partly remade with Clark Gable playing the rôle that John had.

L. M. WHITE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Mickey Mouse receives his fan mail at the Walt Disney Studios, in Hollywood, Calif. This pint-sized comedian has the largest fan following of any of the talkie stars. He is known as "Miki Kuchi," in Japan; "Mikael Muss," in Greece; "Michele Topolino," in Italy; "Miguel Rato," in Portugal and "Michel Souris," in France. Walt Disney is Mickey's lord and master.

MARY HORTON, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—This is one time that "Mother Didn't Know Best," but don't be too hard on her. William Powell was married once before he wed Carole Lombard. His first wife was Eileen Wilson and he has a young son by that union.

PHYLLIS DAVIS, SYRACUSE, KAN.—Phyllis, one of the reasons that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., do not appear in a picture together, is that they are under contract to different studios. Joan was born on March 23, 1908, and Doug on December 9, 1907. Joan is 5 feet, 4 inches tall and Doug stands 6 feet.

HELEN SHAFFER, NEW YORK.—Alexander Kirkland, who appeared with Tallulah Bankhead in "Tarnished Lady" is a native of Mexico City, Mex. He was educated at the Taft School in Watertown and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Alex is the grandson of Rear Admiral Alexander Kirkland. His favorite sports are tennis, rowing and swimming.

The Answer Man's Beard Gets Whiter!

Will you give me a list of all the blondes in Hollywood?—J. R., Oklahoma.

Is it true that Mitzi Green is 20 years old and a dwarf?—H. M., Watertown, N. Y.

Do you know of any male or female star who would lend a young man $10,000 to invest in a farm, paying back annually?—R. B., Wisner, Neb.

Was Charlie Chaplin once Mary Pickford's husband?—D. S., Toronto, Can.

I vote for "The Subway Jam" as the best picture for 1930. Please send me the Gold Medal.—Betty, Lafayette, Ind.

The following quotation appeared in a picture—"A bottle of milk for Mrs. O'Reilly." What was the name of the picture?—Peg from Chicago.

What was the make, calibre, serial number, etc. of the guns used in "Trader Horn"?—Roland, Mexico City.

E. J. HINES, JR., CRUGE, MISS.—Here are a few of the pictures Lew Ayres has appeared in: "The Kiss," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Common Clay," "The Doorway to Hell," "Up for Murder," and "The Iron Man." Quite a record for the young man. His next will be "Heaven on Earth." As Lew is an enthusiastic astronomer and is always sky-gazing, maybe he had something to do with the title.

DORIS MAXWELL, WEISER, IDAHO.—But not Weiser than this old chap. That big handsome idol of yours, Richard Arlen, hails from Charlottesville, Va. He was born there on September 1, 1899. And your other big husky favorite, Gary Cooper, first saw light on May 7, 1901, in Helena, Mont. Dick's latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret" and Gary's latest is "I Take This Woman."

ROSLYN BERNSTEEN, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Connie Bennett was born in New York City, 25 years ago, is 5 feet, 4, and weighs 102 pounds. She entered silent pictures early in 1924, but deserted them when she married millionaire Phil Plant in 1925. With the coming of the talkies and her divorce from Phil in 1929, Connie trekked back to Hollywood and since then has turned out many grand pictures.

BILLIE LOU ROYCE, KEARNEY, NEB.—I guess you'll just have to pine away, for Frank Albertson is married. The lucky girl is Virginia Shelley. Marian Nixon is Mrs. Edward Hillman in private life. Irene Dunne is just 26 years old and is married to Dr. F. D. Griffin.

LILLIAN JENNINGS, TORONTO, CAN.—Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, appeared in two pictures together, "The Studio Murder Mystery," and "The Marriage Holiday." Fred hails from Racine, Wis., and Florence is a Brooklynite. They both had stage experience and started in pictures late in 1928. They were married in Mexico City in May, 1927.

FRANCES HILLIS, DURHAM, N. C.—I've got a big surprise for you, Frances. That peppy little Alice White hasn't forsaken Hollywood. She recently signed a contract with Tiffany and is going to make a picture titled "The Monster Kills." Alice comes from Paterson, N. J., where she was born on July 25, 1907. She is 5 feet tall, tips the beam at 105 and has blonde hair and dark brown eyes.

YOUTH! in the autumn! these stars brought it to her

by Frances Ingram

SHE is rather like autumn, herself. Perhaps 42, keen, and ever so *colorful!* But when I first met her, a summer in the Berkshires had done quite terrible things to her skin. It had coarsened—and tiny lines were etched about her eyes and across her forehead.

"If you can't help me," she said, "I shall have to spend *weeks* in beauty salons and, horrible thought, put off Paris until November!"

So I told her how to cleanse her skin deeply with Milkweed Cream, each day, until not a bit of summer's dust remained in the pores. And I explained how each night she must film her skin *afresh* with my Milkweed Cream and stroke upward at the six stars, to soften it and eliminate the little lines.

She went to Paris—in September! And came back with five jaunty hats she couldn't possibly have worn before. And she looked *young* in each of them!

Autumn skin! How trying it is! But Milkweed Cream used regularly both for *cleansing* and *toning* will bring back the soft, smooth, unlined skin of youth. I want you to *try* it—and see!

And won't you listen in on my radio programs, "Through the Looking-Glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15, E.D.S.T. over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?

MY MANNEQUIN WILL NEVER HAVE "AUTUMN SKIN"!

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

1 THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.*

2 THE EYES — *To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.*

3 THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.*

4 THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.*

5 THE NECK AND CHIN — *To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.*

6 THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.*

MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-91
108 Washington Street, New York

☐ Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

☐ Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

This isn't a publicity picture. It's Ann Harding taking off in her daily lesson as an air pilot. Harry Bannister already has his license. A few more hours in the air and Ann can roll her own

THREE years ago, Jetta Goudal won her famous suit against Cecil B. De Mille for breach of contract.

Then for years, she suddenly found no work. The word "blacklist" was freely used when they talked about the strange case of Jetta.

Now Cecil De Mille, no longer the big shot he once was, has left Hollywood. And within a few weeks, Jetta got her first job in pictures again—opposite Will Rogers.

"Merely coincidence," smiles Jetta.

Coincidence?—heh, heh, heh, heh. . . .

YOU all know her—the platinum-haired new burst of sex appeal who frankly capitalizes on her physical charms. The other day, she was being fitted for a new gown. Over the partition wall came her voice, first detailing how low the breast-line of the dress was to come. She was certainly not favoring concealment. She doesn't. Then—

"And I want the goods cut on the bias across here," came her voice, "so it will show the ripple of my muscles when I walk."

A PRINTED story to the effect that Barbara Stanwyck had left pictures forever because her husband's contract had not been renewed and that she would go wherever Frank Fay went brought forth a vigorous denial from Barbara.

She says she has been overworked, turning out picture after picture on the double contract she holds with Columbia and Warners and that her doctor told her that she could not last another year without a complete collapse if she kept it up. So Barbara decided that her health was valuable and that the studios could pay for it so she upped her salary about threefold.

COLUMBIA said nothing but after unsatisfactory tests of another actress for Barbara's rôle in "Forbidden," the picture was abandoned. The producer gave out the story that Barbara would quit pictures because of Frank's contract not being renewed. But Barbara says neither she nor Frank is through.

Now that's Barbara's story. Some mean folks say that the whole trouble is that Frank, jealous of his wife's success—she is now a star and he used to be the big shot—is trying to persuade her to go into vaudeville with him.

When Frank got his first Hollywood chance Barbara gave up a promising stage career to be with him. And even after she became a star she said, "What's a career, your name in electric lights, compared to love?"

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE was a guest of honor at George Olsen's night club not long ago and Charles Irwin made a speech concluding with, "And I hope to see his smiling face on the screen very soon." The crowd cheered and cheered sincerely for ten minutes and Roscoe, his eyes wet, murmured, "Gosh, that's sweet." PHOTOPLAY, along with a lot of other people, have felt the injustice done to Arbuckle keenly. We want him back. And the fact remains that a man who's so well thought of in his own community must be all right! But the goody-goody reformers still insist it would ruin the country.

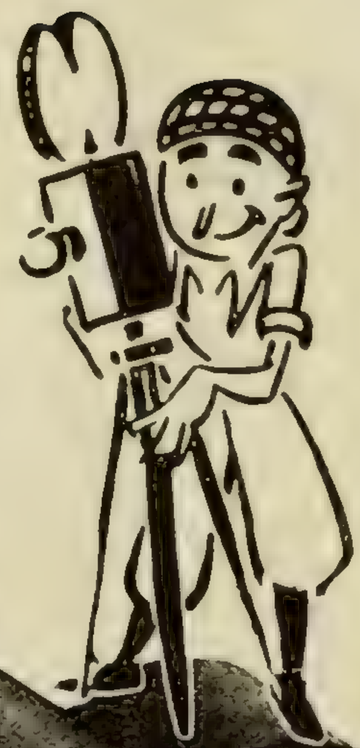
THE initials D. R. B. on a silver mug recently brought to light one of those real life sob stories that rarely reach the public. It concerns the ex-wife of a world famous star.

A New York decorator was loaned the services of a friend's man servant, but one afternoon she came home to find a woman cleaning her apartment. The woman explained that she was the wife of the man servant. And in a few minutes she asked the decorator if she would care to buy some fine silver. The decorator was amazed at the woman's apparent culture and unmistakable marks of former beauty. The next day she brought the silver mug and it was then the story came out.

The woman had been a famous beauty, the wife of an actor you know well. She was left by her husband and the only one who stood by her was the husband's man servant. Down and out, beaten by hard luck, she married the man servant and the two found menial employment. A fantastic story, yet tragically true. D. R. B.'s former husband is the eldest of three famous stage and screen luminaries.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

Little Jackie Cooper at the M-G-M studio gates where many are called but few are chosen. Try to get past those gates if you don't work there or unless you're King of Siam



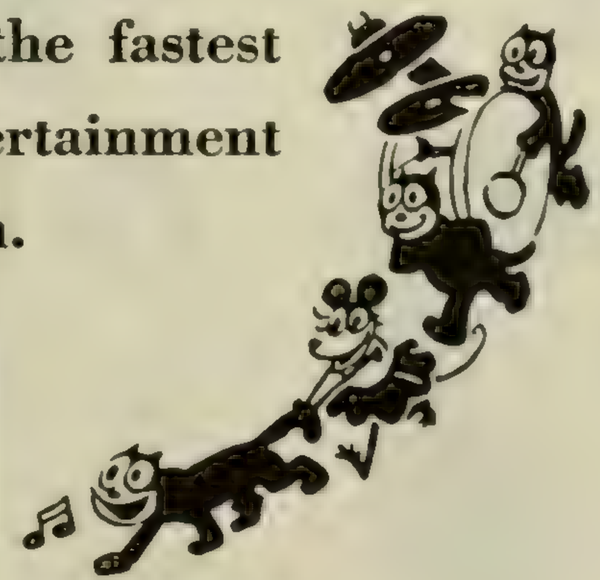
Spice!

There's more of it in your movie entertainment now, making every program better

Progress in better motion picture programs is shown by more short features this year. The better theatres are putting the punch of variety into every show, spicing them more richly than ever with the comedy, thrills, beauty and novelty of *Educational's* short features.

COMEDY
BEAUTY
THRILLS
and
COLOR
TOO

Educational Pictures are the product of the ONE BIG company specializing in short features. And this season they have been planned for the fastest and most diversified entertainment ever shown on the screen.



Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

E. W. HAMMONS, President, Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Before you face appraising eyes, groom your fingers with Glazo

THE YOUNG and the smart do not need to be told how the little differences between nail polishes make a very great difference in the charm of the hands.

And the special glow that Glazo alone gives has been its fortune, for once a woman comes to know the charm of Glazo texture and color it is almost impossible to please her with any other polish.

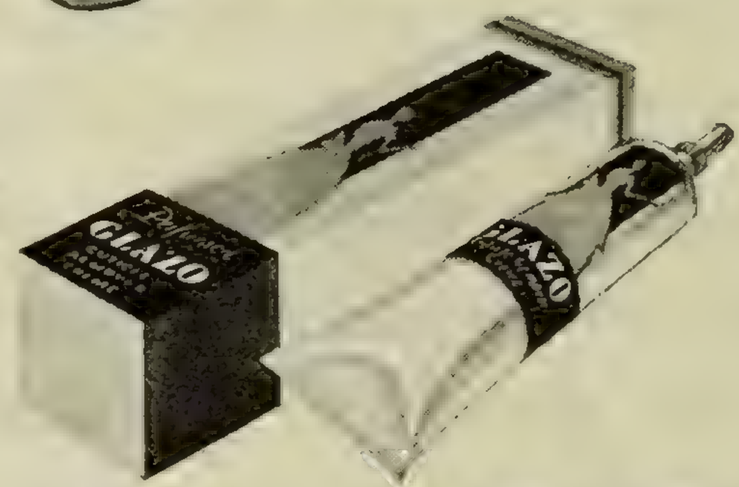
But with all its loveliness, the best part of the story is that Glazo brushes on easily and evenly, never "piles up" or chips, and never appears purplish under evening lights. Whichever of its several lovely shades you choose, its thin glorious sheen lasts a week or more.

Famous as Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover are, there are many Glazo innovations that you ought to know.

For the other Glazo manicuring aids are as smart and as praiseworthy as Glazo polish itself. The new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème introduces a method of cuticle care far in advance of all others. This soft, white cream gently removes excess cuticle, and leaves the edges smooth and even. It is simpler to use—applied directly from the convenient tube tip.

Glazo Nicotine Remover quickly banishes nicotine, ink, and other stains from the hands. Glazo Nail White and Glazo Cuticle Massage Cream play important parts in making your manicure perfect.

(Above)—*Perfumed Glazo Liquid Nail Polish comes in this smart new package. Natural, Flame, Geranium or Crimson—in a large bottle, 50c. Perfumed Glazo Polish Remover, 35c.*



(Right)—*Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème presents a new and superior method of cuticle care. Emollient oils soften, while excess cuticle is gently removed. In a convenient tube, 50c.*

(Below)—*The famous Glazo twin package contains both Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—conveniently packaged together, 50c. Your choice of Natural, Colorless, or Deep Shell.*

GLAZO

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc. Dept. GQ-91
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

THE old gag "studio gateman fails to recognize star" because of some trick make-up can be reversed to studio gateman won't let star in, whether he recognizes star or not.

The iron bound pass system, that studios have installed, reached out and grabbed Harold Lloyd, no less. Harold had been invited to the United Artists lot by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. But up pops a policeman and tells him he can't stay on the lot—positive orders and that nobody may watch Eddie Cantor work.

Harold didn't want to see Eddie and, what's more, Cantor loves an audience hanging around when he does his funny gags. But those booted and spurred officers must have something to do, so they do the booting.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON visited Reno not long ago. In Reno, at the time, "Smart Money" was packing them into the picture houses—and in it, Eddie plays the big-shot gambler.

Consequently, when Eddie walked into one or two of Reno's legalized gambling houses, dealers and croupiers turned pale with apprehension, according to a friend who was with Eddie. And more than one two-bit gambler insisted upon shaking hands with Eddie for luck!

But off screen, Eddie's about as gambly a gambler as Billy Sunday.

SYLVIA SIDNEY now has the No. 1 dressing-room on the Paramount lot formerly used by Clara Bow, Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson. . . . Tallulah Bankhead went on a milk diet and has put on ten pounds. . . . Charlie Chaplin is reported negotiating for the villa of Richard Hudnut, the perfumer, in Juan les Pins on the French Riviera. . . . Because the British censors claimed its theme slurred the Austrian monarchy, "The Smiling Lieutenant's" London première was held up. . . . Sally O'Neil is coming back. Just signed a long term contract with Fox after clicking in "The Brat." . . . Bela Lugosi will do the talkie version of Lon Chaney's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." . . .

ANOTHER example of the strange cost-sheet hazards that pop unexpectedly into movie-making:

At Fox, Alan Dwan was shooting a scene showing the women's recreation room in a prison. Among the props were several caged canaries. Somehow, one of them got loose and flew to the rafters. They spent some time trying to catch it, but gave up and Dwan began shooting.

For several successive takes, the bird, in the midst of the footage, swooped down through the scene, across the camera range, spoiling the shot.

That cost money. Loss was estimated at $5,000 before the bird was recaptured.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Billy Bakewell are among the latest Hollywood romances.

"Is it serious?" Billy was asked.

"Gee, I wish I could find out if she's serious," he said anxiously.

BUTTON, button, who's got Ruth Chatterton?

Well, it's all over but the shouting. Ruth goes to Warner Brothers.

THE story of Carman Barnes is one of those things that could only happen in Hollywood. Maybe you remember that Carman is the youthful authoress who wrote the sensational novel "School Girl" and if school girls had acted like that in Old Cal's day, they would have been spanked and sent to bed without their supper. Instead the authoress was signed under contract to Paramount to write her own stories and play the starring rôles in them.

The executives raved about her—never, so the press was told, did a girl have so much of what it takes.

The publicity department was instructed to give Carman a big sendoff.

She was photographed from every angle—well, almost. She was interviewed and kowtowed to and flattered.

VARIOUS announcements of her screen rôles were announcements, merely. She was assigned to "Road to Reno," but Peggy Shannon was substituted, and even her own play, "Debutante," was put aside for lack of a story. Now, it seems, Paramount will not renew her contract. And she's never appeared in a single picture nor written a line that has reached the screen!

Well, she drew her weekly pay check and the publicity department was kept busy for a spell.

MABEL NORMAND'S home and furnishings were sold at auction the other day. One of the most interesting items included her piano and an assortment of sheet music—each piece autographed by Mabel. The collection brought $420.

TRUE story. A certain producer saw a stranger wandering around his lot and asked his press agent who the man was. The press agent replied that it was So and So, a prominent writer on the company payroll. And the exec said:

"Well, tell him to come to my office. And tell him to bring his hat and coat."

JOAN CRAWFORD'S idol since she was a girl in the chorus has been Pauline Frederick. Joan had to give up her trip to Europe to remake "This Modern Age," originally titled "Girls Together," but there was one compensation. Joan didn't exactly crave Marjorie Rambeau, who played her mother in the original version. Marjorie was wanted for another picture, so they looked around for another mother for Joan. Pauline was suggested. Joan was so excited that she even came down to the studio when it wasn't necessary, just to watch her idol take her tests.

And Joan won't give a darn if Pauline steals every shot in the picture.

JACKIE COOPER has attained the topmost success peak! — they've named a salad after him at the M-G-M studio restaurant.

Avocado pear, orange, whipped cream.

ALTHOUGH we haven't the right to say "I told you so" we knew all along that there'd be a little plain and fancy devil to pay when Sylvia's (don't tell me you don't know Sylvia by now) yarn "Undressing Hollywood" was published. Right off, Hedda Hopper got sore because the *masseuse* said Ina Claire had once been ten pounds overweight. Jimmy Whittaker, who "ghosted" the series for Sylvia, is Ina Claire's ex-husband. Hedda Hopper thinks he just ain't no gentleman.

And it's so completely got Hedda's sophisticated goat that she's on the verge of writing a piece herself.

Now maybe you don't care whether Ina was ever ten pounds overweight or not but in case you're interested you might dig up an old print of her first film "The Awful Truth" and see the awful truth for yourself.

Trust no substitute

because "it looks like Kotex"

Kotex protects safely . . . it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex. . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

When offered a substitute, demand more than surface likeness to Kotex. Ask how this substitute was made . . . where . . . by whom. Ask who guarantees its hygienic safety . . . its health protection.

Hospitals use Kotex

Why should you take chances? You might save a few pennies . . . but the risk is not worth while. You know Kotex is safe. Hospitals use it—they bought over 10,000,000 pads last year—what stronger proof of superiority could you have?

Kotex protects comfort, as well as your health. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, a wonderful substance that absorbs moisture laterally away from the surface.

Kotex is adjustable. Shaped to fit. Treated to deodorize. It is so easily disposed of.

Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Sold singly in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort.

2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 *The Kotex Filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Color Magic for Your Lips!

How innocent Tangee looks in its modest gun-metal case! But touch it to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling-eyed Brunette!

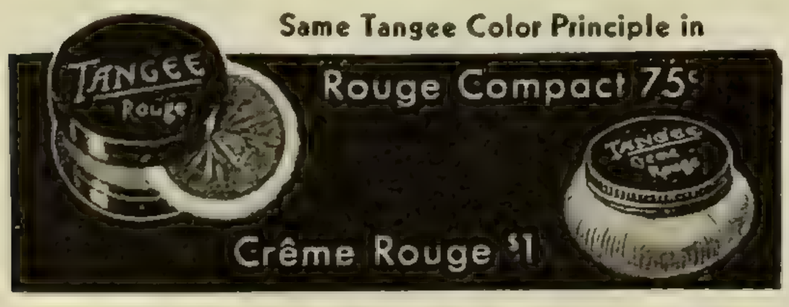
For *this* is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes when applied to your lips and blends perfectly with your own *natural* coloring, no matter what your complexion.

Tangee never gives an artificial, greasy, make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that not only beautifies but actually soothes, softens and protects.

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, $1. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

NEW! *Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of* TANGEE *and* ROUGE COMPACT *Lipstick for professional and evening use.*

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P11
417 Fifth Avenue New York

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

WATCHING the announcement of coming attractions at the Forum Theater in Los Angeles the other day, we saw this:

"Loretta Young and Grant Withers in Too Young to Marry."

The audience giggled. Seldom are titles so apropos. Oh yes, they made this one before their divorce announcement.

THERE'S a certain producer in Hollywood who is known chiefly for the right words he does not use. For instance, he bragged one day that the Indians in a certain picture he made were the real thing—"right off the reservoir," he insisted.

WHEN Mona Maris and Alfred Santell stopped going together, we understand a group of Hollywood's sports wagered her next boy friend would be a director, because directors are supposed to help yearning young women to greater fame.

He was. Clarence Brown! We also understand that Mona really expected parts at Metro for some time but, somehow, they never materialized.

She left Fox, you know, because she refused to play in foreign versions. Now, she has returned to Fox—in foreign versions.

A SCOUT for one of the big film companies signed a Broadway actress. When she arrived in Hollywood her tests were so bad that the executives wired the scout asking him if he'd suddenly lost his mind.

And then it all came to light. The girl was an understudy. He'd signed the wrong actress.

TERRY CARROLL—Nancy's sister—has a job. She's the stand-in girl for Tallulah Bankhead and when she's all dressed like the star, they're as alike as two supervisors. In fact, she looks much more like Tallulah than she looks like Nancy. And speaking of Terry, she was one of the guests at a cocktail—er—a tea party given by Jack Kirkland—Nancy's ex-spouse.

SIGNS on theater marquees:
THREE GIRLS LOST with Lew Cody.
TWIN BILL: Girls Demand Excitement Behind Office Doors.

WELL, well, well—so it wasn't overwork which took Frances Dee to Catalina for a two-weeks, to-bed-at-nine-every-night rest cure. It was over-play. And thereby hangs a cute little story.

Frances has been going steadily with Bill Mankiewicz, writer, you know. And then Bill went to Europe for a vacation. All the Hollywood boys who had been standing on the sidelines envying Bill got busy and Frances decided to learn what popularity really meant. She did. A different man every night. Russell Gleason is the only one we know who got two dates. Several weeks of being the belle of the town—and then Catalina, alone, with mother.

Ruth Chatterton and Frances Starr holding a gabfest over the old days when Ruth was Henry Miller's big box-office bet and Frances was Belasco's. The old masters have passed on but the lessons they taught the girls live on in motion pictures, which both old stage producers detested. PHOTOPLAY'S photographer caught them on a Paramount set where Ruth is making "The Magnificent Lie."

"Ruth," Frances was saying, "how does it feel to have those movie producers scrapping over you and handing you also those spondulix?"

"Frances, my dear," said Miss Chatterton. "It isn't hard to take."

THE players' fan mail is usually pretty monotonous. Once in a while, a letter is interesting. Frequently one's amusing. But to David Manners, handsome young juvenile, came one the other day that was downright amazing!—

It was from a woman in Ohio. It told Dave how the writer enjoyed seeing him in pictures. And then, it slapped Dave in the eye with this concluding request:

" . . . and please send me a photograph of yourself IN THE NUDE."

GENE MARKEY, debonair writer and ex-flame of Ina Claire, is Hollywood's favorite beau. All in one day he was rumored secretly married to Gloria Swanson, and paying court to Ina again. But that night he dined with Lois Moran and the next day took Ruth Weston to lunch.

SAYS Estelle Taylor: "Every time I'm in the theater and hear a bad word spoken by one of the players, I give a frightened, guilty start. I've become 'Hays-conscious.' "

BENNY RUBIN and Bob Montgomery talking between scenes:

"How come you didn't march in that scene, when you were supposed to?" demanded Bob.

"Well, you heard the band playing, no?" asked Rubin.

"Sure, but what of it?"

"Well, wasn't it playing 'Onward, Christian soldiers'? Should I walk? I'm a Jewish boy."

IT remained for the Marx Brothers to be nuttiest about Clara Bow's visit to Rex Bell's ranch. Groucho started with:

"Hayakawa keep her down on the farm, after she's seen Hollywood?"

So Harpo answered:

"Maybe it'll do her good to be away. Was Anna May Wong when she left Hollywood for a while?"

"Sessue!" snorted Groucho. And that's enough of this sort of thing.

THERE was much misery and heartache in the once gay home of the Robert Montgomerys. Their baby daughter contracted spinal meningitis recently and it was thought that she was not going to pull through. Fortunately Bob wasn't working in a picture so he could be with the baby every minute of the day.

The child is on the mend now and it is hoped there'll be no serious aftermath.

WRITER Joe Swerling always arrives late at the studio. But he is such a nice guy that nobody minds—much, even if sometimes his presence is badly needed. Recently he became a father and Harry Cohn sent him the following wire: "Hear your baby arrived at 8:30 A. M. Wish you would do the same."

THEY say Mervyn LeRoy, First National's young ace director, tells every good-looking girl he meets that he expects to have a part in his next picture for her.

We ran into a very beautiful brunette yesterday and when we inquired about her work, she said:

"I am between two of Mervyn LeRoy's promises."

NORMAN FOSTER, husband of Claudette Colbert (and Walter Winchell says it will be ex-husband pretty soon) gave out an interview in which he was quoted as saying that he was in pictures because he was the type and that he didn't have to act. Now he's out at the studio.

The moral is that actors should save the dialogue for the microphone.

THE EDITOR OF VOGUE IS ON THE AIR

Every Thursday morning at 11:30 Eastern Daylight Time, over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations, Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, the talented Editor-in-Chief of Vogue, will give her advice on what to wear and how to wear it. Tune in, and as you think of your clothes, don't forget that Instant Odorono is the best means of protecting your dresses—as well as your charm—from perspiration.

PERSPIRATION CONTROL IS INSTANT AND COMPLETE WITH THIS MIRACULOUS NEW

Instant Odo-ro-no

1 *With the New Instant Applicator* you may apply this amazing new Instant Odorono in a moment. Just pat it on quickly—any time, day or night. No need to use cotton! Nothing messy or greasy! Entirely sanitary! Underarm perspiration is stopped . . . perspiration odor is prevented—instantly!

2 *With Its New Quick-Drying Formula* Instant Odorono dries almost immediately. Before you have finished with cream, powder and lipstick—it's dry! And you are ready for your frock.

3 *It Guards Your Frocks . . . It Guards Your Charm!* Instant Odorono saves you money—preventing the costly damage or ruin of your dresses by the acids of perspiration. It eliminates underarm odor . . . so offensive to others. With all the famous Odorono dependability, Instant Odorono keeps the underarms completely dry and odorless from 1 to 3 full days.

FAMILIAR TRAGEDIES No. 2

AT THE RACES HE SPENT . . $30

SHE RUINED HER FROCK . . $89

At the races she was charming—in a new French frock. But the day grew warm, and soon she began to perspire, under the arms. She knew the French frock was ruined, for those perspiration stains were sure to fade the color. She thought, too, of underarm odor. So *gauche!* Why had she trusted an ineffective preparation—when Instant Odorono, so simply and surely, would have saved her frock and her charm.

THE ODORONO COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

So inexpensive you use once and destroy...no laundering

HAY FEVER victims . . . join the thousands of fellow sufferers who have rejoiced in the discovery of Kleenex!

You know how marvelously soft Kleenex is—those absorbent tissues so widely used for removing face creams.

Used in place of handkerchiefs, they relieve much of the wretchedness during hay fever season when soft, dry handkerchiefs are so necessary.

You know only too well, how miserable a handkerchief becomes. Embarrassing to carry, disgusting to look at, irritating to use, unpleasant to wash.

Inexpensive—use and destroy

Kleenex costs so little that you may destroy each tissue immediately after use. And how grateful is its downy softness to inflamed and sensitive skin! Kleenex absorbs nearly *twice as fast* as the softest of old linen handkerchiefs.

You'll find Kleenex at your nearest drug, dry goods or department store.

Use Kleenex for dusting and polishing, in place of unsanitary cloths. Buy an extra package for the automobile. It's handy in a score of ways when motoring.

KLEENEX *Disposable* **TISSUES**

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.
Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

PH-9

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

The Way I See It

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

depression. People with far more reputation and experience than I were without engagements, without prospects of ever getting any.

New York, it seemed to me, was the only hope. Out of a kind of professional and financial bankruptcy, I laid out all but my last few pounds in a second-class passage to America and arrived in New York, armed with a fat sheaf of letters of introduction to film and theatrical people.

BUT the depression I found in New York made London seem comparatively prosperous. All the picture studios were closed; all the theatrical managers were gloomily shaking their heads. A boarding house in Brooklyn succeeded my first quarters in a Times Square hotel, and, even with two weeks of a walk-on part at $50 a week, how to pay the landlady was becoming a pressing problem. I was beginning to see that my schedule of simple success might have large gaps in it.

From sheer economic necessity, I took parts in road companies, with "The Green Goddess" and "East is West." Such rôles were useless in building a career in America, but I had no choice.

I think it was at about this time that I began to feel the need of that anchor to windward, that private guarantee against having to go through useless motions in order to stay alive, which would have sounded merely ridiculous to me two years before.

At any rate, when "East is West" returned to New York, I had determined to get myself out of this fly-by-night profession, much as I liked the active aspects of it, and spend the rest of my life playing safe, earning something and saving something.

I had not been a failure. My kind of success had been worse than failure. A flash of luck here, a short, quick recognition there, a touch of success in something else, with long intervals of perplexity between. And just when the last ray of hope had gone out, something else would turn up to keep me alive and tantalized for a little while longer.

But I was through with it now, and went earnestly about getting a steady, reliable job. I had been a steamship clerk in London; and clerks of some sort must be needed in New York. Perhaps they were; but no one ever admitted it in my hearing. I was only too willing to devote myself to earning my board and lodging with a few dollars left over, week in and week out; the difficulty was that the opportunity to do so did not offer, pursue it as earnestly as I might.

And, at that point, my erratic fate threw me back into the theater with a handsome offer from Mr. Henry Miller to play opposite Miss Ruth Chatterton in the New York production of "La Tendresse."

WHAT moved Mr. Miller to this rash step I never knew. At the time, it appealed to my new prudence as an opportunity to build up a small nest-egg for future emergencies, and I accepted it. But when I found myself back on the stage, working again at the only profession I knew, well treated, even actively praised by the newspapers, I found out that I liked it too well to give it up. This was my work, if I could only maintain my resolution to save money, and so prevent getting soaked to the skin in the rainy days of which the actor's life is full.

The fact that, although an Englishman born, I could pass for an Italian, again took a hand in my life. Mr. Henry King, then planning to take Miss Lillian Gish to Italy to make "The White Sister" appeared during the fourth week of "La Tendresse" and made strenuous efforts to secure me for her leading man. It was true that I had worked a little in English pictures and that he offered me a salary well above what Mr. Miller could pay for my services; but I had no reason to suppose that I would do well enough in pictures to make the experiment worth while.

Mr. King was persuasive; Mr. Miller was generous about releasing me; but in the end it was the hope of laying by enough money for a breathing spell in which to take stock of myself which brought about my consent.

For the first time in my life I was actively concerned about where I wanted to go and how I wanted to get there.

I sometimes wonder why my real success began as soon as I got into this frame of mind. If I were superstitious, I should say that fate was rewarding me for an effort to make sense out of myself.

AT any rate, "The White Sister" and "Romola" which succeeded it on the same trip with Mr. King and Miss Gish, did so well by me that, while I was still in Italy, there came an offer from Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for my services in Hollywood. There could be no breathing-spell, but the consciousness of having put by a considerable sum of money, plus a certain pride in my ability to do so, had made the breathing spell unnecessary. My fan mail from "The White Sister" convinced me that there was something in Hollywood for me; and I accepted Mr. Goldwyn's offer, beginning an association which has continued seven years.

The nature of that association has been bound up with my new attitude. The first picture in which he used me brought a steadily increasing reputation, so that, when the time came for him to take up my option, I found myself with several offers from other studios. I think Mr. Goldwyn offered me less money than any of the others; I know that several offers were considerably larger than his. But I stayed with Mr. Goldwyn.

Three years before, I should have been possessed of only a few hundred dollars, no matter what I had been earning, and would have been quite capable of accepting the highest offer merely because it was the highest. In my old way of thinking, that would have been the logical thing to do.

But, now, I still had a large portion of my recent earnings intact. I had been realizing, through my new feeling for my work, that Mr. Goldwyn's way of handling me was the way I wanted to be handled. Now, with money in the bank, I could afford to disregard the temporary advantage of a few hundred dollars more per week and assume a bit of financial disadvantage for the sake of long-run values.

In other words, I was now in a position where I could forget about the necessity of *keeping* my job, and could devote myself to the consideration of how to *do* my job properly. I could afford to take the job which offered the most opportunity for me, and such an attitude toward matters would have been impossible if those lean months in New York and sad experience in the frantic, hand-to-mouth life of the theater had not bullied me into seeing things in a new light.

I SOON found that being able to surrender the added revenue which might have come from a rapid succession of "factory" pictures and over-night exploitation was extremely fortunate. Mr. Goldwyn's supervision of my work was amazingly shrewd and careful. He built up what is known in theatrical terms as my "draw" slowly, cautiously and permanently.

And I was beginning to be financially independent so that, when the "talkies" came

along to shake the picture world upside down, I would have been in no serious danger if my screen career had ended then and there.

As it happened, "Bulldog Drummond," my first talking picture, was an outstanding success, and those which have followed it, "Condemned," "Raffles," "The Devil to Pay" and the new "The Unholy Garden," have been equally gratifying.

But I know there must be an end to all things. One of these days, or one of these months, or one of these years, Mr. Goldwyn will find that this contract of ours, which has kept on renewing itself for seven years, promises him only financial loss. And at that time I fancy we will solve the problem by tearing up the contract.

But, at that juncture, I shall again be able to afford plans, a purpose, a future. No man under forty likes to think of the productive part of his life as finished. I shall not mind the process of being forgotten by the screen public, for that will be merely a preliminary step for something else.

After living for a few years in the California that I love, I may go back to the legitimate theater with a vigorous and healthful independence of mind as well as of means.

I SHALL not be forced to take any part which offers me a temporary livelihood. I can choose what I am to do and do it for my own satisfaction alone, not in a desperate struggle to stay afloat.

Acting is my job, as I found out when I was forced back into it. I shall continue to work at my job as long as I can, for the job's sake and not for the sake of three meals a day. In that way, I have already had far more joy in my work than I ever had in the old days of hand-to-mouth.

The need of a job or the fear of losing one is a torturing thing.

Putting money in the bank is the only way of making money unimportant. When a crisis arrives, it means the opportunity for calm, orderly thinking and studied planning. It dissipates the need for snap decisions on the basis of an expediency which may not be really expedient. It gives one's future purpose and direction.

There can be direction and purpose without great savings of money, I suppose, but I am afraid that most of us will find it difficult.

Or, at least, that is what one picture-actor discovered in the process of learning how to give himself an opportunity to do his job properly.

Love on the Rocks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

All manner of pets roamed the *hacienda*. Dogs were always underfoot. Canaries twittered all over the house, and eagles, Gary's gifts to Lupe, screamed outside. The house was filled with guests at all hours, all days. One day Lupe picked up two girl tap-dancers and a Mexican guitar player and announced they were under personal contract to her, just for fun. Dressmakers, sales-people, their arms filled with new clothes, poured in and out in a steady stream.

"Isn't he beee-ootiful? Isn't he grrrand?" she would scream at her guests, and leap into Cooper's lap. The next minute she would say "Oh, how I hate that man!" and go for him with the nearest thing at hand.

And Gary? He took it patiently, with much amusement—as gentle as a big Newfoundland dog. Oh, never a dull moment in the Velez *menage*—an all-day, all-night circus. And real love dwelt amid that ineffable goofiness—that superb madness—and the young folks were happy.

Lupe wore an engagement ring and a wedding ring. (She paid $1,000 apiece for them,

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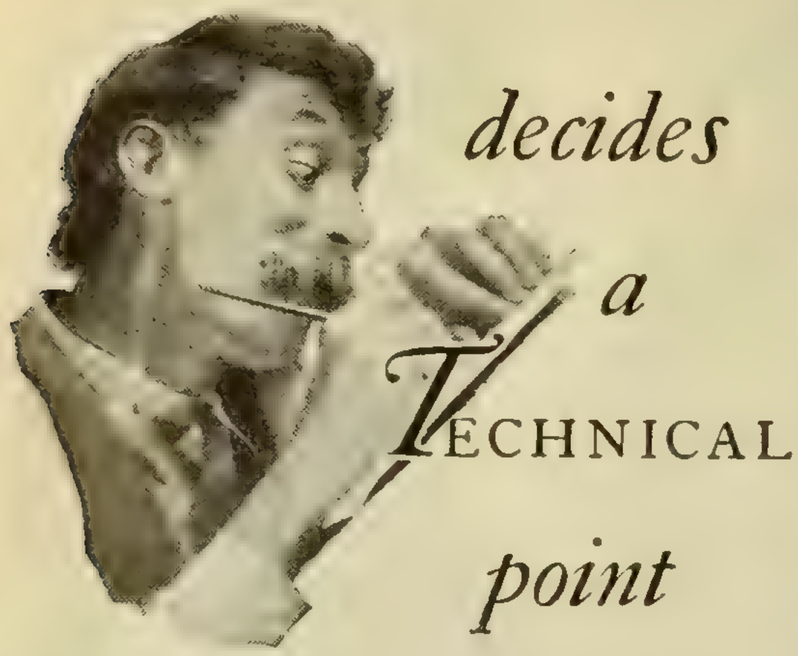
It's the most natural thing in the world to want to be attractive and the easiest thing in the world to be if you only cultivate a rosy, shapely mouth. The daily habit of chewing DOUBLE MINT will do more for your teeth and lips than can be estimated. Scientists, Beauty Specialists and Dentists state that chewing helps to form charming mouth contours. Keep a package always handy on your dressing table and in your purse. Enjoy it during the many informal moments which you have throughout the day.

"Chic" Sale—The

Specialist



decides a TECHNICAL *point*

I'LL tell you about a technical point that was put to me the other day. The question was this: "Do you advise everybody to eat those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box?" It stumped me fer a spell, but this bein' a reasonable question, I checked up and I sez: "No, I don't. There are some folks that I advise against it.

"If you are an ordinary person," I sez, "eat 'em. They'll do you good. Eat 'em and be happy. But if you are one of these folks that enjoy bad health, don't eat 'em. Because if you do they'll git you to feelin' fine. Then you'll be unhappy because you won't have anything to complain about."

"Chic" Sale

To millions E-X-L-A-X spells G-O-O-D H-E-A-L-T-H. They're the little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box.

Ex-Lax checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative. The exclusive formula of Ex-Lax is simply the correct blending of the scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein, with a chocolated base of delicious quality.

Ex-Lax is safe and effective for all ages—non-habit forming—convenient—and, *oh, so delicious!* At all druggists in 10c, 25c and 50c boxes. Send coupon below for free sample.

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but no one knew that then!) Mere talk rose to a roar. But Lupe and Gary said nothing—tended to their own business—just went on loving each other, as true sweethearts do. Let the world gabble.

The conduct of their romance was a model of propriety, good sense and good taste in the face of a curious and rapaciously gossipy public and press.

BUT a couple of months ago came the great change.

Advice was given, and taken. Probably some pretty cruel things were said, "for the best interests of all concerned," the phrase sometimes goes. It's a safe wager that a few bitter, salt tears were shed.

Gary had been ill—he's always been too tall for his tonnage, it's seemed to me. Lupe was between pictures. And, oh—the big blaze had been doused, that's all. Common sense and sober argument had taken off the glow, rubbed off the sheen, from true romance that never counted costs.

Gary, thin and sober-eyed, went off to Europe to rest and recuperate. Lupe packed some of her hundreds of gay duds, said bye-bye to her seventy-seven canaries and started off on a tour of the vaudevilles.

I saw Gary on his way to Europe—and I saw Lupe on Broadway—and there wasn't enough spontaneous gayety in the two of them to make one wooden-headed marionette.

Then I went to the Palace, that vaudevillian's heaven, where the Mexican Monsoon was performing as the headline attraction.

Oh sure—Lupe leaped, and leaped vigorously. Lupe did a rhumba dance that all but set fire to the back drop, and did send the nude-headed gents in the front row into paroxysms and howls of glee. And Lupe did a series of those cruel, keen impersonations that must blister some of Hollywood's higher-toned doll-babies.

Gloria Swanson, and "my *dear* fellow-countrywoman, Dolores del Rio," and a new and screamingly funny one of Marlene "Main Stems" Dietrich—how brutal and devastating Lupe's "imitations" are!

But I could see from my pew in Row A—practically in the lap of the trap-drummer—that Lupe the Whoopee had been tamed by the bludgeonings of fate. True, she was up there on the lighted platform, punching away, giving her all and doing her damndest for the cash customers.

True, also, that her cavortings and bellowings were practically a hundred per cent synthetic—there was a definite something in those hitherto red-hot eyes that told me she was having practically no fun at all, up there.

No—Lupe was satisfying the customers, that was all, and I, who had seen her lash around when she really meant it, felt a chill in spite of the high temperature, and was plenty sad.

I never quite saw orb to orb with some of Lupe's ill-advised tricks—like sticking the stubs of her guests' cigars in the salt cellar while their backs were turned—but at the same time nobody likes to see a panther turned into a tabby cat. And the snap had certainly gone out of Lupe's garters.

So it's finale, curtains, exit march and out into the street for one of Hollywood's hottest love stories. Oh, when Coop gets back from the other side, and Lupe parks her steel guitar in Hollywood once more, they'll meet, and probably see eye to eye. Big, red lumps of love never quite go to cold ashes.

But doubt's crept in, and cold reason, and sober judgment—and all those silly things that douse the flame.

"I'M not married," Lupe tells the nosey reporters, "I never have been married, and I doubt if I ever will be married."

"I'm going away for a rest," Mr. Cooper remarks to the press.

And they ache inside, as young lovers will, for great days gone.

Heigho! Little Eva is dead, but the show goes on. Dizzy Hollywood will turn to new tidbits, new romances, new gossip, and new flames.

But old codgers like you and me will talk of the great days when Lupe and Gary were lovers—oh Lordy, how they could love—swore to be true to each other.

And Lupe will be leaping around with her strangely dead eyes.

And Gary will just be goin' along—just goin' along doing his stuff!

A New Picture Thief

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Blondell, of Blondell and Company—vaudeville headliners—made good money and spent it all—mostly on Blondy. She had everything. Walking and talking dolls when only little millionairesses were supposed to afford them. Private schools for girls—which she hates.

"I LEARNED more rot in girls' schools than I ever learned on the stage—" she says with decision. And she has ideas. A carload of them. Especially about men. A young Lochinvar would come out of the West and sweep her off her landing and whirl her away to happiness forever and ever.

He came. "I found my dreams. Only—" she hesitated, then gulped her Spanish rice hurriedly with a grim little line about her mouth—"he didn't. He had his dreams and I wasn't one of them. I couldn't do anything, could I? He answered my dreams; I didn't his." She shrugged. "That's when I learned my motto for life: Take it easy and laugh!"

So she's still in love with a dream when she needs to be in love with a man!

And right on top of this lesson, the rest of her life-blocks toppled around her. Vaudeville went on the shoot-the-shoots and daddy and mother were out of jobs. They had two thousand dollars. They got out a map, found a town named Lessville, in Louisiana, and for no-reason-at-all except the name sounded different from any town they'd ever played in any country, headed for it. A ready-to-wear shop across from a stool-restaurant!

Joan's eyes widen today when she talks of that restaurant. She had never seen anything like it. Her training and her dreams didn't include it.

"It was an awful place! They cut hair in the front of our shop. I sold shoes; my sister sold hose and my mother sold dresses. All we saw were men getting shaves and hair cuts. On Saturday, unless somebody stabbed someone else, the day was unsuccessful for the *town* as well as the restaurant!

"I was getting awfully restless when I looked on the street one noon, and saw a college boy (one of the few) whom I knew slightly, supported by two men. I ran out and asked what was the trouble and discovered the local doctor had amputated his arm without an anaesthetic. In two hours we had sold out and were moving. I couldn't stand it!"

DENTON, Texas, next. Another ready-to-wear emporium which catered to the girls attending the College of Industrial Arts. Everything running in high-gear when the college decided uniforms were more fitting for young ladies.

Whoops! The business hit the skids with a vengeance.

In the meantime, Joan had been playing tricks on the rest of the family. She had gone to Dallas to buy dresses (she was now head-buyer!) and telephoned home to say she was remaining to play a week with "No, No, Nanette."

She took another week off for "What Price Glory."

So when the girls put the ready-to-wear on the toboggan, she shook her shoulders, squared her hips and murmured, "Somebody's got to take care of this family. They're a vaudeville troup and therefore they don't know anything but wandering from one town to another and spending more money than they make. I guess it's up to me—"

SHE manipulated them to New York City. But not the New York City she had known with father's big pay check of a few years before. They didn't look up their friends; they lived in Greenwich Village and Joan pounded pavements.

She even went to new booking agents so the old ones wouldn't learn the true conditions. And there was just nothing doing.

Yet, Joan clung to that two-year-old philosophy, "Take it easy and laugh," and stopped in front of a book store at 89th and Broadway to take it easy and give the cardboard soles a rest.

She couldn't help but laugh at the messy array of books in that window.

Suddenly she had an inspiration and walked in. "I could clean up that window for five dollars and I need the five dollars."

She did such a good job on the window that the woman asked her if she could use twenty-five dollars weekly. And that's how Joan Blondell got the money to go to John Murray Anderson's school for dancing and take all the other lessons that go with stage training and support her family.

Before book store hours and *after* them, mind you.

And right there, she should walk into a soft stage job and fame overnight according to the run of such stories. Only she didn't. The store closed. A death in the family. And Joan went down to her last dime. Not *dollar* but *dime*.

Then she got desperately in earnest.

"I've just got to find another store window," she told herself. "I can't take it easy but I *can* laugh."

So she went into Al Wood's office with a blister on her heel, pushed her hat back, yanked her shoe off and nursed her foot and laughed. A man came out and addressed the score of waiting, desperate young women.

"Mr. Woods won't be back today. You can all go."

Then he heard the laugh and saw the shoeless foot, and added, "Except the little girl in the red hat."

He took her into an office and left her. While she was waiting she took off her stocking, too. She was nursing her bare limb when a man entered, asked what was the trouble. They fixed up the foot and then he asked, "Now, what do you want; why are you here?"

"I WANT a good job; I'm waiting for Al Woods."

"Well, I'm Al Woods and we'll get you a job—"

The lisping girl in "Mary Dugan" was the end of that conference and the beginning of a career which is really still just beginning.

"So you see, I was really just taking it easy and nursing a foot when I got my break and do you know, I think the trouble with me this morning was I'd forgotten to 'Take it easy and laugh.' I'm going back right now and stop worrying and I'll get that shot right. Thank you for letting me talk it out to you. Come over for an interview any time you're ready—"

I think I'll just start taking interviews easy, too, Joan. Thanks for the invitation. I haven't accepted because you taught me your lesson!

A NEW

Autumn

FACE FOR YOU

You have had a gorgeous summer — but what has the blazing, withering sun done to you? The drying sun coarsens the skin, makes it sallow — perhaps it has given you freckles or squint lines.....

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The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

THE MAGNIFICENT LIE—Paramount

OUT and out Chatterton fans will like "The Magnificent Lie," but it isn't up to her usual pictures. However, the picture brings forward a fine, forceful personality with a magnificent voice in Ralph Bellamy, the leading man, and Stuart Erwin gives us his usual fine comedy relief in a sad story.

THE MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA—Super Film Prod.

WHEN foreign-made films are sober, few of ours compare with their gloom. But when they're gay, like this one, where are others so sparkling? Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. You'll love the music, especially the rippling waltz songs.

CAUGHT—Paramount

ALTHOUGH this is billed as a Richard Arlen picture, it's really Louise Dresser's. She appears, and interestingly, in the character of *Calamity Jane*, a much-mythed-about personage of the old West. *Jane's* an outlaw and Arlen comes in as the head of the band of soldiers sent out to get her. He does; it's found she's his mother, and all ends more or less happily.

SPORTING BLOOD—M-G-M

AN exquisitely photographed biography of a race horse. Clark Gable is featured, but Gable fans will be disappointed at the fact that the film runs forty-five minutes before he makes his first appearance. From then on, the boy's good. Horse devotees will thrill at the story. Ernest Torrence and Madge Evans do grand work, but the photographers rate top honors, especially in the Blue Grass country scenes.

THE BRAT—Fox

MAUDE FULTON'S famous stage play of the night court waif, who, adopted into an egotistical author's home, upsets rows of apple carts before the happy ending, makes a good movie. As the brat herself, Sally O'Neil makes an interesting comeback. Her rough-and-tumble battle with Virginia Cherrill alone is worth the admission price. Some lovely gowns are worn by Cherrill and June Collyer. Photography fine.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE—First National

YOU remember Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in "The Americano"? Here's practically the same plot played by Douglas, Jr. Only it's not as good as the silent—perhaps because Doug. Jr., only climbs one trellis while father hopped from one to another. The son does a nice piece of light, airy work, however, and Loretta Young is easier to look at than ever. The fault lies in another weak story.

ENEMIES OF THE LAW—Regal Prod.

ANOTHER gangster film with Mary Nolan as the *Eagle's* moll, but really *Miss 66* from the inspector's office. Lou Tellegen, face lift and all, plays the heavy. The plastic surgeon did a lot, but he didn't stop Lou from mugging. Tellegen is the *Swan*, Johnny Walker the *Eagle*. And in case you don't feel badly enough already, everybody is very tough and they all get killed.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK—Paramount

IT'S a shame! With such a cast this should be a wow. As is usual with poor pictures, the story treatment is to blame. It's disjointed and slow. Even terrific gruesomeness, based upon three murders, doesn't save it. Only those who enjoy shudders at any cost will be thrilled. Don't blame Lilyan Tashman, William Boyd, Irving Pichel, Regis Toomey, Sally O'Neil or the long list of other fine players.

EAST OF BORNEO—Universal

THIS is another of the far-away adventure stories that must inevitably follow in the wake of "Trader Horn." It's a splendidly photographed thrill-story against a background compounded of real Borneo scenery and animal-shots, plus excellent studio miniatures and other "fakery." It's exciting enough and beautiful enough to satisfy theater-goers, with adequate work by Charles Bickford, Rose Hobart and Georges Renavent.

THE SKIN GAME—British International

THIS isn't one of those things to make you leave the theater turning handsprings—a little too long drawn out and tedious—but it is especially well acted and is touched by that rare charm which Galsworthy's plays always have. Because the film was made in England, the actors are unfamiliar; however, Edmund Gwenn takes first honors. And there's a very nice girl, Jill Esmond.

SIDE SHOW—Warners

ARTHUR CAESAR is supposed to be a brilliant wit. He must save his bright remarks for Hollywood drawing-rooms since he is credited with the insipid dialogue of this one. You can't blame Winnie Lightner or Charles Butterworth who do the best they can with impossible situations and lines. Of course, there are a few funny gags and a very naughty song. It's a circus yarn.

SALVATION NELL—Tiffany-Cruze

HELEN CHANDLER almost makes you believe there are still meek little girls like the one she portrays, who continue to love and cherish men who take everything from them, including money and virtue, and give nothing. Ralph Graves, as the ne'er-do-well lover, convinces you there are men just like him whom women love in spite of themselves. Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story.

WILD HORSE—Allied

HOOT GIBSON, ridin' hard for the top-ranking place among screen Western players, works hard. He does some trick rodeo riding, captures a wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer and his audience's delight. Scenes with trained horses add to the thrills, and a fight between two of them is an out-of-the-ordinary screen shot.

THE FIGHTING SHERIFF—Columbia

HERE'S another Western, departing hardly at all from the dependable old formula of outlaws, the villain, the sweet and naïve her-

oine, the good and honest hero and the usual mechanics of working it all out to a happy ending. However, it's packed with action, snappily directed, and adequately played by Buck Jones, Loretta Sayers, Nena Quartaro and others, so it'll probably entertain most picture-goers.

WOMEN GO ON FOREVER—Tiffany-Cruze

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG makes an interesting comeback in this—a racketeering yarn wherein she effectively plays the hard-boiled landlady of that sort of apartment house where almost anything may happen. And does. Murders, a few heart affairs, illicit and otherwise, and various forms of life-on-the-edge keep the picture lively and frequently thrilling. Plenty of comedy relief keeps it from overheaviness.

WOMEN MEN MARRY—Headline Prod.

IF you don't take this seriously, you may find it not too dull. A young couple (Sally Blane and Randolph Scott) move to New York, and the wicked city proves too much for the good little wife. While hubby is working hard to make good in the big city his young bride gets into all sorts of indiscreet and dangerous situations, led on by that film adventuress, Natalie Moorehead. Miss Moorhead wears stunning clothes.

SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR—Warners—First Division

WHEN you have seen this picture—if such is to be your Fate—you'll be convinced that *Sherlock Holmes* was the dullest, most tedious man who ever made a deduction. And *Watson* nothing short of an idiot. This is about a criminal who simply insists upon forging Bank of England notes. What do you make of it, *Watson?* We'll take *Philo Vance* and *Charlie Chan.*

LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal

JUST another Western—only this one is South of the Rio Grande. Jimmy Mack Brown is the ranger; Leo Carrillo the bad man and Slim Summerville the touch of humor. Dorothy Burgess is the dame—of contention. There's good riding, some not bad scenery and the usual fights and gun play to thrill Western fans.

According to Seymour, you'll be wearing hats like this one of June Collyer's this Fall. It has a decided Second Empire feeling what with the sharp dip over the right eye and the bow trimming at the side. In white felt with black velvet ribbon trim. Very coquettish, isn't it?

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FIRST AID—Sono Art

HERE is a melodramatic absurdity that is a throwback to the silent screen's early days, and the fellow who threw this one threw it back a long way. It is full of jewel thieves, drunken ambulance doctors, erring brothers and virtuous dance hall hostesses, all of whom do unconvincing things unconvincingly. You wouldn't even like it even if it was good. Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman are the principals.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE—Classic

A CLASS-ROOM lecture on evolution transported to the screen, with Clarence Darrow, celebrated lawyer and lecturer, and Dr. H. M. Parshley, professor of zoology at Smith College, explaining the process. The film covers the millions of years since our common progenitors were just a scrambled lot of bewildered amoebas, making whoopee in an antediluvian ooze. It's dull and unentertaining, full of charts and *papier mache* figures.

ALIAS THE BAD MAN—Tiffany Prod.

THIS time Ken Maynard is a Texas ranger who conceals his identity while unraveling the mystery of who killed his pappy and rustled the cattle. What should have been a simple and conventional Western has been developed into an absurd, unbelievable story. Even confirmed Western fans, who expect and demand little in the way of originality from this type of entertainment, will find it hard to swallow.

MEN OF THE SKY—First National

ANOTHER in that group of war pictures which gave Marlene Dietrich and Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., such excellent vehicles, but which is too flimsy and miscast to come up to the standard set by these two. If you can imagine Bramwell Fletcher, an English actor with a decided English accent, playing a German officer, yours is a vivid imagination, indeed. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting belong in musical comedy, not drama.

Charm? No! No! You Must Have Glamour

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

seduction? Would the fans stand it? Would they ever go to see her pictures again? Look at Norma today. One small seduction! Shades of the purity league! Look what she did in "The Divorcee," in "Strangers May Kiss," in "A Free Soul."

Certainly a little peccadillo is now one of the minor vices. Nowadays the heroine goes right out and gets her man and does with him as she wills.

Nobody minds, and the fans seem to like it. Money, box-office money, speaks.

IT'S all because now Norma has glamour. A self-made glamour, it is true, but glamour nevertheless. Her clothes (that loose evening gown she wore in "A Free Soul"), her spritely, gay manner, her rippling laugh—which, if you ask me, ripples over our screen a little too fluently—her madcap method of living—all these things have surrounded her upon the screen. Shearer, with that sixth sense that has made her what she now is, realized long before the rest of us that this was the new mood.

She even, upon occasions, surrounds her personal life with an aura of glamour.

If you were to see Dietrich in "Three Loves," a German film made before Joseph Von Sternberg found those black silk stockings and garters, you would not believe her the same old poker face who met the firing squad in "Dishonored."

She is, in "Three Loves," rather plump, rather bouncing and she skips through her scenes with a lightsomeness that the glamorous ladies never allow themselves.

And if "Gosta Berling's Saga," Garbo's first important Swedish epic, happened to cross your line of vision, you will remember Garbo then as a rather cow-eyed, heavy heroine who hadn't any notion what it was all about. A far cry—a far cry, indeed!—from these two early European ladies to the women we know upon the screen.

And who would ever have thought that the plump Joan Crawford of "Sally, Irene and Mary" could be the same vivid, exciting girl of "Our Blushing Brides"? "Sally, Irene and Mary" recalls the fact that Constance Bennett played the lead in that film. She didn't make much of a hit.

She had glamour then when nobody could use it.

So instead of going on and sinking into slow obscurity she married a young millionaire, led a gay Parisian life, got a divorce and returned to enroll, as best pupil, in the glamour school.

I hate to keep harping on it, but it seems to me that one of the great screen tragedies is the case of Aileen Pringle—a woman much before her time. She lived, upon the screen, in that sharply defined black and white era when a woman was very, very good or very, very bad. Those nice gray heroines were unknown.

Aileen has glamour—the playmate of the intelligentsia, the smart sophisticate—all the things that are required.

But when she was a star, nobody knew what that was all about.

Maybe she'll make a come-back, like Shearer. She deserves it.

Lilyan Tashman, of course, set about to make herself smart, sophisticated, glamorous. It was a definite campaign on Lil's part and she's succeeded.

And being glamorous is the only hope of movie survival.

Where are the ingénues?

I've already mentioned three. But there are others—Betty Bronson, Madge Bellamy, Mary Philbin, Colleen Moore, Marceline and Alice Day, Jeanette Loff and many, many more. All nice girls.

Gone—all gone.

BUT even before this group, even before the day of the vamps already mentioned there was an ingénue era. It runs like this—sweet girls, vamps, sweet girls again and now glamour.

There was Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter (who imitated her none too successfully), Blanche Sweet, Edith Storey, Lila Lee (the "Cuddles" Lila and not the girl who blossomed into sophisticated rôles later), Lillian Gish, May Allison, Mae Marsh. Remember those glorified close-ups?

A girl could not be a star without a halo of golden hair.

The halo was supposedly made by pure sunlight but in reality it was an electrician's trick.

If you will glance with me through the contract lists of the various studios, you'll find the truth of all this.

We now want something to tickle the imagination, something to whet the sophisticated appetite.

Something to lift us out of ourselves away from the people who behave like human beings—the people we know.

Among the feminine players at Paramount, you'll find the most outstanding are Dietrich, Lilyan Tashman, Eleanor Boardman (no longer

the ingénue, but a woman with a woman's mind), Claudette Colbert, Juliette Compton, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis. The only real ingénue is Frances Dee. But she's been taken up by Director Von Sternberg, so who knows what might happen.

AT M-G-M you'll find the Garbo, the Crawford, the Shearer. Marion Davies is a light *comedienne*. Certainly Leila Hyams is far from being ingénuish. And there's also Hedda Hopper.

Anita Page is still there, but she has not made good her promise of stardom. No glamour, you see.

Dorothy Jordan is an exception, and yet she does seem to put more into her rôles than mere sweetness.

Pathe is knee deep in glamour—Pola Negri, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett. There is also Helen Twelvetrees, who began by being Gish-y and ended by being "Millie."

The same condition exists at most of the other studios. But there's one amazing exception. Janet Gaynor is Sweetness and Sunshine in its most advanced stages and yet you love her. "Daddy Long Legs," a sweet, sweet picture, upset everything by insisting upon breaking records at the box-office. This is, it seems, some strange phenomenon, for which there is no accounting. Of course, the public taste is as ephemeral as a penny balloon and maybe by the time this gets in print you'll be bored with glamour and wanting something else.

But at the moment, glamour has *it*, and if the lovelorn column conductors want to keep abreast of the times they'd better start doling out advice about how to achieve it. You simply won't be able to get a date for the junior prom without it.

It is difficult. Charm and sweetness are more easily managed because they're more understandable.

Glamour is as elusive as Garbo being interviewed.

Looking at it purely objectively it seems to be something that one gets by sitting quietly in a corner and letting not a flicker of intelligence, interest or even just a faint suggestion that you're really living, cross the face. It seems to be, also, something about never smiling—except in a slow, bitter way. And it seems to be mentally counting ten between every word of every sentence. But it's more than that. That is the Dietrich-Garbo glamour.

Shearer glamour is being sparkling but not meaning a single word or gesture.

It all seems to center about unrest and wanting something or other which never seems to happen.

We're getting pretty doggone neurotic, we are.

I PERSONALLY haven't been able to get the straight of the thing. Dull little girls suddenly burst out as glamorous, gorgeous ladies. I ought to be able to give you advice about how to do it, but since I've not been able to go glamorous, I always think I'd feel a little silly if I tried it and I know my friends—the mugs—would laugh. I'm not much of a one to tell you how.

The best way, I believe, if you insist upon bringing all this into your personal life, is to sit alone with your soul in your favorite darkened theater and watch the screen antics—or rather the total lack of antics—of Garbo, Dietrich, Elissa Landi, Pola Negri, Constance Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Tallulah Bankhead and like ilk. Then go out and try to be glamorous. You must do it for social success these days.

Cut off the curls, slick down the hair, get lithe, go blonde, very blonde, and try glamour on your friends.

You'll probably get laughed at—but better luck next time!

At least, you simply must stop being charming.

SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious *then*, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

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Roughing It With Clara

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

desert and range—thirty miles one way, forty the other. The nearest ranch house is thirty-five miles away. But Searchlight, Nevada,—gold-mining town—is only six.

Altitude, 3,800 feet. "Bothers my nose—gives me nosebleeds," Clara complained later. On the ranch is the biggest yucca grove in the world. Countless cattle somewhere on the range—out of sight of the house. Wild horses Buzzards. Lizards. Jack-rabbits. Bleached bones every few hundred yards—cattle, not human!—and hungry birds circling overhead.

AND out of the unpainted wooden shack stroll Clara and Rex to bid you welcome to their desert home.

You're startled at Clara! First thing you notice is that she's far from slim. Clara never was svelte. She's further from it now than ever. "I've put on sixteen pounds," she says, because she notices you're noticing.

"Sure," adds Earl Simpson, ranch superintendent, "and she eats plenty."

There's a very definite double chin on Clara. Her face is moon round. Her arms and her what-Mencken-calls-sitzplatz are plenty. Her hair is still blonde—blonde and straight and wild. The desert breeze whips it into furious disorder; it's in her face more than out of it.

"I'm sorry I had it bleached," she laments. "It made it so dry and brittle and harsh. I hope it comes back in its original color."

Her face is strangely pale, despite the sunburn on her arms. They're halfway between tan and red burn. She sees you notice it, and without further ado, peels up her white jersey sweatshirt and shows you her back—really brown, and all over, even under the brassie straps. She takes that off when she sunbathes.

But her face is pale. "You've got to be so careful of your complexion here, with the sun and the wind and the alkali and the sand," she says. Her lips bear the mark of lipstick, but most of it's gone soon after she puts it on. She wears it more to keep her lips from chapping than for looks.

But her eyes are the most amazing things. In them, there's an indescribable hurt. They're utterly, supremely world-weary. You may say to yourself, when you read those sob-sister stories about how Clara has suffered, that it's ninety per cent hooey. But look at those eyes, and you begin to understand. All the tiredness of years and years and years—more actual 365-day years than she has lived—are in those eyes.

She's wearing white jersey sailor pants. Her shorts show through, they're that thin. And a sweat shirt, same material. A scarf around her neck—sometimes over her hair to keep it out of her eyes. Sturdy, flat-heeled, white buckskin sports shoes. No stockings. A chain bracelet for adornment.

She's got no show clothes up there with her. Besides the outfit she's got on, she's got some riding clothes—not the formal kind, the real riding kind. And some lounging pajamas. That's all.

REX wears overalls, sweat shirt, boots, stetson hat. That's what cowboys wear—none of these fuzzy chaps, spurs, gaudy shirts, screaming bandanas . . .

"Well, what do you think of the house?" Rex asks. He's grinning. Swell chap, Rex Bell. You like him, instinctively. You watch him with Clara, and you know darned well that he's sincerely in love with that girl, and wants to help her. That's why he's got her on the ranch, away from people, whoopee, bother . . .

You admit you're surprised.

"Well, we haven't done a single thing to fix it up, you see," he explains, "because it's still in escrow." Then he takes you in and lets you see it. If you were surprised *outside*, wait till you get in. The things we, in the cities, call necessities just don't exist here, where Clara and Rex are living.

There's no bathroom. There's not anything that goes in a bathroom! How do they bathe, then? Well, there are three courses open:

1.—Don't bathe.

2.—Sponge bath in a basin.

3.—The shower. The shower is outside, at one corner of the shack. It's a canvas-enclosed gadget, the size of a little clothes closet. Into the top of it, a pipe runs from the ranch water-supply system. The supply system consists of a twelve-mile-long pipe from a hill spring which brings water for drinking, washing, cooking, and the cattle. When you want a shower, you peel, step into the canvas closet, turn on the water from the pipe and let it run over you. Look out at first because the pipe is exposed to the sun, and the first water is hot enough to scald you. In a minute, it's cold enough to nearly freeze you.

"BUT I never use it," Clara says. "The canvas is loose, and there's too much breeze. A whiff, and I'd look like September Morn taking a sunbath. Maybe I'd shock the cows." So she bathes in a basin.

Clara's bedroom is a kick!—

It occupies one end of the shack—windows on three sides. Furnishings: a cot for the nurse who is there with Clara; a few chairs; a marble-topped bureau like you used to see years and years ago. A washstand, with a basin and pitcher on top of it, and a little closet underneath.

An improvised clothes rack on which hang the few things Clara's taken there with her. And Clara's bed—this is the supreme shock . . .

It's one of those very, very old iron bedsteads. Not the modern metal kind, but the old kind with the small-diametered iron rods twisted into "pretty" shapes. The white paint is no longer white, and besides, 'tis chipping off.

Most amazing of all is the incongruity of the golden-yellow satin bedspread on it—Clara's one concession to gorgeousness.

Contrast this with Clara's Beverly Hills bedroom—old rose rug, canopied bed, specially built bedstead costing $250. Ivory enamel chests of drawers, chiffonier, bench, etc. Floor lamps, night stands, ottoman, bead flowers, French dolls, trick telephone stand . . .

None of that on the ranch. No phone within miles. No electric lights—just smelly kerosene lamps.

Clara is roughing it, and how rough you don't realize until you see it.

CLARA'S Beverly Hills bedroom is valued at $2,500 for the furnishings. Her Rex Bell ranch bedroom—no second-hand furniture man would pay more than $25 for the whole thing. In Beverly Hills, Clara has her own bathroom. On the Rex Bell ranch, she bathes in the basin—as for other conveniences, there aren't any beyond a corrugated-tin chicsale that's been built under a giant yucca tree back of the house.

Rex's bedroom is the porch. The porch has been built since Rex took the ranch over—and Clara helped build it. She nailed eighteen of the boards on the railing. Now she wants to help paint it. Rex doesn't want her to, because he saw her after she helped paint a doghouse for her Great Dane in Beverly Hills. When it was done, there was more green paint on Clara than on the doghouse. Rex's bed is just outside Clara's room—under one of her windows.

The nurse who occupies the cot in Clara's room is Mrs. Clara Collins, a middle-aged

graduate nurse who is still surprised at what a grand patient Clara is. "When I took the case," she says, "I expected temperament and trouble and fighting. But she's so sweet that I can't find words to praise her. She's a perfect patient."

There are rows and rows of bottles on Clara's dresser. Medicines and nerve tonics and sedatives. Clara still doesn't sleep much. Four or five hours a night is a good night's sleep for her.

"The wind keeps me awake," she complains. It sighs and whistles and howls and shakes the house. A week before she arrived, a twister took the side off the Bell barn.

BESIDES Clara and Rex and Mrs. Collins, the ranch personnel includes the Simpsons—Earl Simpson, cowboy-superintendent of the place, and his wife, Billie. Both are movie veterans. Mrs. Simpson, attractive red-haired woman, worked in pictures for years. She was a nurse with Western companies on location trips—and often played bits and extra stuff herself.

"Before I ever knew Clara, I doubled for her on a horse," she adds.

Earl Simpson, outspoken, blunt, doubled for Tom Mix in rough riding for years.

Besides them, there's one other man on the ranch—young, grinning Harry Wilder, cowboy. He's all put out because they asked him to milk a cow, so Clara can have fresh milk to drink, instead of the canned milk that's staple diet on ranches. "Hell, cowboys can't milk cows," he protested. So Superintendent Simpson has to milk the cow for Clara.

The Simpsons' bedroom is at the other end of the ranch house from Clara's. Between are the dining room and living-room. On the living-room walls are countless pictures of Clara, in every sort of costume, from elaborate things to next-to-nothing, like tights, or leopard-skin.

Mrs. Simpson does the housekeeping and cooking. She's not used to the wood-burning stove yet, because she's lived most her life in cities. "Every time I want to even fry an egg, I have to build a whole fire," she complains.

There's no ice-box, so they don't have meat very often. Nor ice water. The drinking water hangs in an earthen jug from the porch roof. A tin cup hangs beside it. Everybody drinks out of the same cup, dipping the water out of the jug.

"I'd like to offer you a drink," Rex apologized, "but all we've got is water. There ain't a drop of likker, or even beer, on the ranch. . ."

"I haven't had a thing since I came up here," interposed Clara.

". . . but down at Searchlight, you can get anything you want," Rex continued. "Searchlight's wide open, likker, beer, gambling, everything." Nevada has legalized gambling.

Not infrequently, Rex and Clara hop into their roadster at night and drive the six miles to Searchlight. They drop in at the National Club there—their favorite of the numerous gambling houses—and take a whirl at poker. Clara always pays when she loses—and doesn't stop the checks.

"Heh, heh, heh, heh," gurgled a bartender in Searchlight when asked about Clara's poker, "she can't git away with nothin' now since they legalized gamblin' here—she's gotta pay up now or they kin go collect it by law because it's a legal debt!"

"I seen her win sixty-seventy dollars the other night," he added. "Besides poker, Clara's gambling is confined to nickel-in-the slot machines. She never wins on those. Nobody does. But you can't lose much, playing nickels."

CLARA'S routine is so simple that it's tiresome: "Everybody gets up around five o'clock in the morning," she says, "but I don't. Oh, I'm usually awake—I hear them moving around—but I seem to be able to catch a few hours' sleep around that time, so I doze."

She gets up about eight or nine, usually. Breakfast is ready for her. Then she rides Andy, her pet horse, for an hour or so. Or plays around the corral with her pets—

There's Andy, and there's Sheik, a handsome stallion. And there's Skippy, a gangly colt that's hardly old enough to stand. Simpson had to kill its mother on the range one day—She was a wild horse. The colt followed him in, and Sheik adopted him. Now the colt and

Clara's front garden on the Nevada desert. It's a far cry from her home and gardens in Hollywood, but she is happier than ever before in her life

Far behind is the glory which was hers, and which brought her nothing but worry, pain and sorrow. Perhaps Clara is teaching us all a lesson

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the stallion are inseparable—Sheik fights dogs, steers, even humans when they come too close to the colt. Clara called the colt Skippy after the comic strip.

Then there's Duke, the prize-winning Great Dane dog Clara brought to the ranch with her. And there's Diablo, a tiny spaniel puppy. While Rex was driving her from Hollywood to the ranch, they passed a boy on the road holding a sign advertising the pup for sale. Clara made Rex stop and buy it. First she called it Satan, but renamed it Diablo.

LIZARDS run wild on the ranch—even inside the ranch house. They're friendly and what's more, they eat flies. Clara didn't like them at first, but she got used to them.

After lunch, Clara and Rex usually drive the fifteen miles to Nipton, where the railroad brings the mail and the wires bring telegrams. There's where they get fresh vegetables and do their shopping for food. A trip usually takes a few hours, because Clara stops and demonstrates her rifle prowess. She and Rex always have their rifles along—Clara pops away at rabbits and buzzards and tin cans.

Quite often, she supplies rabbits for supper. She wouldn't eat rabbits at first, but since she got to be good at shooting them, she joins in the feast.

She and Rex hunt together, in the auto. That's Rex's tough luck, because he drives. When they sight a rabbit, by the time Rex stops, Clara has her rifle aimed and shoots the rabbit.

The ride to Nipton, and hunting usually kill the ranch afternoon for Clara. Then comes supper—and usually, by eight o'clock it's bedtime. And that's the day for Clara!

She varies it with the occasional visit to Searchlight, with Rex, for a whirl at poker. She hadn't attended the Searchlight dance yet, as this is written, but plans to go. Everybody comes from miles around and the old West spirit prevails. The dances never end until daylight—and with saloons wide open, and the rattle of chips and the shuffle of cards and the whir of gambling wheels and machines, it's like the wild West of decades ago.

Searchlight folk don't pay much attention to Clara. She was interesting the first time she visited town, but after that, they'd seen her and she was just another gal. Now and then, some of the miners drive out to the Rex Bell ranch and perch atop a swinging gate a few hundred yards from the house, and stare silently at Clara.

"Let 'em—they soon get tired of it and go away," is the Bell-Bow reaction.

Clara says she likes it, up there at the ranch.

"It's the first time in years that I've been able to be just myself. No people, so I don't have to act. When I feel rotten, I don't have to fake a smile and act as though I feel good. I don't have to be on dress parade. I can do as I please, look as I please.

"I don't know what's going to happen to me, or what will become of me. I'm Clara Bow, and I'm going to be Clara Bow, no matter what they want me to be. Nobody can ever again make me do what I don't want to do."

It's swell, she insists, to be away from telephones and people. But she still gets her fan mail—has it all forwarded to her there at Nipton. She and Rex read it over together.

And, of course, business butts in. The telegrams carry all sorts of business projects. But she doesn't bother.

"I'm going to stay here and rest for six weeks or more, and I'm ignoring business until I'm ready." She turned down a $20,000-a-week vaudeville offer. "I could never stand the seven shows a day," she said. She has picture offers aplenty, but is making no deals.

MARRY? "Not for a long time, yet. Rex wants to make a name for himself first, in pictures," she says.

Then she smiles at Rex. And he smiles back. And there seems to be a big secret behind that smile—you rather sense it.

She is genuinely happy for the first time in her life.

Why Carole Changed Her Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

must live as her work demanded; she couldn't travel when he wanted to travel except on rare occasions when the studio gave her a vacation.

She couldn't go to their favorite dining-corner at the Ambassador on nights when she had lines to learn. And she must think of herself. She must not let anyone—not even one whom she adored—do her thinking for her.

AND since the mountain would not come to Mahomet; Mahomet went to the mountain. Bill went to Carole.

When she had to study lines, he studied them with her. When she wanted to stay home for an evening with her mother and her two brothers, he stayed home with her. When she didn't want to see him, he stayed away from her. He urged her career. "I want you to be the biggest star in the business. I will *help* you to be the biggest."

Until finally he said to someone whom he loved and respected (I have promised not to use the name but it was someone close to both Bill and Carole), "I—something is happening to me. It is as though I were breaking down inside. I see life differently. I *am* different. I love Carole. I can think only of Carole."

Bill Powell had forgotten himself. Love had worked its magic.

And Carole? Carole was spoiled, too. A little. She was an independent little lady and yet, paradoxically, most dependent. She and her mother had slept in the same room, for example, for years. In the six years she had been in pictures, Carole had been away only three days from her mother. Then she had preceded her mother on a location trip; but mother had joined her later. She was the only sister of two brothers who had worshipped and spoiled her as is the way of grown brothers.

And Carole had struggled. One picture with Edmund Lowe at Fox without any experience whatever. When the film was completed, she discovered her back was to the camera in most shots. She had not known about scene stealing and that Eddie was one of the best in the business.

One year in the hospital immediately after that beginning. She did not know whether she would be able to walk again. A year when ambition assumed abnormal proportions. "If ever I get out of here, I'll make good! I'll not let any more men steal scenes from me!"

Pathe! They announced her as a real potentiality. Then Constance Bennett arrived on the lot. People said they looked alike. Constance was a star. She couldn't have another of the same type on the lot. We can't blame Connie—but we can sympathize with Carole. She gritted her teeth, accepted her removal—waited. Paramount signed her.

HER first genuine opportunity. Her head above the professional waters for the first time. And just when she was really learning accurate strokes for her swimming—Bill Powell stepped in and asked her to stop swimming altogether. No wonder her backbone tightened.

She learned that Bill knew everything there was to know about movies; much that there

was to know about books—about life. They went to see one of her previews together. She came out crying. He said, "Dear, you didn't want to do that picture; you hated your director—you hated everything about it. That hatred shows in your work. You didn't mold yourself to circumstances and you suffered on the screen because of it. Now, when you don't like conditions you must learn to make the best of them. You mustn't let your inside affect your outside so the camera can catch it—"

Carole learned that one who loves can help—especially if the advice of love is guided by long years of experience!

AND there was one more thing which influenced these two. Carole and her mother had long studied numerology. Now, Bill studied it, too. And he learned that the vibrations for himself and his first wife were all wrong. Like trying to mix oil and water. Why, according to numbers, his first wife should never have been married.

But Carole—their vibrations were perfect. It was meant that they should work together. So they took out their marriage license on the day auspicious for both; they were married on the correct day and sailed on the best one in the calendar. The day which means "repeat," indicating they will go away together again and again.

I believe they will. But I believe in love. It is not the first time it has changed decisions and—people.

What Do They Smoke?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Norman Foster, Claudette Colbert's spouse, is another charter member of the mooching lodge. He even rummages, absent-mindedly, in colleagues' desks for smokes. Another is Roscoe Ates, the stuttering comic. But he pays for his with laughs—he can always stammer a cigarette out of his pals—"Got a sma-hoke—gimme a s-s-s-s-ah sma-hoke?" Who could resist that?

Speaking of Gary Cooper, he's a first-rate cigarette smoker, too, and he adapts his puffing habits to his surroundings. When in soup and fish, or store-clothes of any kind, he puffs domestic tailor-mades. Set him astraddle his little old pinto hoss, in chaps and sombrero, and he can roll his own—roll 'em with one hand, in the dashing old Bill Hart style.

Joel McCrea is a regular roll-your-owner—also a one-handed virtuoso, and a match-snapper with the other finger-nail, to boot. He uses it as a parlor trick.

And Garbo—yes, Greta smokes. She has cigarettes scattered through her house, so that she can grab a puff on the fly wherever she is—watering the cat or putting out the geraniums.

AND here's a gay thought—some of our hottest sirens don't smoke at all! Lilyan Tashman is one, for two reasons—she doesn't really care about it, and she wants to be "different." So many women smoke these days, don't you know! My word! Dorothy Christy is another abstainer. That high-powered blonde who has trailed thick clouds across our screens when performing.

You asked about Marie Dressler. Of course good old Marie smokes, and she's not too choosy. She'll puff away at any of the popular brands with equal enjoyment. She keeps all of them in little silver boxes around her happy house.

Joan Crawford gets away with about a pack a day—the first, right after breakfast, and a goodnight puff or two just before she pops into bed. Joan drinks a lot of coffee—and she says she enjoys a cigarette with a cup of Java

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above all things—except young Doug, of course. And although she has a mess of handsome cigarette cases, she prefers to carry around her smokes in the original package.

Norma Shearer? Once in a while she would snatch a puff in her dressing-room. Now she can be witnessed smoking away at smart restaurants—but she's a light smoker, and has only taken it up in a big way since she's been doing these sophisticated parts.

Ruth Chatterton is one of our ritzier smoking set. That is, she smokes a special brand—made to order, and goldarned expensive. But she keeps all kinds on hand for company. Incidentally, Ruthie doesn't smoke while at work.

Chatterton isn't the only Hollywooder who goes for the fancier sort, by any means. Some of the snooty boys and girls have their own made up for smartness' sake, if nothing else. Ivan Lebedeff has a Russian cigarette made for him in India. It's part of his act.

In Lickter's shop you may see some of the snobby ones—large, cork-tipped cigarettes monogrammed C. B. De M.; silver-tipped ones with the Swanson name for use of her guests; Chaplin's signature on gold-tipped fags, and the Senior Fairbanks' name on cigarettes with rich gold tips.

"For Norma Talmadge," says Lickter, "we once made up a very fancy lot, in white and black—striped like a barber pole, and gold-tipped." Probably designed by an interior decorator.

Gilda Gray, the Great Shaker, has her own made, gray, gold-tipped and monogrammed, and finally, all lighted up. Billie Dove's chauffeur calls for hers in thousand lots—domestics that are neither initialed nor specially fixed up. John Barrymore gets two kinds there—oversized Russian ones and standard-sized domestics. And Von Stroheim orders his with black paper instead of white. Leave it to that Von, the rascal!

Turning to the cigar smokers—yes, I *will* have a Corona-Corona, and many thanks!—I find that Clive Brook is a very finicky feller about his heaters. Cigars are his pets, though he has a great collection of pipes, or stoves. Clive hates the American way of smoking a

That Jordan girl must love her work! She even has directors, lights and grinding cameramen silhouetted on her lounging pyjamas! Maybe it's just so she won't forget to go to the studios. Anyway, the black silhouettes on the white silk are very effective—and Dorothy looks charming in them

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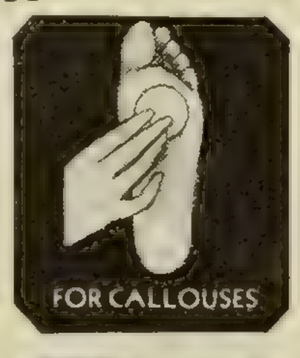

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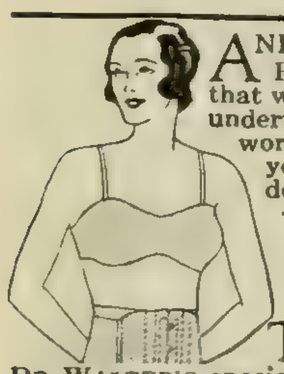

AND so good looking. DR. WALTER'S latest REDUCING BRASSIERE is so dainty that women often wear it over the loveliest underthings. It reduces most quickly when worn next to the skin—gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. Send your bust measurement. —*and* IMAGINE—it costs

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TO OBTAIN slender ankles and calves try DR. WALTER'S special extra strong flesh-colored rubber ankle bands. They will support and shape the ankles while reducing them. Can be worn under the hose and fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measure. $3.75 *per pair*

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cigar, clamping it between the teeth till the stub looks like a mess of spinach. Clive holds his with his lips only, and exactly in the center of his mouth. Nice neat smoking, that.

Clive's cigarros cost him fifty cents—four bits to *you!*—apiece, but he uses cigarettes in the brief pauses between scenes.

If you think that George Bancroft masticates big black cigars, you're wrong. Cigarettes are his dish.

SPEAKING of cigars, little Georgie Stone has had a tough flirtation with Our Lady Nicotine.

A very gentle cigarette smoker, Director Mervyn LeRoy insisted that Georgie smoke cigars for his hard-boiled part in "Five Star Final." They tried him on the ordinary brands, and poor Stone went green, purple and pink and had to take time until the studio stopped jumping over the director. Then they had a very mild brand made especially for Georgie—and the bill was $100. Good old realism—thy name is Hollywood!

At the other extreme is Ernst Lubitsch, who is commonly supposed to sleep with a cigar in his mouth. He's a chewer—a few minutes after he's lighted up the end of his cigar is a pulp. And he smokes 'em way down to the last long puff. When talkies lisped in, and stringent anti-smoking rules were enforced, how Ernst suffered! He sneaked out and lighted a fresh perfecto between each scene. He obeyed orders, but I'll bet the rule cost the company more money in time than he spent on cigars.

Lubitsch wasn't the only man in agony. All Hollywood died for a smoke. Now, though the signs are still up, the no-smoking rule isn't so viciously enforced. Pails of wet sand are placed about the stages to receive fuming stubs. Producers have found it's cheaper to pay higher insurance premiums than stand for the loss of time while players and studio workers took time off to grab a few puffs outside the fire door!

Clara Bow is just a good day-in, day-out smoker—nothing sensational. And she usually uses a holder. A lot of the folks do. Those yellow stains on the fingers don't look pretty to the camera! Imagine—Bert Wheeler is a holder-user, and so is the vampish Rita LaRoy. So is Wynne Gibson, who is partial to smoking while driving her car.

Chevalier likes both cigars and cigarettes, while Ricardo Cortez is a three-way smoker, or triple-threat man—cigarettes, cigars, and pipes. Each has its place with Ric—cigarettes on the set, cigars when out at leisure, pipes by the home fireside.

Regis Toomey is a pipe-hound. He and Sam Mintz, the Paramount writer who did such a swell job on "Skippy," share the enthusiasm, and when you see those boys in a huddle you can bet your best meerschaum they're talking pipes.

Carole, Mrs. Powell, Lombard never carries cigarettes to work, but smokes after meals. Sylvia Sidney is a great "natural" smoker—she doesn't show a bit of the affectation that so often makes women's smoking look so all-fired silly.

WHAT'S that you say? Jackie Coogan? Dearie me, no! Unless, of course, the sixteen-year-old has done a little experimenting with corn-silk back of the family barn.

Richard Dix is another of the nervous type—he takes smokes fast and furiously, fuming and flaming away like a locomotive on the upgrade. Hugh Herbert, on the other hand, is one of the clowns—likes to swallow lighted cigarettes, puff them wrong-end-to, and make the smoke come out of his eyes.

And here *is* a laugh—Robert Woolsey, never seen on the screen without a two-foot cigar, smokes only cigarettes off the screen, and those very lightly. There's no justice.

And oh, yes—Fredric March.

Well—er—it seems that Freddie goes for both rich brown cigars and cigarettes.

Oop! Only off the set, of course! Ah there, Fred! You started all this.

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Dorothy Mackaill and Sidney Blackmer in "Strictly Modern." Miss Mackaill has a flawless, unlined skin. She uses Sem-pray.

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Famous 100-Year Old Beauty Secret Rediscovered. Erases Age-Lines, Wrinkles Like Magic. Softens Skin Right Away. Gives It Velvety Texture. Reduces Large Pores. Ends Pimples, Blackheads.

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The amazing discovery, new Sem-pray Creme, makes you look 10 years younger, many times prettier. New beauty OVERNIGHT. Read *free* offer. Send today.

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Even beauty experts are astounded to see Sem-pray accomplish results OVERNIGHT that ordinarily would require many elaborate treatments.

Sem-pray erases wrinkles and age-lines like magic. Cleanses, clears and softens the skin as nothing else ever has. Gives it radiant, natural girlish color and velvety soft texture. Ends pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness. Reduces large pores. Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Tones skin tissues *without growing hair.* Firms sagging muscles. Takes years from your age. New beauty overnight.

Years Vanish. New Beauty at Once

Sem-pray is different and far superior to anything you ever used. A famous old beauty secret recently rediscovered. Contains rare Eastern beautifiers and youthifiers not used in ordinary creams.

These wonderful beautifiers are compressed into dainty rose-pink, almond-scented cake. In new push-up container, used easily as lipstick, without touching with fingers. Fits snugly in handbag. 3 minutes a day is enough to take years away. But you can carry Sem-pray with you and give yourself *many* beauty treatments a day. All stores 60c or mail coupon for free trial.

Movie Stars and Fashionable Women KEEP Young or GET Young New, Quick Way

Many movie stars look as young today as they did 10 years ago, and some look even younger than they did, because lines and wrinkles have departed. Stars whose unfading youth, after many years on the screen have caused you to marvel, credit their new youth and beauty to Sem-pray.

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Fashionable women who can afford to spend fortunes to regain lost youth and beauty, use Sem-pray because they find it better than elaborate beauty treatments.

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Get Sem-pray Today. New Beauty Tomorrow

He *didn't* count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink ...and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels... but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom... and the beds...well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels listed below.

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SHREVEPORT, LA.....The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.....The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.....The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.....The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I..The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Short Subjects *of the* Month

Bing Crosby's crooning is getting to be infectious and his popularity is mounting steadily. The series of shorts he is making for Educational not only get over the Crosby voice, but the Crosby personality, which seems to be quite sumpin'. His latest release is reviewed below

I SURRENDER, DEAR

Sennett-Educational

Bing Crosby, crooning Bing Crosbyishly, makes this highly entertaining. Bing's work, plus the usual array of good Sennett gags and a not-too-involved romantic plot, provide a half hour's fun.

FOREHAND, BACKHAND AND SERVICE

M-G-M

Bill Tilden, world's professional tennis champion, shows you basic strokes in such detail you feel prepared to win cups yourself. Actual match scenes with Tilden playing brilliantly help make this a humdinger.

THE HOUSE DICK

Radio

Satirizing dumbbell hotel detectives, with Jimmy Savo playing the boob sleuth, this is sure for a lot of laughs. The prime laugh comes when his own stupidity leads Savo into uncovering a band of jewel thieves.

FAST AND FURIOUS

Universal

This is one of those anatomical sequences wherein everybody gets hit, stabbed, burned or falls—all in the same place. Daphne Pollard, being exceptionally equipped for it, takes top honors. If you enjoy rough-and-tumble comedy, this'll delight you.

MICKEY'S DIPLOMACY

Darmour

Not so good as others of the "Mickey Himself" comedies. The principal trouble is that the story just isn't. It's a lot of gags and action aimlessly thrown together, with not enough coherence to bind the few laughs into a good film.

THE GRAND PARADE

Radio Pictures

Roscoe Ates is a window washer. He drops a water bucket on a lady's head. She wants revenge; he dodges her in various offices in a professional building. You'll scream with laughter and you'll wish there were more comedies like this.

THE GOOFY GOAT

Eshbough-Weingart

Here's the first of a new company's series of comic cartoons in color. The central character, apparently out after some of Mickey Mouse's pickings, is (or have you guessed it?) a goofy goat. In this, he's good. Let's see more.

ONE GOOD TURN

Hal Roach

Lunatics Laurel and Hardy go quite cuckoo again, and isn't that swell? This time, they inadvertently get into a dramatic rehearsal and mistake it for the real thing. Need you be told more?

THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD-FISH

Sennett-Educational

Here's another of Mack Sennett's deep sea fishing films. Sennett's an ardent fisherman and has spent days shooting water-thrills. He retails them to you in a series of six, of which this is one. The dialogue accompanying the picture is great.

FALSE ROOMERS

Radio

Clark and McCullough, quite absurd, hire a room from a Scotchman. Other roomers include a buxom blonde and her jealous husband. The blonde gets into the wrong bathroom. Will you laugh, or will you?

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

Photoplay Education

My parents are uneducated farm tenants. My father didn't believe in school beyond the ability to read, write, and cipher. With these handicaps and, of course, no money at all I tackled the job of obtaining an education. I asked questions, read, and, after I left my backwoods home, attended the movies as means of obtaining knowledge and poise. I was extremely timid because of my outland upbringing, you see.

From personal experience I can say that the movies are a great educational force today. They have given me a basic knowledge of customs, manners, and styles which I had no other way of obtaining. And, in the giving, they furnished good entertainment. They are helping me to develop into a well-rounded personality.

C. L. G.,
Birmingham, Ala.

As a country girl, suddenly transplanted to a fairly large town, I found myself totally unprepared to meet the new problems that daily confronted me. But at the neighborhood movie house I was able to study the clothes worn by the stars and thereby improve the style of my own. My apartment, once an absurd reminder of bygone frills and gadgets, now is the most modern in our neighborhood.

My family is very proud of my results, and so am I. How I wish I could find some means to express my appreciation to the designers of film clothes and house interiors for the help they have given me.

ALBERTA ROWELL,
Lexington, Ky.

Mary Brian

Our whole family just adore Mary Brian and my husband wouldn't miss one of her pictures on a bet. She is most natural and sweetest in those Southern debutante rôles or as a small town sweetheart. She just can't be beat in parts like that. Surely there are many more such rôles for her! The public isn't through seeing sweet love stories, even if there is a "gang war" on!

A LOYAL FAN,
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Millionaire

I am seldom moved to do my bouquets up in a letter, but the pleasure I had in seeing "The Millionaire" must be expressed. It is as clean as the baby's bottle. It has all the ingredients of a good play—delicate touches of pathos, subtle, gentle humor and tense situations.

There are no gangsters, guns or murders. No storms, floods or wrecks. No speakeasies, wild parties or chorus girls. Yet there is not a slow, uninteresting moment in the whole picture. Mr. Arliss has proved to us again that it can be done. See it for yourself, you satiated movie fans!

Mr. Arliss is one "foreign" actor for whom I have a glad hand.

MARY KEITH,
Clarksville, Tenn.

Movies and Romance

My husband cannot afford an automobile and, as a result, we are denied much of the enjoyment that ownership of a car affords. With financial worries and lack of outdoor life, we have discovered that "Jack can become a dull husband and Jill a bored wife."

To preserve romance in our lives and to escape from dull evenings at home, we find adventure in the darkness of the movie theater. We forget about the note coming due and the dazzling new car that mocks us every time we pass the show window. And we walk home with renewed love and courage, anticipating the next of the "best pictures of the month."

MRS. M. O. WILBURN,
Montgomery, Ala.

Lurid Advertisements

Is there any particular reason why the most suggestive scene in the entire picture should be selected for advertising purposes? My small son stands before the posters, saying disgustedly: "It's just a lot of huggin' and kissin'. Let's stay home and read stories."

And nine times out of ten the picture is all right and tells a splendid story. The posters, however, have given such a bad impression that the highly moral folks stay away and those looking for lewdness are disappointed.

Box-office, I suppose, but is it really necessary?

JESSIE KENYON,
Nice, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Company — Also Makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint flavors.

Marian Marsh, Warner Bros. and First National star, one of the Fairest of the Fair—a tremendous hit as John Barrymore's leading lady in "Svengali".

Just as Hollywood's fairest women win the applause of millions, you too can attract admiration with the charm and fragrance of

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"The Natural Cosmetics"

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-229 Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

MARY PICKFORD reached the first great crisis of her career. Her contract with Famous Players expired and she was deluged with offers, some of them for $10,000 a week. Mary took a long time to consider, and lost $50,000 by remaining idle.

Finally, fearful lest the quality of her pictures be lowered, she resigned with Famous Players, and we hailed it as the most important news of the month. It was.

We introduced a new cowboy actor, Tom Mix, appearing in Selig "multiple reel" dramas. His leading lady was Victoria Forde.

Polly Moran, new Keystone comic, was interviewed. "There is something of the wideness of the desert in her eyes," wrote our interviewer, "and of the wastes' inscrutable calm." Also: "She is immensely popular with her parents, *who live with her.*" Tee, hee!

Reviewing the year's pictures, Julian Johnson observed:

That the distinguished performances of the year were Wilfred Lucas' characterization in "Acquitted," and Mabel Normand's bulwarking of all the Keystone comedies with her own slender shoulders;

That Charlie Chaplin can summon the tear as deftly as he can lure the smile;

That the silent stage has never had so quick, big and wholesome a triumph as that of Douglas Fairbanks;

That Theodore Roberts earns a place as one of the really impressive performers of the year; and

That, in the bright list of the real stars the year has created, Bessie Love stands first.

Pictures in the gallery included Dorothy Kelly, Earle Foxe, Beverly Bayne, Sidney Ainsworth, Norma Nichols, Bruce McRae, John Emerson, Mary Fuller, and Mary Charleson.

Cal York items: When Bobbie Harron and Jack Pickford want to be devilish, they sneak over to Baron Long's Vernon Country Club and drink lemonade after lemonade . . . Otis Skinner is putting the finishing touches to "Kismet" . . . Eugene O'Brien, a handsome newcomer, has been signed by Essanay . . . William Farnum will henceforth play gentler parts. He is through with "scrapping" rôles.

10 Years Ago

"FIRST of the Immortals" is what we called George Loane Tucker, maker of "The Miracle Man," which brought Betty Compson, Lon Chaney and Thomas Meighan to the front. He had just died. "The art of the screen remains richer and finer for his gifts," was our tribute.

A page of pictures showed scenes from Doug Fairbanks' most ambitious effort to date, "The Three Musketeers." Doug raised his first moustache for that one. *King Louis XIII* of France was played by a fellow named Adolphe Menjou.

Buster Keaton writing in PHOTOPLAY of his marriage to Natalie Talmadge said: "I have learned in my short married life that there are two sides to every argument—your wife's and her mother's."

"Good-bye Bathing Girl" headed an article telling of Phyllis Haver's ascent from bathing beauty rôles to comedy drama.

Two open letters—wistful little jiggers, too—urged Vivian Martin to forget the stage and come back to the screen; and implored Pauline Starke, champion weeper of the celluloid, to cheer up.

Rubye De Remer told: "How I Keep in Condition."

Pictures in the gallery included Nita Naldi, James Kirkwood, Ruth Roland, Ralph Graves, Lucy Fox, Kathleen Ardelle and Elsie Ferguson.

Pictures reviewed were "The Conquering Power," with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry; "The Affairs of Anatol," with Wally Reid, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres and Theodore Roberts; "Experience," with Richard Barthelmess and Marjorie Daw; "The Mother Heart," with Shirley Mason.

Cal York items: Betty Blythe has bobbed her hair . . . Jack Holt has been made a star by Famous Players . . . Thursday night will be Photoplayers' night at Delmonico's. At the first one, Wally Reid awarded a silver cup to the best fox-trotters . . . Bert Lytell says Johnny Walker's name alone is enough to make him popular in these prohibition times.

5 Years Ago

CHARLIE CHAPLIN satisfying his life-long ambition to play drama, announced he was going to produce his own version of the life of Napoleon, with himself as the *Little Corporal* and Raquel Meller, Spanish pantomimist and dancer, as *Josephine.*

Cal York quoted Chaplin as saying he would make the picture within the year.

The picture never came off, but the announcement gave some impetus to Meller's Hollywood recital, which was the month's doggiest event and cost $25 a pair for tickets.

In our account of it we reported that Tom Mix, present in full evening dress, couldn't understand Senorita Meller's Spanish songs.

"It's a different kind than they speak down along the Rio Grande," said Tom.

Bebe Daniels, to stop rumors that she was going to become Mrs. Jack Pickford, announced her engagement to Charlie Paddock, track star.

"What Happened to Pauline Frederick?" we asked in an article telling of the ups and downs of her startling career. She was attempting a screen comeback.

A clever little girl, Janet Gaynor, had just won a contract with Fox on the strength of her work in "The Johnstown Flood." She announced her engagement to Herbert Moulton, a Los Angeles journalist.

Pictures in the gallery included Bebe Daniels, Ken Maynard, Milton Sills, Mary Brian, Helene Chadwick, William Haines and Ricardo Cortez.

Pictures reviewed were "The Road to Mandalay," with Lon Chaney; "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills, May Allison and Doris Kenyon; "Mantrap," with Clara Bow and Percy Marmont; "Variety," a German importation with Emil Jannings; and "Fig Leaves," with Olive Borden.

Cal York items: Josef Von Sternberg, director of "The Salvation Hunters," was married recently to Riza Royce . . . William Fox gave a big dinner for F. W. Murnau, director of "The Last Laugh" . . . Elliott Dexter is back in Hollywood . . . John Gilbert and Greta Garbo will make "Flesh and the Devil" . . . Cecil DeMille is all set to go on his biggest production, "King of Kings."

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109]

A missionary, working in South Africa, says that movies are his "stock-in-trade." There are one hundred and eighty thousand native boys working in the gold mines where he lives, and he directs twenty movie projecting machines, for which he has the choice of the world's best films.

He puts on recreational and educational programs to amuse, educate and stimulate these hard-working boys. He says the comedies make them roar and that movies have done what nothing else could do; they have stopped rioting, developed a spirit of cooperation, begun mass education, and planted the seeds of helpful new ideas. He has found movies are a universal language for educating and civilizing.

JANET HERRON,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

The Magic Carpet

Has it ever occurred to you as you sit snugly in some palatial movie house, watching the best in pictures, just how much movies may mean in the world's out-of-the-way places such as this little Dutch island in the Caribbean Sea?

Here in Aruba an enterprising individual has recently installed in an old hall the necessary paraphernalia for presenting talking pictures. To a colony of several hundred isolated Americans, who for the past few years have had to be content with old movie magazines and ten-day-old newspaper accounts of screen happenings, these talking pictures come as a bond with the outside world.

And the natives share our pleasures. Possessing but a brief knowledge of English, and quite obviously a briefer income, yet they go in droves to see the pictures. Their enthusiasm as they witness the films is delightful. They appreciate humor and understand the dramatic situations in a way almost beyond comprehension when their limited scope is considered.

The movies bring them, with the rest of us, nearer to far-away America.

DON HEEBNER,
Aruba, Dutch West Indies

Too Wet

I'm not a crank about prohibition, but I'm getting a bit fed up on so many drinking scenes in pictures. Like the gangster films, it's about time to lay off a bit.

R. W. CARR,
Malta, Ohio

Where on earth does the virtuous working girl of the screen get her stunning clothes? She may live in a stuffy hall bedroom and not eat a bite for several reels, but her gowns require not less than a $50,000 a year income. How does she manage it on the wages of an honest working girl? Please let me in on the secret.

VOLLIE DELL GRAHAM,
Houston, Texas

It seems to me that no matter how far in the hole in regard to money the hero of a motion picture is, he is able to take his girl to all the swankiest night clubs in an expensive car, and he has a tuxedo and a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

GORDON MACKAY, JR.,
N. Philadelphia, Penna.

It's a great pity that the actors couldn't hear the applause in our theater for "Charlie Chan Carries On." Warner Oland was wonderful.

SARAH A. KINCAID,
Philadelphia, Penna.

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ZIP: The big news about this package . . . is that the cost is ever so much less than heretofore. I can always sing a sincere paean of praise for *ZIP*, for it is all that it is cracked up to be:...permanent . . . simple and absolutely harmless and, above all, sure. There's much to be said for a product which year after year lives up to its contract the way *ZIP* does.

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LAST CALL FOR VOTES!

LAST call for votes on the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award for the best motion picture of 1930!

All votes must be in the office of PHOTOPLAY by October 1. Votes received after that date will not count.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is the only award in the world of motion pictures which goes directly from the film fans to the producer.

Each year PHOTOPLAY presents a gold medal to the producer of the motion picture deemed the nearest ideal by its readers. Back in 1920 the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was devised by James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY, as the best method to encourage the production of better films.

Like motion pictures themselves it has grown in importance in the industry as a mark of distinction and merit. Each year the medal has come to be a milestone, marking the steady progress of pictures. Its ten years of existence has marked a decade of moving picture achievement, and its presence is a stimulant to producers, encouraging them to better things on the screen.

Since its inception revolutionary things have taken place in the industry. The most revolutionary, of course, was the change from silent to talking pictures. With this achievement a whole new world of entertainment was opened to moving picture audiences, and an entirely different technique was presented to producers.

As in the silent days, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal was there to encourage finer things with this new medium of screen expression; to bring to the audible screen the same fine efforts with which producers sought perfection in the presound era.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal has always stood for the approval of picture goers themselves for a producer's best efforts to add something to screen progress.

Today it is the most coveted award in the film industry.

The pictures which have been awarded this honor in past years make a distinguished and notable list. Just consider them: 1920, "Humoresque"; 1921, "Tol'able David"; 1922, "Robin Hood"; 1923, "The Covered Wagon"; 1924, "Abraham Lincoln"; 1925, "The Big Parade"; 1926, "Beau Geste"; 1927, "7th Heaven"; 1928, "Four Sons," and 1929, "Disraeli," the first talking picture to be awarded the medal.

Every one was a fine contribution to the screen. In casting your vote take these into consideration and be sure that your selection is a picture worthy of standing beside these ten illustrious winners.

Remember that the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor was designed as a reward for the producer making the best picture of the year in points of story, acting, direction and photography.

More than all else, PHOTOPLAY wishes its readers to consider the ideals and motives behind its production. Forget personalities and favorites in favor of the broader phases of the picture.

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1930.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

A LIST of fifty important pictures released during 1930 is also printed on this page. It may help you in making your selection. You do not, of course, have to vote for one of these pictures. Vote for any picture released during 1930 that you think best.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is made and designed by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Remember, in order to have a voice in awarding this Medal you must vote now. It is the last call!

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

Abraham Lincoln
All Quiet on the Western Front
Animal Crackers
Anna Christie
Big House, The
Big Trail, The
Case of Sergeant Grischa, The
Caught Short
Check and Double Check
Common Clay
Dawn Patrol, The
Devil May Care
Devil's Holiday, The
Divorcee, The
Doorway to Hell, The
Feet First
Free and Easy
General Crack
Green Goddess, The
Grumpy
Hell's Angels
Holiday
Journey's End
King of Jazz
Ladies of Leisure
Laughter
Let Us Be Gay
Lummox
Manslaughter
Men Without Women
Min and Bill
Moby Dick
Monte Carlo
Office Wife, The
Old English
Outward Bound
Rogue Song, The
Romance
Sarah and Son
Seven Days' Leave
Song o' My Heart
So This Is London
Street of Chance
Tom Sawyer
Unholy Three, The
Vagabond King, The
White Hell of Pitz Palu
Whoopee
With Byrd at the South Pole
Young Man of Manhattan

Granddaughter of an Empress

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Sophia or someone else. Elizabeth was already the mother of three, one of whom, the Crown Prince Rudolph, was later murdered or committed suicide. History has never been able to decide which.

Court intrigue sickened Elizabeth and so she decided that her fourth baby, Caroline, should be hers and hers alone. This child was, therefore, entrusted to the Kaisers where her childhood was punctuated by the brief, exciting visits of the Empress mother.

CAROLINE has never seen Emperor Francis-Joseph, husband of Elizabeth. One day he was to make a public appearance and Caroline thought it cruel that she should see the man whom she was led to believe was her father, from a distance and with a group of impersonal onlookers. But her mother saved her this indignity by having her sent away the day the Emperor was to appear.

Empress Elizabeth often talked to her daughter about King Ludwig II of Bavaria. He had died when Caroline was a child and in speaking of his death Elizabeth said, "In him I lost more than anyone can ever know. And in him, Caroline, you lost your best friend." Elizabeth carried a small portrait of Ludwig wherever she went.

Caroline was allowed only the secret visits and occasional glorious vacations with her mother, for the Emperor was absolute and the child was not brought to court. But one day when Caroline was almost grown, her mother told her that she was to come into her birthright, that Francis-Joseph had consented to her being presented. Tragically and ironically, a few months later the Empress was assassinated. This was in 1898.

Stricken by grief, Caroline began an attempt to piece her life together. She had loved her beautiful mother and she was heartbroken when Mrs. Kaiser said to her one day, "Your mother and the Emperor never agreed. Is it any wonder, then, that they went separate ways, and, as far as possible, sought consolation elsewhere?"

Was it fear of scandal and the remembrances of Elizabeth's friendship with King Ludwig that kept Caroline away from the court of Austria?

Her mother dead, things were difficult for Caroline. She was forced into a marriage with Richard Kühnelt, son of the Court Councillor Kühnelt. She thought that he did not know her parentage when he married her, but she found that he had known all along. For a time she was comparatively happy and then Richard speculated with the money her mother had left her and lost it all.

They moved to a small place near Vienna and it was there, according to her mother's story, that Elissa—who was christened Elizabeth-Marie-Christine—was born, December 6, 1904. (There was already a son, Francis, born November 17, 1902.) The discrepancy here is that Elissa says she was born in Venice, but you will note that the birthdays are given as the same, except Elissa omits the year.

SO Elissa is the daughter of Caroline and Richard Kühnelt, both Austrian. She is English only by the fact of her marriage to an Englishman.

Now Caroline, Elissa's mother, recounts that in May, 1906, she left with her husband, Elissa, Francis and a nurse for Canada. In March, 1908, Richard left her to go to New York and thence to Austria. Caroline went to British Columbia and settled in Vancouver.

What Caroline suffered, alone in a strange country, without funds and with two small children to support, only she knows. She

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

served as a cook at the Yale Hotel and then opened a small shop to sell Viennese candy. This shop she sold at a profit and, by lucky speculation in land, she amassed a small fortune. She also gave music and language lessons.

IT was in Vancouver that she met Count Zarnardi Landi and married him (she was by now separated from Richard).

Deciding that it was wrong to deny Elissa and Francis their birthright, she went with her husband to Austria in 1911. There she met her mother's sister, Queen Marie-Sophia, of Naples, who, when she was shown the pictures of Caroline's children, Elissa and Francis, was struck by the little girl's resemblance to Empress Elizabeth and by the Hapsburg expression on the little boy's face.

But all of the lawyers' entreaties to the court—the Emperor was very ill at the time—brought Caroline nothing but an offer of money.

She did not want money, only recognition, and it was for that reason that she wrote her book to present her case before the public.

Suppressed in Italy and France, it was at last published in England in 1914.

In the meantime, Elissa and her brother were brought to London, and from then on you know the story of Elissa, her success as a novelist, her sudden rise to fame upon the stage, her marriage to John Lawrence, an English barrister, her coming to America to play the lead on the stage in "A Farewell to Arms," and her being signed to star in films.

Elissa's mother, who is still alive, says in her memoirs that she looks forward to "the day when my book will be in the hands of the reading public which will be, I am sure, an impartial judge towards me and a generous protector of my children."

But Elissa, instead of being admitted to the court of Austria, her rightful place, according to her mother, was admitted to the court of Hollywood. An interesting sidelight is that her grandmother, the Empress, was related to the Archduke Franz-Ferdinand whose assassination at Sarajevo began the World War.

And thus is Elissa explained. Thus are her great charm, her poise, her beauty and her subtle arrogance more understandable.

I shall never forget my first meeting with her. She had come in from horseback riding, which she loves, and was lounging in a suit of green pajamas against a divan across which a large beige fur rug had been thrown. I felt immediately the strange vitality of the woman—I felt more than our conversation warranted, for she did not talk a great deal and she was reluctant to admit her great passion for music and her lust for beautiful words.

Since writing was first with her, it is that she loves more than acting. She spoke dramatically of the glory of living in a secret world, of one's own creating, a world the doors of which may be locked from the inside without fear of there being a duplicate key.

ELISSA has a great many things to do. She must be a good actress, since she has chosen that, but she must also write, since she must. Seven hours sleep is enough for her because she takes plenty of moderate exercise. She stores up her health for the jobs ahead of her.

Because she does not like people in crowds and she is bored by big parties, she is fearful lest she become a crank. She likes people singly or in twos. Hers is a rich and full life because it is the life of the mind.

It is impossible to give a picture of so complex a woman. But certainly she does not belie her noble birth. Sure, calm, poised, intelligent, beautiful, glamorous, altogether lovely, Elissa is, and I feel that her grandmother, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria would, had she lived, have been proud to claim her as her own!

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The Man Who Tried to Elope With Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

these things as Greta's friend. That Greta, the most exotic star of them all, lived a life apart from the film colony—an existence quieter than the most obscure shop girl. I learned that if I wanted to continue being Greta's pal, I, too, must live a life apart. That I must not allow outsiders to know that I even existed. It would be suicide for me if the world discovered that Greta Garbo had a boy friend.

"But being with Greta was worth it, and I forgot everything and everybody for her!

"As time went on Greta occasionally introduced me to an acquaintance. I urged her to be nice to them. To invite them to her house. To go with me to call upon them. I particularly liked Jacques Feyder, the French motion picture director. Greta and I often dropped in on him and his wife. Soon Greta commenced to grow very fond of them. She also took a great liking to Mr. Berthold Viertel, the German director, and his wife. It wasn't long before she was seeing more of them than she was of me.

"As time went on it seemed as though I was always waiting for Greta Garbo! Waiting for a chance to find her at home! Waiting for a chance to talk with her on the telephone!

"I SPENT long hours waiting in my little rented room. I commenced to think of my father and my mother and my home in Stockholm. I longed to shoulder a gun, call my dogs and go hunting in the forest on our estate north of Gothenburg.

"My mother was urging me to come home. News of my sister's engagement and approaching marriage decided me to go.

"It was very hard for me to leave Greta." I saw tears fill his eyes as he turned his head away. "But I am going. It is the best way.

"Her contract will soon be up and then she, too, may come home. For she, too, is tired of Hollywood. Tired of making pictures that she does not want to make. Tired of living the life of a hermit!

"So I will keep on waiting for her. Hoping that when she returns, she will be the old mischievous, rollicking Greta I used to know."

Then Soren bade me goodbye. I had not expected to see him again. And here he was, asking if he could have a few words with me.

WE sat down on the couch. His words tumbled out in excited confusion.

Garbo, it seemed, did not like the picture about to go into production. Soren said it was a silly modern version of "Sappho." Greta did not want to do it! And she did not like Clarence Brown, the director. She was sick and tired of the whole picture business. Sick of Hollywood! She wanted to go home.

Soren said it now seemed quite possible that Garbo would sail on the same boat on which he had booked passage. Slip quietly out of Hollywood, taking only a few of her belongings so as to arouse no suspicion! Often she went away on trips. No one would suspect.

For thirty days no one in the world—except the few on shipboard—would know where Greta Garbo had gone. She would remain in hiding on the boat until they were far at sea. What a sensation there would be when the world discovered that Garbo had fled from Hollywood!

Long into the night Soren talked. I was to be the only person in Hollywood to know of

Greta's whereabouts. A day or so before her boat was due to land I could give the story to the world. And had Garbo actually slipped away on that boat, what front page news that would have made!

It was a fantastic dream!

Garbo's future plans in Europe were discussed.

Garbo, it seemed, had always longed to return to the stage. One of her fondest dreams is to play the *Maid of Orleans* in "Joan of Arc."

ONCE in Europe, Soren knew that Greta would have the theatrical producers at her feet. She could write her own ticket. Dressed in shining armor, mounted on a milk-white steed, Garbo, as *Joan of Arc*, would ride at the head of her army and capture the world.

The production would be the greatest spectacle ever seen. Imagine the divine Greta Garbo as the *Maid of Orleans!*

I never knew what happened to Soren's dream of Greta Garbo slipping away with him that night on the freight steamer bound for Sweden.

The day following his last call on me, I was called out of town. Upon my return Soren had sailed. A note on my desk told that he had phoned to say goodbye.

Garbo, I learned, was preparing to start work on "Inspiration." All seemed to be quiet on the Swedish front.

Whether Soren's plans were the fantastic dreams of a lovesick youth or actual plans gone astray, I never knew. No word has come from him since he sailed away on the Swedish freighter.

But again Hollywood knows that Garbo is dissatisfied with the picture she is making. "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox" was being considered months ago when Soren was here. Even then he said that Greta did not want to do the story.

"Why! Oh why! will they not allow her to do one story she herself chooses?" he cried. "'Monna Vanna,' for instance? She would be marvelous in that."

Is this last picture one too much for the Swedish star? Will it prove to be her Swan Song? Has she at last determined to make good her threat that she will go home?

At any rate, the *Los Angeles Examiner* recently printed the following item:

GARBO WILL TAKE STELLAR RÔLE IN REINHARDT PLAY

Vienna, May 28—Greta Garbo has been invited by Max Reinhardt to play a star rôle at the opening performance of his new private open air theater in Leopoldskron, his residence near Salzburg.

Miss Garbo accepted the invitation and will pass part of the summer in Leopoldskron, later visiting Vienna and Berlin, where she is expected to play as a tragedienne under Reinhardt's direction.

If this item is authentic, will Garbo have time to make the long trip to Vienna, carry out such plans and return early enough to star in two more pictures scheduled to be made before the termination of her present contract? Or does she actually intend to go home and not return?

Could it be possible that the open air production in Reinhardt's private theater is to be "Joan of Arc" and that later this same production with Garbo as the star will be shown in the big cities of Europe?

IS Greta Garbo at last to realize one of her fondest dreams and at the same time get away from Hollywood and the "silly pictures" she does not want to make?

From her friend Soren's prediction, all this seems quite possible. If true, Hollywood and the screen will soon see the last of this mysterious, exotic northern star.

George Comes to Earth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

from the studio that "Mr. Bancroft has a serious throat ailment and cannot be disturbed." But it was learned that not even studio officials who wanted to talk business with him had been able to get to him. Hollywood, frankly, wondered whether George's throat was in bad shape, or his head.

"I NEVER knew," says George now, "that my friends were trying to get in touch with me. I did have a bad throat—and I guess it was doctor's orders that no one should be allowed to see me, and that I shouldn't be disturbed with messages or business. At any rate, none of the calls ever got to me, and I never got any messages that people have since said they sent me at that time. Hell, I like people—why should I try to snub them?"

"What about the business affairs?" he was asked.

"Well, you know I'm a strange person," he explained. "I don't know much about business when it concerns myself. Now, if these people had been trying to put something over on a friend, and I saw it, I'd understand it as a third party looking on.

"But when they started those tactics on me, I just didn't know what it was all about. I'm not a business man. When things get too complicated for me—when they start coming at me too hard—I want to do one of two things. I either want to get mad and tell them to go to hell, or I want to walk out of it for a while until I get my bearings."

And that, Bancroft leaves you to understand, is what he did last fall—walked out of it, rather than tell the Paramount organization to go to hell. So first he sequestered himself in his beach house, now private at last, and then he went East to New York for a while.

None of his friends could get to him, but George didn't realize that, he says.

"People don't understand me. They look at me—at this big body and this rugged frame—and they don't understand that I've got nerves. I'm of a very nervous, high-strung disposition. I get so, under strain, that I go completely tired.

"Why, after say thirty days' intensive work on a picture, I get so tired that I just don't want to do anything except sit. I don't want to see people, I don't want to go places. I just want to sit and be let alone.

"Normally, I'm not like that. I like people. I like to go fishing, say, with a bunch of fellows, whether they're big shots or not. Who a person is in pictures doesn't matter to me when I pick my friends—it's the kind of people they are, not who they are!

"They've said, too, that I'm temperamental at work. That I want to direct the director. Why, say, do I look like that kind of man? You know, this picture business is a funny racket. There are so many people involved in a picture. . . .

"FOR instance, the author writes a thing one way. Then the director comes along and he changes it. 'The guy that wrote this,' he says, 'is a damn fool.' Then the fellow that wrote it learns about the change and he gets mad and says, 'that director is a damn fool!'

"Then I, like a fool, try to act the mediator, the middleman, the peacemaker. The usual result is that they both turn on me and say: 'Aw, Bancroft is a damn fool!' And that's how

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Cross section view shows how concaved bristles of Wilcox Hair Brush fit the head.

THE WILCOX HAIR BRUSH
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I got my reputation for being temperamental or butting-in-y on the set—merely because I'd try to smooth things out between other people. You know, I could join their game and say: 'Well, they're both damn fools,' and let it go at that. But I always tried to help out, and never got thanked for it."

However, be that as it may, Bancroft is certainly not the man today he was last fall. He's geniality itself. He no longer snubs interviewers, callers, friends—instead, he welcomes them.

"I like making pictures, crazy as it is," he says. "When I work, I work hard. I want to make the best of a picture that there is in it.

"MAKING good pictures, making a success—that to me is happiness. Money is secondary. Yes, I've got a new contract. They say it makes me $100,000 a picture; as a matter of fact, I'm getting only a few pennies—a very few pennies—more than under my last contract.

"But money isn't my primary concern. I've made a great deal of it but I've given a lot of it away. As a matter of fact, I have very little money left out of what I've earned. I don't save it. It hasn't brought me any great happiness. I'm not much happier, if any, than when I was just a vaudeville performer on a vaudeville salary—

"Both got me a place to sleep, and enough to eat. There's very little else that matters."

You're looking pretty grand, Kay Francis! That very formal velvet evening gown is all that it should be this Fall. From its slimly moulded lines to the bit of glittering trimming, it is stunning. Note the bracelets worn on either arm—a nice touch. The hemline would be a bit smarter if it missed the floor

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Don't Expect Too Much

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

for her to explain that they needed another Marie Dressler picture in a hurry and would appreciate her delaying the vacation due in July.

"I believe in coöperation, Mr. Mayer. If you want another Marie Dressler picture you shall have it."

This, in spite of the fact that her plans were completed for the annual mid-summer visit to Europe.

A little sleuthing on the part of your reporter unearthed the plan to give Marie ten crisp one thousand dollar bills as a bonus when she has completed this extra production!

PLEASE don't get the idea that not expecting too much is entirely a noble gesture on the part of Marie Dressler. When she left "The Lady Slavey," she demanded top-notch prices on her next production. When her contract has expired with Metro, she will undoubtedly refuse to sign unless the figure offered is a fair return on her box-office popularity.

"Not expecting too much from life is good business. You establish a reputation for fair play at one place and you get more money at the next. It is like good-will in business!"

Pride and fear often hoodwink the ambitious, she tells us.

She was the first to leave the legitimate stage for vaudeville when a manager offered her $1,000 a week.

"Isn't it too bad that Marie Dressler killed herself by going into vaudeville? She's done for. She'll never get back on Broadway. Why won't she listen to advice?"

Marie laughed at her friends' mourning. "The Metropolitan Opera House didn't mean anything to me; one thousand dollars a week did. It gave my mother everything in the world she wanted; the Metropolitan would only give my pride a certain inflation."

She recalled the case of the pianist who could finger the ivories as few she has known. He had spent a fortune on his education but was starving because he could get no concert engagements. "If I could play the piano as you can, I'd haunt the saloons; I'd play in cabarets where people *must* hear me. You don't know who might hear you. You can't expect life to bring you an opportunity; you have to work for it!"

What—a pianist play in a saloon! He was shocked and insulted. But Marie had done it herself; she knew the experience-value. She had sung for ten dollars a night at the Atlantic Gardens; she had danced and sung at an old music hall for fifteen.

And she *returned* to Broadway from vaudeville.

"And I will take any part in any picture they give me today. It may be a bit but we need good bit players in pictures!" Incidentally, she proved this in "Anna Christie" and "Let Us Be Gay."

It takes courage not to expect too much from life; real courage.

PROBABLY the blackest part of Marie's career preceded her last entrance into pictures.

She had not worked for seven years. Seven years is a long time to be out of the show business. She had been living on her principal; her interest would not support her. She was down to less than $25,000. She knew that without work that might not last to save her from a pauper's burial.

Yet, the world did not know; her most intimate friends only suspected.

She had kept her name in every newspaper in the country as though she were working daily!

"I knew that when my time came to return to the stage, the public must not realize I had been away from it. I made use of my society friends. I'd go to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Ann Morgan or Ambassador Herrick and say, 'Well, I've got to have my picture in the paper. What do you say we pose together?'

"I didn't expect the world to remember of itself; I knew I must make it think about me. I played politics but I played them on the level. My friends knew they were being used and did it to help me.

"Charity entertainments. Trips abroad. I went every year. The ship boys always wanted news. My friends in Europe were famous but I didn't depend entirely upon their names to help me. One year I told the boys how I loved Italy; would love to live there forever. When I returned, they asked me why I didn't stay in Italy if I loved it so. I answered: 'I came back to America to buy a cow.' It was true, the milk in Italy was poor then—but that remark covered the country with Marie Dressler's name attached to it."

AFTER "The Callahans and the Murphys," Marie again faced oblivion. She worked for approximately eighteen weeks in several pictures. The money saw her through but her face lay on the cutting room floor. It looked as though she might not get another engagement.

"Advertise," her friends told her. Marie had never paid for advertisement! She decided to risk $2,000 of her dwindling principal. The day before she was to withdraw it, Edward Everett Horton came to her.

"If you would only play the *Queen* in 'One Romantic Night,' " he begged. "Of course, we know we can't pay you anything compared with your regular salary. But you have plenty of money—"

Marie's silence gave consent to the financial situation.

She believes in keeping her secrets.

She played the *Queen*; she put everything she had into it; she became the rage of Los Angeles. She saved the $2,000 she had planned for advertising. She could never have bought what this part did for her.

Offers poured upon her like hail-stones in a deluge.

Perhaps, she could have signed for more than $2,000.

But she had refused to lower her salary to get parts; she made no effort to raise it when parts came to her.

Of course, she has many more examples to prove her contention:

If you don't ask too much you will win your battles. But she specifically asked us to print this one.

"Never give up one job unless you have another. If a person cannot put up with unfavorable conditions on one job he doesn't deserve another. I have never done it. I have left one for a better one but never left without another!"

SHE was working in a company whose prima donna hated her. She found a way to get rid of Dressler.

"I needed that job. We were in Philadelphia when I got my notice. During breakfast the hotel proprietor saw me eating alone and asked why I looked so glum. I told him the situation. He hired the best lawyer in the city and the prima donna was given her choice of putting me back or paying my salary for the run of the play. She put me back. Imagine the conditions. I knew what they would be. She hated me. She was the leading lady—but I had no other job. When I could get a better one, I took it but I made the best of the one I had until that moment."

Marie admits it was difficult—admits life is difficult no matter what rules you follow.

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She has been up the ladder and down again more times than the average person. She has gone through three fortunes.

"Today, when I have reached the cycle of sixty, I leave my future behind me. I live for each day and each moment. I have come to the conclusion that there is a power which provides for our future as long as we have provided correctly for our past.

"Electricity is given to us. But we have to get up and press a button to use it. The power of success is given each one of us; we have to learn how to press our buttons.

"MONEY is one thing we cannot do without. But luxuries bring burdens. The larger the fortune—the larger the home, the position and the burden. In old age we do not want burdens.

"I do not wish to end my days with a household of servants. I want Maimie and Jerry who have been with me eighteen years and understand me.

"Why, since that paper came out with my salary as $5,000, there have been moments when life was not worth living. Everyone has an idea where I should put it—to whom I should give it."

She shook her head. "Too many people expect too much. They can never get it—If they would only listen to old age—" She laughed.

"But I guess that would be expecting too much, too—to expect people to listen!"

Seymour liked this smart Fall suit that Dorothy Jordan wears. He says to note the deep armholes in the short black broadcloth jacket—it's a new touch. Astrakhan fur lavishly trims the jacket and also the skirt of the black silk frock beneath. Clever neckline. Seymour wasn't very enthusiastic about the hat, he would rather have had it one of those new eye-tilting affairs

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Eleanor Boardman
William Boyd
John Breedon
Chas. D. Brown
Ruth Chatterton
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Tom Douglas
Stuart Erwin
Skeets Gallagher
Marjorie Gateson
Wynne Gibson
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Vivienne Osborne
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Dorothy Tree
Allan Vincent
Charles Trowbridge
Anna May Wong
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Nora Lane
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mae Marsh
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Sally O'Neil
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Maureen O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Lucile Browne
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Dorothy Appleby
Nils Asther
William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Janet Currie
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Phyllis Elgar
Madge Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Helen Hayes
Jean Hersholt
Hedda Hopper
Leslie Howard
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Marjorie King
Alfred Lunt and
Lynn Fontanne
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Irene Purcell
Marjorie Rambeau
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Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
C. Aubrey Smith
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Lester Vail
Robert Young

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy
Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees
Robert Williams

Hal Roach Studios

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Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Burbank, Calif.

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Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
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Charles Butterworth
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Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
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Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
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David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller
Dorothy Peterson
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James Rennie
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Loretta Young
Polly Walters
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

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66

When and how to shampoo . . . . *page* 15

Once in two weeks is the average time . . . The ideal shampoo takes lots of water and soap . . . Rinse out and then go through the process again . . . removes the last traces of first wash . . . *Gives the hair its sheen and gloss.* The final rinse water should be . .

for a clear skin . . . *page* 12

The fundamental need of any face is cleanliness. Choose a pure soap. Nothing else will reach down into the pores and cleanse them properly. Go to bed with a face really cleansed and relaxed . . . Keeps your face *young and fresh.* Some skins are . . .

for more attractive hands . . . . *page* 9

Both *how* and *how often* you wash your hands are important. Hands must be washed frequently . . . Dry them thoroughly. Finish with a quick run around under the nails with an orange wood stick. If your hands chap easily use . . .

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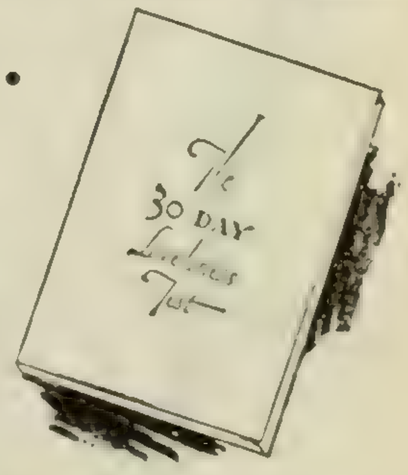

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Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

the lavender powder over your usual color of powder. Use a rosy rouge and the same color of lipstick. Under electric light, you will be interested to know, lavender powder fades out and gives the skin a delicate opalescent tone that is charming.

Greens, which give most skins a slightly sallow look, should be complemented by a natural make-up, that is, a creamy powder and a rouge that simulates a natural flush. The lipstick should be devoid of an orange cast. This same rule applies to black and white.

Girls with florid skins should be wary of reds. To wear reds, they should tone down the pink of their skins with a powder containing some tan or yellow. Little rouge, and a lipstick that either matches the natural coloring of the lips or subtly stresses the shade of the dress.

A PROMINENT beauty authority once related to me a very interesting make-up trick that she tried on a woman who refused to use rouge at all. This woman was a potential beauty, yet due to a rather violent prejudice for make-up, she had a drab, colorless appearance.

Finally she came in for several facials, and when she was being made up, the operator applied a light foundation of liquid rouge all over her face. It was so light that when the powder was added, it gave the appearance of a delicate, healthy glow. All the former sallowness disappeared. She was simply amazed when she looked in the mirror for she had been transformed into another personality, a vibrant, glowing one quite unknown to herself.

Mary Brian, who is pictured in two stages of her daily make-up, has some interesting theories of her own on the subject. She believes it is far better to be un-rouged than over-rouged. With that I heartily agree.

Then, in regard to eye make-up, which incidentally is very much on the up with all smart women, Mary believes it should be avoided for daytime. She says that the harsh light of daytime hours makes heavily made-up eyes appear bold and unattractive. A little for daytime, and enough to stress the eyes at night, is her theory.

She uses a powder three shades darker than her skin and brushes the surplus off with a soft brush as shown in the small photograph. She applies her lipstick with a stick but shapes the line with her fingers afterward.

Mary does not like the exaggerated cupid's bow effect.

Speaking of lip rouge and its deplorable habit of marking bath and table linens, I heard of a clever little red linen towel which is being found in the smartest boudoirs these days. This towel takes the red from your finger tips and lips without leaving an ugly trail behind, one red just blends into the other, you see! A strip of red linen, and you can make them by the half dozen yourself.

It is impossible to go into all the tricks of make-up. Every person and every star has her own little tricks. But boiled down, the best theory is to make the most of every feature. Study yourself, and with various tips you have picked up from time to time, create an individual expression of yourself.

NINA:

You do not tell me how old you are, therefore I can not give you your exact weight. However, if you are around twenty years of age, your weight is almost perfect. Why do you want to lose weight? A curve or two is considered very attractive in these days of more feminine clothes. If you were really overweight I would recommend it, but under the circumstances it seems foolish.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, however, I will send you my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus.

PUZZLED:

No one at twenty-two should look into the future and find it barren of happiness. I read your letter with great interest and I am glad that you gave some of your pent-up feelings an outlet. That is what you need. Much, too much of unhappiness and distress has been locked within you for a long time. It is not a healthy condition. Talking to a sympathetic person so often seems to clear phobias and fears away.

I hope that you won't feel that I am brushing your problem aside, for I am deeply interested, but I do feel that you should talk personally with someone who can help you more than I possibly can through a letter. May I urge you to go to a nerve specialist? The best one that you can find.

Tell him all that you have told me, frankly and freely. I know you will find sympathy and understanding.

Nothing is so detrimental to happiness as a disturbed mental outlook. You are young, attractive and seemingly endowed with more than average good fortune in your surroundings. You should have all the normal, happy reactions of a girl of your age. You are being cheated, not because of a superficial feeling of shyness but due to a deep mental distress which should not be fostered longer.

Develop your talent for art, too. It will prove a marvelous outlet for a sensitive person such as you. Put your soul and energy into making it something real in your life. A person who has a definite goal to work toward has less time to be introspective and lonely.

September Birthdays

September 1—Renee Adoree
September 1—Richard Arlen
September 1—Marilyn Miller
September 1—George O'Brien
September 1—Miriam Seegar
September 2—David Rollins
September 3—Mary Doran
September 4—John Mack Brown
September 5—Doris Kenyon
September 7—Roscoe Karns
September 7—Merna Kennedy
September 9—Pauline Garon
September 9—Neil Hamilton
September 10—Bessie Love
September 11—Paul Muni
September 12—Maurice Chevalier
September 13—Edwina Booth
September 13—Claudette Colbert
September 14—John Halliday
September 14—Don Jose Mojica
September 15—Larry Kent
September 15—Fay Wray
September 17—Dolores Costello
September 17—O. P. Heggie
September 17—Esther Ralston
September 18—Greta Garbo
September 19—Ricardo Cortez
September 20—Elliott Nugent
September 22—Eric Von Stroheim
September 23—Walter Pidgeon
September 24—Julia Faye
September 26—Antonio Moreno
September 30—George Bancroft
September 30—Ralph Forbes

Her Own Best Enemy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

"Oh, isn't that sweet!" gurgles Lavina. "Won't you let me help you? My boy friends all say I'm great on writing cute pash notes."

But Pink replies, real serious, "No, Ma'am, you couldn't. You're a mighty sweet girl, but I don't think you'd understand some of the sentiments I'm aiming to express."

AND with that, he's off to get writing materials and as soon as the Chink has cleared the supper things, he sits down at the table and takes pen in hand. But I guess he didn't find composing love notes so easy, for after half an hour of scowling and perspiring, he comes over to me for advice.

I sends him on to the scenario writer, who should be handy at that sort of thing, if anyone was.

The two of 'em put their heads together for quite a spell and late that evening, I finds Zoebeck examining some words the Chink is wiping off the oilcloth table cover.

"Isn't that terrible?" demands the manager, pointing out "grand passion" and "eternally yours."

"Plumb fierce!" I says, having always believed that if a man must unloose such sentiments, it shouldn't be done in writing.

"I'd fire Lavina, if I could, but it would ruin the picture."

Zoebeck grits his teeth, 'til I was afraid his upper plate would crack.

"Why?" I asks surprised. "She's just trying to be helpful to your financial assister in his love affair."

"A helluva help she's been," he snarls. "What would you say if I told you there was no such person as Vilma Roselle?"

"I'd say you was crazy. I've seen her myself."

"You've seen her in films, but you haven't seen her in person and you won't, ever. Mr. Cottonwood, I'm going to tell you something that I threatened my troupe they'd be fired and blacklisted for, if they ever let on around this ranch. When I started the All Arts Film Company, my shoe-string wouldn't have threaded a baby's bootie—"

"That's no surprise to me," I cuts in, "any more than that the check you talked of when you first came, never seems to have got dug out of that blizzard."

But Zoebeck was too wrought up to take heed of my chaffing. "To speak facts," he continues, "during my first picture, I ran short paying what actors I had for the first sequence, and engaging a heavy woman for the *denouement* was out of the question. So Lavina, who is smart though hellish, volunteered to disguise herself and play the rôle.

"She changed the shape of her mouth and eyebrows by make-up, put on brown powder, a black wig and high heels, padded her hips and called herself 'Vilma Roselle,' and with the help of a little double exposure camera work, she played the heavy woman herself, and so help me, if she didn't make such a hit, we had to continue the character through the rest of the series."

KNOWING how crazy pictures are made, I felt no surprise, but still I couldn't help wondering about what the scenario writer called "the human equation."

"What you're trying to tell me," I sums up, "is that Lavina is really Vilma, or Vilma is Lavina, or rather that one of them is both. That's all right with me, but why in Sam Hill should this two-person woman go to all the trouble she has just to plague a poor cowboy?"

"Don't you understand," replies the manager, "Mr. Hawkins has insulted her."

"How come? One thing I'll say for Pink, I've never seen him fall down in his etiquette with women."

"He insulted Lavina the first time they met and he's kept on insulting her by daring to show interest in another woman while she's around."

"But that other woman happens to be herself," I puzzles.

"That makes no difference," cries Zoebeck. "Being a picture producer, I understand psychology, especially feminine psychology, and I know that nothing short of earthquake or pestilence is going to keep Lavina from vamping that cowboy away from her shadow self, and meantime she'll punish him plenty."

"I reckon she will," I assents, "but what mostly interests me is how Pink's going to act when he finds out the deception."

"That's what interests me, too," admits Zoebeck, worried like. "Do you think he'll consider it comes under the head of 'funny business'?"

"I reckon he will," I assents. Then enjoying the pained expression on the manager's face, I invents a pleasing yarn of how Pink had come to the ranch, after killing a man in Texas and how he come to Texas after smashing a marshal's jaw in Montana, but by the time I gets to why Pink had come to Montana, Zoebeck has faded.

NEXT evening, as we ride in from the range, we find Lavina waiting perched on the corral gate and waving a slip of paper.

"Well, my handsome hero," she cries to Pink, "here's a telegram in answer to your letter. It came over the 'phone, but the Chink couldn't understand, so I took down the message myself."

And before Pink could make protest, she starts reading out loud:

> "Darling Pink, your letter wonderful. Crazy meet you and would come to ranch immediately but kid brother sick and must stay nurse him. Write often. Love.
> Vilma."

Then, almost before Pink could get the full effect of those loving words, Lavina snuggles up close to him and coos:

"That surely must have been a wonderful letter you wrote Vilma."

"It was, Ma'am, it was," assents Pink, solemn like.

"I wish I could get a letter like that. Couldn't you write me one sometime?"

"I'd like to, Little Lady, but I'm afraid I haven't got more than one of 'em in me."

After that, every evening, Pink composes a letter to Vilma, and every afternoon, Lavina arranges for him to get some kind of message in reply.

Each one, from the way Pink's eyes would pop when he read it, must have been hotter than the last.

Yes, it was evident that as Vilma, Lavina was doing all she could to rivet that cowboy's affections.

On the other hand, as herself, she didn't miss out on any tricks, either. It was like a man playing solitaire and being firm set on not cheating himself.

CAME along the last night before the last day the troupe was to be with us. All through dinner, I noticed Lavina didn't sound off as much as usual. Just sat still, studying Pink with a squint in her eye like a cowboy looking over an outlaw bronc that had throwed him in a rodeo.

And Pink had sure throwed Lavina.

But the girl was game. In spite of all the times she'd bit dust, she still came back for more punishment.

Late that evening, as I was coming up from the tack shed, I chanced upon them as she was

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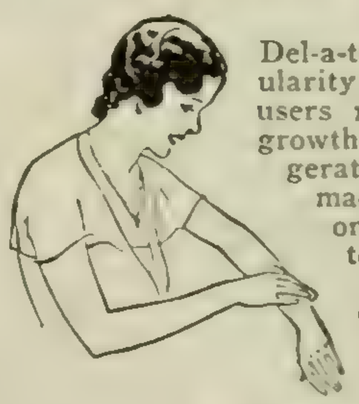

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making her last play. They were in a far corner of the stoop, Lavina snuggled on a pillow at Pink's feet and making music at him with a steel guitar. Her voice wasn't robustious enough for my fancy, but she put a heap of hankering into it and what with the moon just edging over the mountains and the coyotes yelping in the distance, the scene was sure set for romantics.

In spite of myself, I got to thinking of a Harvey Lunch Room waitress I'd known at Phoenix and I hung around in the shadows, when, by all rights, I should have been moseying.

SUDDENLY in the midst of Lavina's crooning, Pink puts his hand over hers on the bridge of the guitar.

She looks up expectant.

"Ma'am," he starts, soft like, "there's been something I've wanted to ask you all evening long."

"Ask me anything you want and I'll answer real pretty," she returns.

"Do you think Vilma would find objection if I made her a present of a guitar like that?"

For a moment, the girl stares at him, mad as a heifer stung by a bee.

"Why not give her this one?" she cries, and lifting up the instrument, she smashes it down across the railing and hands the broken pieces to Pink.

"Why, Miss Lavina?" he inquires, startled, "whatever are you up to?"

"There's always a time," she comes back, "when even the best joke has gone far enough."

"Joke? What's your busting a good guitar got to do with a joke?"

"No use my keeping that guitar when I'd never be able to play it again for laughing."

"Laughing? Why for and what at?"

"You and your hot sweetie, Vilma."

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am," reproves Pink, "but I don't consider my affection for that lady a fit subject for scoffing."

"Of course you don't," cries Lavina. "That's what makes it all such a scream. Oh, if only I could show you some of the letters I've got from Vilma!"

"You've been corresponding?"

"Every day. She sends me copies of all your letters. I can quote some of the mushiest spots by heart, like—'Little Lady, I crave for you like the desert craves for rain'—"

"Good evening, Ma'am." Pink was rising to go, but Lavina stopped him.

"Remember this one?—'You're as remarkable as a woman as my Pinto is as a horse—?' Vilma said her husband was crazy about that."

"Her husband?"

"Yes, Vilma's got a husband, only it's not talked about for professional reasons, any more than her three kids."

And with that she runs off laughing, while poor Pink stands looking as foolish as a tenderfoot, who's put the wrong foot in the stirrup and ended up on the horse facing backwards.

NEXT morning, we all ride out to where the last and biggest scene of the picture is to take place.

It had been thought up by the scenario writer and was just about what you'd expect from a fellow to whom the word "horse" meant only half of the name of a drink.

He'd fixed it so the hero, disguised as a bandit, was escaping a gang that he thought was officers, but really was outlaws. The poor heroine, thinking the hero had been responsible for her brother's death in a card game, had set out to trap him, but had got trapped herself by the heavy.

Evading this *hombre*, she had flung herself over a cliff that was too steep for him to get down to her, but by the same token, too steep for her to get up.

In fact, the whole ledge was supposed to be slipping and all that stood between her and destruction was a parcel of greasewood roots that was really ropes painted up by the All Arts people.

Now, it was the hero's privilege to ride down an almost straight cliff and taking off from a narrow ledge, leap his horse across to that crumbling landslide and finally scramble to safety, dragging the heroine with him.

Not wishing to endanger the neck of his star, Zoebeck had sent for a stunt man to double. But when time came to shoot the scene, 'twas found the agency had made a mistake and sent a parachute jumper instead of a horse jumper. The fellow had plenty of nerve and was willing to try, but we soon found he couldn't even mount one side of a horse without falling off the other.

THIS started a terrible ruckus, the director claiming the story was punk and needed the punch to bolster it up, and the scenario writer declaring he'd put the stunt in because he knew the director was falling down on his job. Meantime, Zoebeck was running from one to the other, wringing his hands and sweating and crying out that costs was mounting up and to keep the troupe waiting a day or two, 'til they could send for a new stunt man, would plumb ruin the company.

The boys were all gathering around to be in on the calamity except Pink, who had been keeping aloof, quiet and frosty as a winter's night.

Finally, as though disgusted and wanting to put an end to all the jabber, he eases himself into the circle around Zoebeck and pronounces, quiet like, "I reckon Pinto and me might make that leap, if called on."

The manager falls right on Pink's neck and for a moment I was afraid he was going to kiss him, which would have produced untoward results.

Then, as they are rigging Pink up in the hero's sombrero and chaps, Lavina, who all morning has been keeping mighty quiet for a woman, butts in.

"Mr. Zoebeck," she inquires, "don't you think the All Arts Troupe has done enough to this cowboy without taking his life in the bargain?"

"The risk is negligible for so fine a horseman as Mr. Hawkins," returns Zoebeck, "and as he has money involved in the picture, I feel I am only giving him an opportunity to protect his investment."

"Since when was money sunk in All Arts Films an investment?" shoots out Lavina, and I could hear some of the troupe snickering back of their hands.

Anyway, Zoebeck is silenced for the time, and Lavina turns on Pink. "Look here, Simple Simon," she says, "there never has been and there never will be another one like you. All the more reason why I am not going to stand by and witness the type become extinct. If you weren't such an idiot, you'd realize that picture stunts are contrived for stunters—specialists, who have not only spent all their lives learning how to ride horses, but also to fall off 'em without getting hurt."

"I don't aim to fall off," Pink bridles.

"Listen, Bozo! You'll fall because your horse will fall. An animal can't jump without a decent place to jump from and where's one on that gravelly cliff, I'd like to know?"

"But my Pinto's got spider feet."

"And you've got a gnat's brain!"

THE cowboy swings up in his saddle and would have made off, but Lavina anchors herself to the Pinto's bridle and looks up at Pink more earnest than I'd ever seen her before.

"Say, Big Boy, will you tell me just one thing? Are you set on this neck breaking simply because you're sort of low and desperate over that Vilma woman?" Then, as Pink makes no answer—"Because if you are, I want to tell you from the bottom of my heart that girl's not worth it, and what's more, I'm going to spill the whole truth about her—"

"I don't want to hear nothing about her from you," interrupts Pink. "She's been my ideal woman and she'll always be my ideal woman, but she hasn't got anything more to do with my making this leap than you have. I've

got five hundred bucks pledged in this picture and I'm doing this stunt for the sole purpose of saving 'em."

Lavina drops the Pinto's rein like it was a live snake.

"Well," she gasps, "you're nothing if not practical. Go ahead, break your neck if you want to. I'd almost wish you would, if I wasn't afraid of your horse getting hurt."

With that Pink gallops off and Lavina, aided by three prop boys, starts scrambling across the arroyo where she's to do her root hanging.

THE Pinto starts out nobly, squatting back on his haunches like a dog in front of a fire, while Pink's long legs dangle in the dirt on each side, enabling him to assist in the braking.

They must have slid that way for thirty feet in a line that couldn't have been more straight if it had been drawn by a ruler. Then they come to the ledge where I know Pink's future is going to be decided. That is, whether he's going to have one or not.

As the Pinto is gathering himself for the leap, a slide of pebbles dislodges under his hind feet, but as he has no place else to go except forward, he takes off anyway on what can't be more than a scrag of coffee fern. At that, I don't know whether it was the horse's strength or the whoop Pink lets out that carries 'em over.

Anyway, a second later, they're up the other side of the ditch with Lavina in Pink's arms as per schedule. She holds him tight and starts kissing him, which is part of the picture, and after a moment, he goes to kissing her back, which isn't.

"Cut!" screams the director. "Cut!" And the cameras stop grinding.

"Cut it out!" I seconds, for to witness such violence of affection was embarrassing, even across an arroyo.

Late that evening, when Zoebeck was herding his troupe into the bus so as to save another day's board, I noticed that Lavina seemed to be missing.

I was just wondering, when the manager comes up and hands me five hundred bucks, which he says was left for him by Pink, and shows me a letter from Lavina, that runs something like this:

Dear Mr. Zoebeck:

Pink and I are just leaving for Agua Caliente to get married.

As the picture is finished, I feel I owe you nothing. However, you owe me five days' salary, which you can send—care of U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego, but probably won't.

Pink and I are going to spend our honeymoon on his parents' ranch near Amarillo, Texas. It seems they struck oil down there and Pink hasn't been home for three years for fear the derricks would interfere with his riding. I think that's silly.

Goodbye to all the company, including Vilma.

Yours,

Lavina.

"THERE'S a girl who's going to get along," says Zoebeck.

"That's evident," I agrees, "but how about when Pink finds out her deception regarding Vilma?"

"He won't ever find out. Lavina's too smart to permit that."

"But if he doesn't find it out," I asks, "won't he always have a secret hankering, thinking that Vilma was his ideal woman and Lavina came to him as second best?"

"Exactly," accords Zoebeck, "but you don't understand psychology. I do, and that's what makes me a picture producer.

"Now, every man's got to have at least two women in his life and Lavina's smart enough to know it.

"And what a break that girl's got, having a rival who's really herself!"

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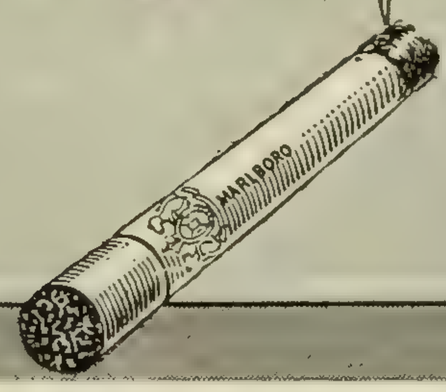

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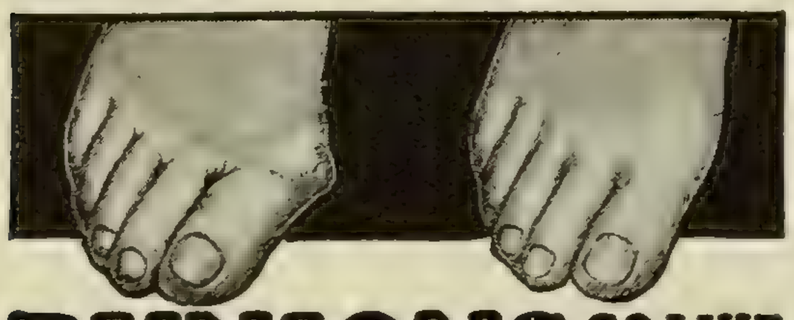

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patsy Ruth Miller, Esther Ralston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (*April*)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (*April*)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (*March*)

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (*Aug.*)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (*July*)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (*July*)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE** — Warners. — Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (*June*)

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (*March*)

MAN IN POSSESSION, THE—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (*Aug.*)

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (*May*)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (*March*)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (*March*)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (*June*)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (*April*)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (*March*)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (*April*)

MILLIE — Radio Pictures. — Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (*March*)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evalyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (*May*)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (*Aug.*)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (*July*)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (*May*)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (*June*)

NEWLY RICH—See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE.**

NIGHT ANGEL, THE—Paramount.—A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (*Aug.*)

NIGHT BIRDS — British International. — Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (*March*)

★ **NIGHT NURSE**—Warners.—Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (*Aug.*)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (*March*)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (*April*)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (*March*)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (*May*)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (*March*)

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (*April*)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newlyweds, but the story is weak. (*June*)

★ **PRODIGAL, THE** — M-G-M. — (Reviewed under the title "The Southerner")—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (*March*)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (*June*)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS** — Fox. — Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (*June*)

REBOUND—RKO-Pathe.—Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (*Aug.*)

RECKLESS HOUR, THE—First National.—An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (*Aug.*)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (*March*)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (*May*)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (*April*)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Cheri Bibi.") Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (*June*)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (*March*)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (*March*)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (*June*)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (*June*)

★ **SHE-WOLF, THE**—Liberty Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Mother's Millions")—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (*April*)

SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (*June*)

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr.—Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up game a of bridge for it. (*Aug.*)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (*April*)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (*July*)

★ **SKIPPY**—Paramount.—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (*May*)

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (*July*)

★ **SMART MONEY**—Warners.—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (*July*)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE** — Paramount.—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (*July*)

SON OF INDIA—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (*Aug.*)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (*Aug.*)

★ **STEPPING OUT**—M-G-M.—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (*May*)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (*April*)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as "The Divorcee." To be seen. (*May*)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (*July*)

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (*March*)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (*June*)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (*May*)

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathe.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (*Aug.*)

★ **TABU**—Paramount.—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (*May*)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (*May*)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (*June*)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (*July*)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (*April*)

THREE LOVES—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich is the only reason for seeing this three-year-old German silent. (*Aug.*)

THREE WHO LOVED—Radio Pictures.—Excellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Nagel in a production that suffers from too much story. (*Aug.*)

TOO MANY COOKS — Radio Pictures. — Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (*June*)

★ **TRADER HORN**—M-G-M.—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (*March*)

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures.—The same old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis wears swell clothes. (*Aug.*)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot (*June*)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS — Radio Pictures. Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (*July*)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—Tiffany.—A Western in old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good entertainment. Ken Maynard and horse! (*Aug.*)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (*May*)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Fires of Youth.") Talkie version of the old silent, "Man, Woman and Sin." Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (*April*)

UPPER UNDERWORLD — First National. — Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (*July*)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (*July*)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE**—Paramount.—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (*July*)

VIKING, THE—Varick Frissell Production.—A picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. Good photography. (*Aug.*)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (*June*)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (*July*)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (*July*)

WHITE THUNDER.—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland (*March*)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (*May*)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot. (*June*)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathe.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (*July*)

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount.—Producers wasted their time and that of Eleanor Boardman and Paul Lukas on this one. (*Aug.*)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of "What Price Glory" fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (*July*)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (*July*)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID**—Radio Pictures.—Good. From Rex Beach's story "Big Brother." Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (*July*)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (*July*)

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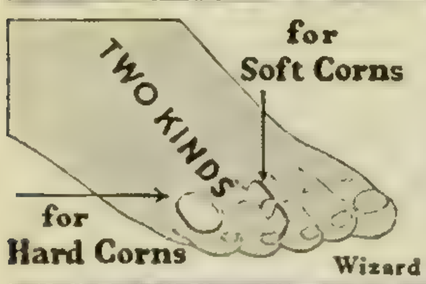

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIAS, THE BAD MAN"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ford Beebe. Continuity by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Ken Neville*, Ken Maynard; *Mary Warner*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Rance Collins*, Frank Mayo; *Mr. Warner*, Robert Homans; *Simpson*, Irving Bacon; *Black*, Charles King; *Clem Neville*, Lafe McKee; *The Sheriff*, Ethan Allen.

"BAD GIRL"—FOX.—From the novel by Vina Delmar. Continuity by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Dorothy Haley*, Sally Eilers; *Eddie Collins*, James Dunn; *Edna Driggs*, Minna Gombell; *Radio Proprietor*, Frank Darien; *Jim Haley*, William Pawley.

"BLACK CAMEL, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Adapted by Hugh Stange. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Julie*, Sally Eilers; *Tarneverro*, Bela Lugosi; *Shelah Fane*, Dorothy Revier; *Robert Fyfe*, Victor Varconi; *Jimmy Bradshaw*, Robert Young; *Mac Masters*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mrs. Mac Masters*, Mary Gordon; *Anna*, Violet Dunn; *Alan Jaynes*, William Post; *Smith*, Murray Kinnell; *Native Girl*, Rita Rosell; *Kashimo*, Otto Yamaoka; *Jessop*, Dwight Frye; *Ballou*, Richard Tucker; *Rita Ballou*, Marjorie White; *Von Hart*, C. Henry Gordon; *Chief of Police*, Robert Homans.

"BOUGHT"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Jackdaws Strut" by Harriet Henry. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Stephany Dale*, Constance Bennett; *Nick Amory*, Ben Lyon; *Dave Meyer*, Richard Bennett; *The Mother*, Dorothy Peterson; *Charles Carter, Jr.*, Raymond Milland; *Carter, Sr.*, Arthur Stuart Hull; *Natalie Ransome*, Mae Madison; *Mrs. Chauncey*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Sprig*, Clara Blandick.

"BRAT, THE"—FOX.—From the play by Maude Fulton. Adapted by Sonya Levien and S. N. Behrman. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *The Brat*, Sally O'Neil; *MacMillan Forester*, Allan Dinehart; *Stephen Forester*, Frank Albertson; *Angela*, Virginia Cherrill; *Jane*, June Collyer; *Timson*, Farrell MacDonald; *Mrs. Forester*, Mary Forbes; *The Bishop*, Albert Gran; *Lena*, Louise Mackintosh; *Judge*, William Collier, Sr.; *Housekeeper*, Margaret Mann.

"CAUGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Agnes Brand Leahy and Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Lieut. Tom Colton*, Richard Arlen; *Calamity Jane*, Louise Dresser; *Kate Winslow*, Frances Dee; *Jard Harmon*, Tom Kennedy; *Curly Braydon*, Martin Burton; *Goldie*, Marcia Manners; *Sergt. Weems*, Sid Saylor; *McNeill*, Guy Oliver; *Haverstraw*, E. J. LeSaint; *Bradford*, Charles E. French.

"EAST OF BORNEO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dale Van Every. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Linda Randolph*, Rose Hobart; *Dr. Allan Clark*, Charles Bickford; *Prince Hashin, Rajah of Marudu*, Georges Renavent; *Niela*, Lupita Tovar; *Osman*, Noble Johnson.

"ENEMIES OF THE LAW"—REGAL PROD.—Directed by Lawrence C. Windom. The cast: *Florence Vinton*, Mary Nolan; *Larry Marsh*, Johnny Walker; *Eddie Swan*, Lou Tellegen; *Jack*, Harold Healy; *Lefty*, Alan Brooks; *Tony Catello*, Dewey Robinson; *The Big Shot*, John Dunsmuir; *Joey Regan*, Danny Hardin; *Babe Ricardo*, Bert West; *Blackie*, Gordon Westcott; *Booker T*, Doe Doe Green.

"FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Continuity by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Bob Terry*, Buck Jones; *Mary Smith*, Loretta Sayers; *Flash Halloway*, Robert Ellis; *Calice*, Harlan E. Knight; *Jack Smith*, Paul Fix; *Florabell*, Lillian Worth; *Tiana*, Nena Quartaro; *Curfew*, Clarence Muse; *Aunt Sally*, Lillian Leighton; *Sam*, Tom Bay.

"FIRST AID"—SONO ART.—From the story by Michael L. Simmons. Directed by Stuart Paton. The cast: *Ralph Ingram*, Grant Withers; *Lil*, Marjorie Beebe; *Mike Rush*, Wheeler Oakman; *Buddy*, Donald Keith; *Chief of Police*, William Desmond; *Whitey*, Paul Panzer; *Swank*, George Cheeseborough.

"FIVE STAR FINAL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Louis Weitzenkorn. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Randall*, Edward G. Robinson; *Jenny Townsend*, Marian Marsh; *Nancy Voorhees Townsend*, Frances Starr; *Michael Townsend*, H. B. Warner; *Phillip Weeks*, Anthony Bushell; *Hinchecliffe*, Oscar Apfel; *Kitty Carmody*, Ona Munson; *Miss Taylor*, Alene MacMahon; *Isopod*, Boris Karloff; *Ziggie Feinstein*, George E. Stone; *Mrs. Weeks*, Evelyn Hall; *Mr. Weeks*, David Torrence; *Miss Edwards*, Gladys Lloyd; *Brannegan*, Robert Elliott.

"FULL OF NOTIONS"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Douglas MacLean. Screen play by Ralph Spence. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Tommy Tanner*, Bert Wheeler; *Egbert Higginbotham*, Robert Woolsey; *Peggy Morton*, Dorothy Lee; *Mother Tally*, Lucy Beaumont; *Watters*, Jason Robards; *Chief Morton*, DeWitt Jennings; *Flint*, Charles Middleton; *Clarke*, Bill Scott; *Miss Loring*, Nora Cecil; *Miss Newton*, Josephine Whittall.

"GREAT LOVER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Continuity by Gene Markey and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cat: *Paurel*, Adolphe Menjou; *Diana*, Irene Dunne; *Sos, avv*Ernest Torrence; *Carlo*, Neil Hamilton; *Potter, aa*Baclanova; *Finny*, Cliff Edwards; *Stapleton*, Hale Hamilton; *Rosco*, Roscoe Ates; *Losseck*, Herman Bing; *Mme. Neumann Baumbach*, Else Janssen.

"GUILTY HANDS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bayard Veiller. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Richard Grant*, Lionel Barrymore; *Marjorie West*, Kay Francis; *Barbara Grant*, Madge Evans; *Tommy Osgood*, William Bakewell; *Rev. Hastings*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Aunt Maggie*, Polly Moran; *Gordon Rich*, Alan Mowbray; *Spencer Wilson*, Forrester Harvey; *H. G. Smith*, Charles Crockett; *Harvey Scott*, Henry Barrows.

"HONEYMOON LANE"—SONO ART.—From the story by Eddie Dowling. Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Tim Dugan*, Eddie Dowling; *Mary Baggott*, June Collyer; *"Dynamite,"* Raymond Hatton; *Gerty Murphy*, Ray Dooley; *Tom Baggott*, Noah Beery; *Mother Murphy*, Mary Carr; *King of Bulgravia*, Adolphe Milar; *Paulino, Major Domo*, Gene Lewis; *Col. Gustave*, Lloyd Whitlock; *"Noisy,"* George Kotsonaros; *Betty Royce*, Corliss Palmer.

"I LIKE YOUR NERVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Roland Pertwee. Adapted by Houston Branch. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Larry*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Diane*, Loretta Young; *Clive Lattimer*, Edmund Breon; *Pacheco*, Henry Kolker; *Lester*, Claud Allister; *The Butler*, Ivan Simpson; *The Patron*, Paul Porcasi; *Franko*, Andre Cheron; *Luigi*, Boris Karloff; *The Colonel*, Henry Bunston.

"LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the poem "Lasca" by Frank Desprez. Story by Tom Reed. Screen play by Randall Faye. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Jose Santa Cruz*, Leo Carrillo; *Miles Kincaid*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Lasca*, Dorothy Burgess; *Crabapple*, Slim Summerville; *Jehosophat Smith*, Frank Campeau.

"LULLABY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Madelon*, Helen Hayes; *Carlo Boretti*, Lewis Stone; *Larry*, Neil Hamilton; *Victor*, Cliff Edwards; *Rosalie*, Marie Prevost; *Suzette*, Aileen Pringle; *Jacques*, Robert Young; *Roget*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Salignac*, Bradley Page; *Angeline*, Claire McDowell; *Claudet*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Grandmother*, Margaret Seddon; *Emil*, Tenen Holtz; *St. Jacques*, Lennox Pawle.

"MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Laurels and the Lady" by Leonard Merrick. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Poll*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bill*, Ralph Bellamy; *Elmer*, Stuart Erwin; *Rosa Duchene*, Francoise Rosay; *Larry*, Sam Hardy; *Jacques*, Charles Boyer; *Pierre*, Tyler Brooke; *Clarence*, Tyrrell Davis.

"MEN OF THE SKY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Madeleine*, Irene Delroy; *Jack Ames*, Jack Whiting; *Eric Von Coburg*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Madeleine's Father*, John Sainpolis; *Oscar*, Frank McHugh.

"MERELY MARY ANN"—FOX.—From the story by Israel Zangwill. Screen play by Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Mary Ann*, Janet Gaynor; *John Lonsdale*, Charles Farrell; *Mrs. Leadbatter*, Beryl Mercer; *Peter Brook*,

G. P. Huntley, Jr.; *Draymen*, J. M. Kerrigan and Tom Whitley; *Rosie Leadbatter*, Lorna Balfour; *Vicar Smedge*, Arnold Lucy.

"MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE"—SUPER FILM.—From the scenario by Walter Reich. Directed by Geza von Bolvary. The cast: *Augustin Tuschinger*, Willy Forst; *Anselme Leitner, Commissioner of Monuments*, Paul Hoerbiger; *Alois Stanigi*, Ernst Wurmser; *Grell*, Lee Parry; *His Excellency, Waldmueller*, Oskar Sima; *Therese Zelenka, known as Flotte Motte*, Cordy Millowitsch.

"MURDER BY THE CLOCK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rufus King. Play by Charles Beahan. Adapted by Henry Myers. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Lieut. Valcour*, William Boyd; *Laura Endicott*, Lilyan Tashman; *Phillip Endicott*, Irving Pichel; *Officer Cassidy*, Regis Toomey; *Jane*, Sally O'Neil; *Mrs. Julia Endicott*, Blanche Frederici; *Herbert Endicott*, Walter McGrail; *Miss Roberts*, Martha Mattox.

"MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE"—CLASSIC.—Explanatory lecture by Clarence Darrow and Dr. H. Parshley. Directed by George Cochrane.

"POLITICS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Zelda Sears and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Adapted by Wells Root. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Hattie*, Marie Dressler; *Ivy*, Polly Moran; *Peter*, Roscoe Ates; *Myrtle*, Karen Morley; *Benny*, William Bakewell; *Curango*, John Miljan; *Daisy*, Joan Marsh; *Mayor*, Tom McGuire; *Nifty*, Kane Richmond; *Mrs. Evans*, Mary Alden.

"PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by George Goodschild. Screen play by Bernard Schubert. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Pike Winslow*, Richard Dix; *Barbara Gerry*, Shirley Grey; *Wells*, Edmund Breese; *Doctor*, Paul Hurst; *John Burns*, Purnell Pratt; *Inspector O'Neil*, Alan Roscoe; *Professor*, Boris Karloff; *Rose*, Ruth Weston; *Aunt Matilda*, Nella Walker; *Auctioneer*, William Harrigan; *Charles Harmer*, Frank Sheridan; *Cyrus Pringle*, Carl Gerrard.

"SALVATION NELL"—TIFFANY-CRUZE.—From the play by E. R. Sheldon. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Jim Platt*, Ralph Graves; *Nell Saunders*, Helen Chandler; *Myrtle*, Sally O'Neil; *Major Williams*, Jason Robards; *McGovern*, DeWitt Jennings; *Maggie*, Charlotte Walker; *Mooney*, Mathew Betz; *Madame Cloquette*, Rose Dione; *Jimmy*, Wally Albright.

"SECRET CALL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "The Woman" by William C. De Mille. Adapted by Arthur Kober. Directed by Stuart Walker. The cast: *Tom Blake*, Richard Arlen; *Wanda Kelly*, Peggy Shannon; *Neligan*, Eugene Pallette; *Bert Benedict*, Ned Sparks; *Jim Blake*, William B. Davidson; *Phillip Roberts*, Charles Trowbridge; *Frank Kelly*, Harry Beresford; *Gwen*, Frances Moffett; *Maizie*, Claire Dodd.

"SECRETS OF A SECRETARY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles Brackett. Adapted by George Abbott. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: *Helen*, Claudette Colbert; *Frank*, Georges Metaxa; *Paul*, Herbert Marshall; *Sylvia*, Betty Lawford; *Mr. Merritt*, Burton Churchill; *Mrs. Merritt*, Mary Boland; *Dan Marlow*, Avril Harriss; *Dorothy*, Betty Garde; *Charlie*, Hugh O'Connell; *Daly*, Barry MacCullum.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR"—WARNERS-FIRST DIVISION.—Adapted from "The Final Problem" and "The Empty House" by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directed by Leslie S. Hiscott. The cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Arthur Wontner; *Doctor Watson*, Jan Fleming; *Mrs. Hudson*, Minnie Raynor; *Ronald Adair*, Leslie Perrins; *Kathleen Adair*, Jane Welsh; *Colonel Henslowe*, Norman McKinnell; *Thomas Fisher*, William Frazer; *Tony Rutherford*, Sidney King; *Inspector Lestrade*, Phillip Hewland; *Marston*, Gordon Begg; *Colonel Moran*, Louis Goodrich; *No. 16*, Harry Terry; *J. J. Godfrey*, Charles Paton.

"SIDE SHOW"—WARNERS.—From the story by William K. Wells. Adapted by Arthur Caesar and Raymond Enright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Pat*, Winnie Lightner; *Sidney*, Charles Butterworth; *Irene*, Evalyn Knapp; *Joe*, Donald Cook; *Pop, the Circus Owner*, Guy Kibbee; *Whalen*, Mathew Betz; *Santini*, Luis Alberni; *Bearded Lady*, Louise Carver; *Fat Lady*, Ann Magruder; *Jimmie*, Edward Morgan.

"SKIN GAME, THE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by John Galsworthy. Adapted and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The cast: *Mr. Hillcrist*, C. V. France; *Mrs. Hillcrist*, Helen Haye; *Jill*, Jill Esmond; *Mr. Hornblower*, Edmund Gwenn; *Charles*, John Longden; *Chloe*, Phyllis Konstam; *Rolf*, Frank Lawton; *Mr. Jackman*, Herbert Ross; *Mrs. Jackman*, Dora Gregory; *First Stranger*, R. E. Jeffrey; *Second Stranger*, George Bancroft; *Dawker*, Edward Chapman; *Auctioneer*, Ronald Frankau.

"SPORTING BLOOD"—M-G-M.—From the story "Horseflesh" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Adapted by Willard Mack and Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Rid Riddell*, Clark Gable; *Jim Rellence*, Ernest Torrence; *Ruby*, Madge Evans; *Tip Scanlon*, Lew Cody; *Angela*, Marie Prevost; *Ludeking*, Hallam Cooley; *MacGuire*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Uncle Ben*, John Larkin; *Sammy*, Eugene Jackson; *Tommy Boy*, by himself.

"STAR WITNESS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lucien A. Hubbard. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *D. A. Whitlock*, Walter Huston; *Gran'pa Summerville*, Chas. Chic Sale; *Ma Leeds*, Frances Starr; *Sue Leeds*, Sally Blane; *Brown*, Tom Dugan; *Campeau*, Ralph Ince; *Thorpe*, Russell Hopton; *Dopey*, Fletcher Norton; *Williams*, Robert Elliott; *Jack Short*, Guy d'Ennery; *Mickey*, Mike Donlin; *Horan*, Noel Madison; *Sackett*, Ed Deering; *Big Jack*, Nat Pendleton; *Ned Leeds*, George Ernest; *Donny Leeds*, Dickie Moore; *Pa Leeds*, Grant Mitchell; *Jackie Leeds*, Edward J. Nugent.

"SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE"—M-G-M.—From the story by David Graham Phillips. Adapted by Wanda Tuchock. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Susan Lenox*, Greta Garbo; *Rodney*, Clark Gable; *Ohlin*, Jean Hersholt; *Burlingham*, John Miljan; *Mondstrum*, Alan Hale; *Ike Kelly*, Hale Hamilton; *Astrid*, Hilda Vaughn; *Doctor*, Russell Simpson; *Madame Panoramia*, Cecil Cunningham; *Herr Kemper*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Vera*, Marjorie King; *Mrs. Rodney Spencer*, Helene Millard.

"TRANSATLANTIC"—FOX.—From the story by Guy Bolton. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Monty Greer*, Edmund Lowe; *Judy Kramer*, Lois Moran; *Henry Graham*, John Halliday; *Sigrid Carline*, Greta Nissen; *Rudolph Kramer*, Jean Hersholt; *Kay Graham*, Myrna Loy; *Handsome*, Earle Foxe; *Hudgins*, Billy Bevan; *Burbank*, Ruth Donnelly; *Peters*, Goodee Montgomery; *Buyer*, Jesse De Vorska; *The Bride*, Rosalie Roy; *Captain*, Claude King; *First Officer*, Crauford Kent; *Gamblers*, Henry Sedley, Bob Montgomery and Louis Natheaux.

"WATERLOO BRIDGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by Benn Levy. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Myra*, Mae Clark; *Roy*, Kent Douglass; *Roy's Sister*, Bette Davis; *Kitty*, Doris Lloyd; *Mrs. Hobley*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Wetherby*, Enid Bennett; *Mr. Wetherby*, Frederic Kerr; *Old Woman*, Rita Carlisle.

"WILD HORSE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Jack Natteford. Directed by Richard Thorpe and Sidney Algier. The cast: *Jim Wright*, Hoot Gibson; *Alice Hall*, Alberta Vaughn; *"Stepin,"* Stepin Fetchit; *Colonel Ben Hall*, George Bunny; *Sheriff*, Edward Peil; *Gil Davis*, Edmund Cobb; *Hank Howard*, Neal Hart; *Deputy*, Joe Rickson; *Wally*, Fred Gilman; *Trained Horses*, Hoot Gibson's "Mutt" and Jack Boyle's "Reno" and "Ghost."

"WOMEN GO ON FOREVER"—TIFFANY-CRUZE.—From the stage play by Daniel N. Rubin. Adapted by Ralph Murphy. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Daisy Bowman*, Clara Kimball Young; *Betty*, Marian Nixon; *Eddie*, Paul Page; *Jake*, Morgan Wallace; *Pearl*, Yola D'Avril; *Willie*, Lorin Raker; *Daly, the detective*, Thomas Jackson; *Mr. Givner*, Eddie Lambert; *Mrs. Givner*, Nellie Nicholls; *Pete*, Maurice Black; *Tommy*, Maurice Murphy; *Lucy*, Madame Sultana.

"WOMEN MEN MARRY"—HEADLINE PROD.—From the novel by John Natteford. Directed by Charles Hutchison. The cast: *Dolly Moulton*, Natalie Moorhead; *Rose Bradley*, Sally Blane; *Steve Bradley*, Randolph Scott; *Fred Moulton*, Kenneth Harlan; *John Graham*, Crauford Kent; *Pierre Renault*, Jean Del Val; *Jimmy*, James Aubrey.

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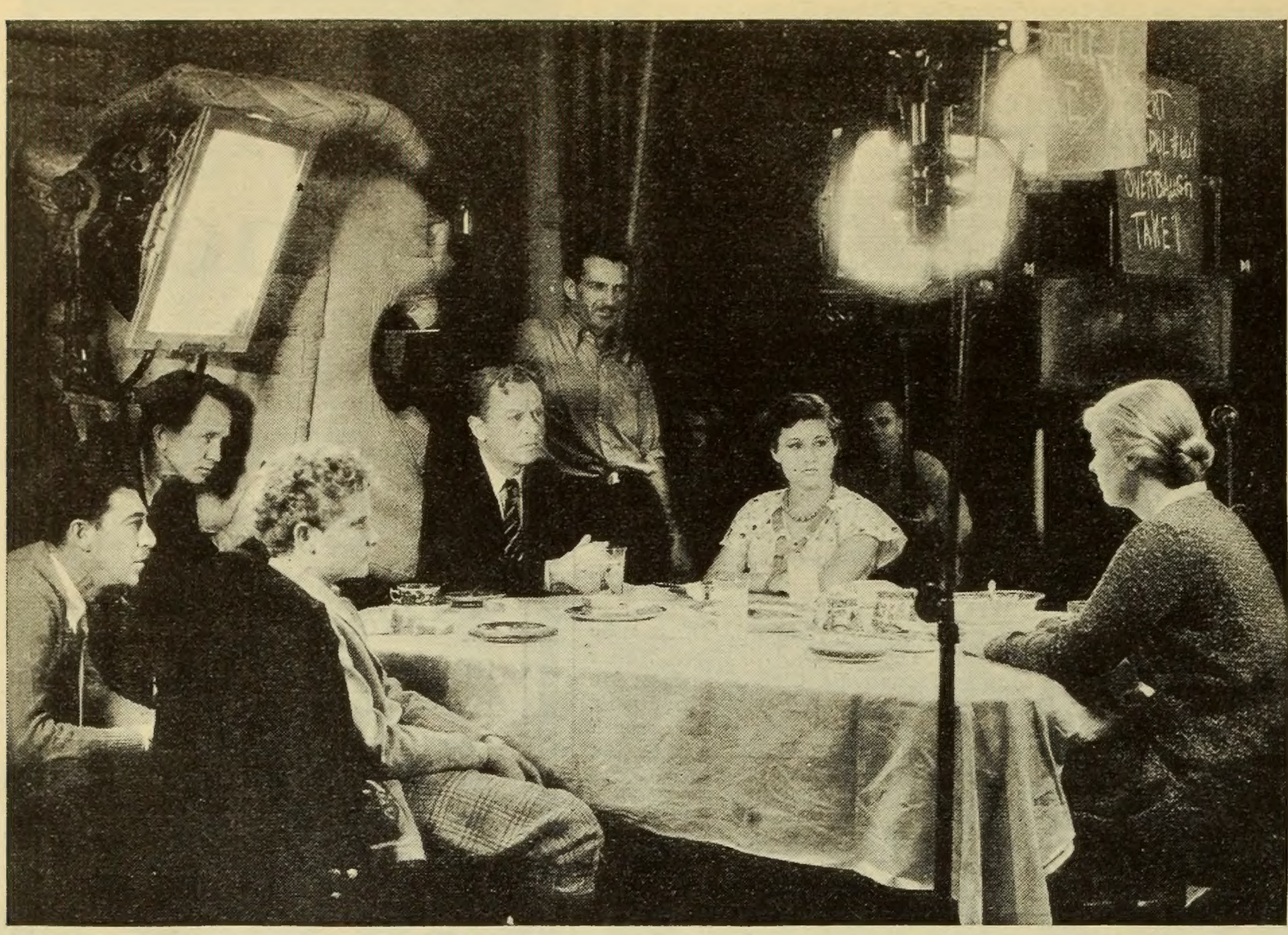

Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and *Sam* come to life on the screen! Looks like this will be one of those breakfast table scenes, with *Penrod*, in the person of Leon Janney, concocting some new mischief from his parents' conversation. That thing at the left disguised as a mattress is really a sound camera

Studio Rambles

By Frances Kish

WE'RE visiting the "Personal Maid" set at the Paramount Eastern Studio. The first scene is "below stairs" where ten servants are having dinner.

Another visitor, new to the methods of movie-making, expresses surprise over the light blue tablecloths and napkins, the blue shirt fronts of the butlers, the chef's suit and cap, all of pale blue. Monta Bell, the director, explains to him that this blue photographs white, but doesn't reflect the light as white does, making the photographers' work easier.

Later, we watch Nancy Carroll and Pat ("Front Page") O'Brien do a scene together. Nancy's red hair is in attractive contrast to the black of her uniform, with its lacy white apron, cap and cuffs. Nancy is the "personal maid" of the title.

She is saying to Mr. O'Brien, who plays the rôle of *Peter:* "Peter, I want to tell you something. Something about Dick." *Dick* is the son of the house, played by the very blond Gene Raymond, formerly Raymond Guion of the New York stage.

Peter is silent and grave. As she goes on with her recital, he interrupts: "I don't think you need to tell me the rest. I think I understand."

A buzzer rings. "That's for me," Nancy says. "Back to my job. I guess the clock has struck for Cinderella."

We're surprised to see Pat O'Brien in make-up. Word had gone around that Mr. Bell preferred his actors to work without make-up, in contrast to the women in the cast.

"I'm no Buddy Rogers," snorts Pat. "A mug like mine *has* to have make-up. This broken nose, souvenir of my football days, demands it. And I look like Rasputin unless I shave three times a day. How could I face the camera without a camouflage?"

Resting between scenes, Pat tells us what a "swell break" Howard Hughes gave him in "The Front Page." How Mr. Hughes sent for Pat's fiancée, Eloise Taylor, a stage actress, to keep Pat happy in Hollywood. Pat and Eloise were married out there, and you have an awful time getting him to talk about himself, once you've brought up the subject of his wife. He raves on and on about her, as is the age-old habit of bridegrooms.

He does tell us about his first job in New York, in the musical comedy, "Adrienne." "George Bancroft will probably be out gunning for me for squealing on him," he says, "but none other than the gusty George was the singing and dancing comedian of that show!"

OUT in Burbank, on the First National lot, we watch a courtroom scene in "The Star Witness" and discover that Walter Huston is working without any make-up at all. Unlike Pat O'Brien, he thinks he photographs better without it, and uses only the minimum of make-up even in character rôles.

Sally Blane is in this picture, her first rôle on sister Loretta Young's home lot.

OVER on the M-G-M lot in Culver City, there's another courtroom scene. (As a nation, we're getting legal-minded. No picture complete without its murder trial.)

The picture is "Sidewalks of New York," starring Buster Keaton. A juvenile case is being tried, and dozens and dozens of ragged youngsters are piled onto the witness chairs, in the jury box, on the floor—anywhere the court attendants could find a place for them.

There's no lack of animation or make-up here. One little lad keeps dragging a lipstick from his pocket when no one is watching, and giving himself a few badly aimed daubs with it. Another, finding it necessary to leave the room for a moment, admonishes the youngster next to him: "You yell for me when they shoot. And hold my seat, or you'll be sorry you didn't!"

Behind the scenes, at the far end of the room, are long tables and benches. Around them sit more children—Japanese, Mexican, colored and white—doing readin', writin' and 'rithmetic. One teacher for every ten children is furnished by the Los Angeles Board of Education, and paid for by the studio employing the children. We learn that more than one hundred teachers are on call daily at the Board offices for studio classes, with one teacher stationed permanently at each studio.

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